













Half Hours with The  
Best Authors

1812

  
*Librarian*

Uttarpara Joykrishna Public Library  
Govt. of West Bengal





## 1.- THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE ON THE WELL BEING AND PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

HESCHER.

[MR JOHN HESCHER, the author of a 'Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy' (forming a volume of Laidner's Cyclopaedia), from which the following 'Half hour' is extracted, stands at the head of the men of science of our own times. Thus it is not the place to enlarge upon his eminent merits as a philosopher; but he claims especial regard from us, and from our readers, as being amongst the ablest and most generous of advocates for the Diffusion of Knowledge. We cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting a beautiful passage from an 'Address to the Subscribers to the Windsor and Eton Public Library,' delivered by him in 1833—a period when many eminent men believed, or affected to believe, that the people might be over-instructed. We give this as a fit introduction to a course of general reading, not selected for a class—not diluted or mangled in the belief that the great body of readers have depraved intellectual appetites and weak digestions—but taken from the best and the highest works in all literature—gems from the rich treasury of instruction and amusement which the master minds of the world, and especially of our own nation, have heaped up for an exhaustless and imperishable store:—

"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and sure and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the witliest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the least effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet—

*'Ranolit mores, nec mult esse feroc.'*

*'It civilises the conduct of men—and suffers them not to remain barbarous.'*

The difference of the degree in which the individuals of a great community enjoy the good things of life has been a theme of declamation and discontent in all ages; and it is doubtless our paramount duty, in every state of society, to alleviate the pressure of the purely evil part of this distribution as much as possible, and, by all

the means we can devise, secure the lower links in the chain of society from dragging in dishonour and wretchedness : but there is a point of view in which the picture at least materially altered in its expression. In comparing society on its present immense scale, with its infant or less developed state, we must at least take care to enlarge every feature in the same proportion. If, on comparing the *very* low states in civilised and savage life, we admit a difficulty in deciding to which it preference is due, at least in every superior grade we cannot hesitate a moment ; and if we institute a similar comparison in every different stage of its progress, we cannot fail to be struck with the rapid *rate of dilatation* which every degree upward of the scale, so to speak, exhibits, and which, in an estimate of averages, gives an immense preponderance to the present over every former condition of mankind, and, for aught we can see to the contrary, will place succeeding generations in the same degree of superior relation to the present that this holds to those passed away. Or we may put the same proposition in other words, and, admitting the existence of every inferior grade of advantage in a higher state of civilisation which subsisted in the preceding, we shall find, first, that, taking state for state, the proportional number of those who enjoy the higher degrees of advantage increases with a constant accelerated rapidity as society advances ; and, secondly, that the superior extremity of the scale is constantly enlarging by the addition of new degrees. The condition of a European prince is now as far superior, in the command of real comforts and conveniences, to that of one in the middle ages, as that to the condition of one of his own dependants.

The advantages conferred by the augmentation of our physical resources through the medium of increased knowledge and improved art, have this peculiar and remarkable property—that they are in their nature diffusive, and cannot be enjoyed in any exclusive manner by a few. An eastern despot may extort the riches and monopolise the art of his subjects for his own personal use ; he may spread around him an unnatural splendour and luxury, and stand in strange and preposterous contrast with the general penury and discomfort of his people ; he may glitter in jewels of gold and raiment of needle-work ; but the wonders of well contrived and executed manufacture which we use daily, and the comforts which have been invented, tried, and improved upon by thousands, in every form of domestic convenience, and for every ordinary purpose of life, can never be enjoyed by him. To produce a state of things in which the physical advantages of civilised life can exist in a high degree, the stimulus of increasing comforts and constantly elevated desires must have been felt by millions ; since it is not in the power of a few individuals to create that wide demand for useful and ingenious applications, which alone can lead to great and rapid improvements, unless backed by that arising from the speedy diffusion of the same advantages among the mass of mankind.

If this be true of physical advantages, it applies with still greater force to intellectual. Knowledge can neither be adequately cultivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few ; and although the conditions of our existence on earth may be such as to preclude an abundant supply of the physical necessities of all who may be born, there is no such law of nature in force against that of our intellectual and moral wants. Knowledge is not, like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. It requires not, perhaps, a greater certainty, but at least a confirmed authority and a probable duration, by universal assent ; and there is no body of knowledge so complete, but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error but that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions. Those who admire and love knowledge for its own sake ought to wish to see its elements made accessible to all, were it only that they may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic

quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly moulding them to their purposes, can alone bestow. But to this end it is necessary that it should be divested, as far as possible, of artificial difficulties, and stripped of all such technicalities as tend to place it in the light of a craft and a mystery, inaccessible without a kind of apprenticeship. Science, of course, like every thing else, has its own peculiar terms, and, so to speak, its idioms of language; and these it would be unwise, were it even possible, to relinquish: but every thing that tends to clothe it in a strange and repulsive garb, and especially every thing that, to keep up an appearance of superiority in its professors over the rest of mankind, assumes an unnecessary guise of profundity and obscurity, should be sacrificed without mercy. Not to do this is to deliberately reject the light which the natural unencumbered good sense of mankind is capable of throwing on every subject, even in the elucidation of principles: but where principles are to be applied to practical uses it becomes absolutely necessary; as all mankind have then an interest in their being so familiarly understood, that no mistakes shall arise in their application.

The same remark applies to arts. They cannot be perfected till their whole processes are laid open, and their language simplified and rendered universally intelligible. Art is the application of knowledge to a practical end. If the knowledge be merely accumulated experience, the art is *empirical*; but if it be experience reasoned upon and brought under general principles, it assumes a higher character, and becomes a *scientific art*. In the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilised life, the arts necessarily precede science. The wants and cravings of our animal constitution must be satisfied; the comforts and some of the luxuries of life must exist. Something must be given to the vanity of show, and more to the pride of power: the round of baser pleasures must have been tried and found insufficient, before intellectual ones can gain a footing; and when they have obtained it, the delights of poetry and its sister arts still take precedence of contemplative enjoyments, and the severer pursuits of thought; and when these in time begin to charm from their novelty, and sciences begin to arise, they will at first be those of pure speculation. The mind delights to escape from the trammels which had bound it to earth, and luxuriates in its newly found powers. Hence, the abstractions of geometry—the properties of numbers—the movements of the celestial spheres—whatever is abstruse, remote, and extramundane—become the first objects of infant science. Applications come late: the arts continue slowly progressive, but their realm remains separated from that of science by a wide gulf which can only be passed by a powerful spring. They form their own language and their own conventions, which none but artists can understand. The whole tendency of empirical art is to bury itself in technicalities, and to place its pride in particular short cuts and mysteries known only to adepts; to surprise and astonish by results, but conceal processes. The character of science is the direct contrary. It delights to lay itself open to inquiry; and is not satisfied with its conclusions, till it can make the road to them broad and beaten: and in its applications it preserves the same character; its whole aim being to strip away all technical mystery, to illuminate every dark recess, with a view to improve them on rational principles. It would seem that a union of two qualities almost opposite to each other—a going forth of the thoughts in two directions, and a sudden transfer of ideas from a remote station in one to an equally distant one in the other—is required to start the first idea of *applying science*. Among the Greeks, this point was attained by Archimedes, but attained too late, on the eve of that great eclipse of science which was destined to continue for nearly eighteen centuries, till Galileo in Italy, and Bacon in England, at once dispelled the darkness: the one by his inventions and discoveries; the other, by the irresistible force of his arguments and eloquence.



Finally, the improvement effected in the condition of mankind by advances in physical science as applied to the useful purposes of life, is very far from being limited to their direct consequences in the more abundant supply of their physical wants, and the increase of our comforts. Great as these benefits are, they are yet but steps to others of a still higher kind. The successful results of our experiments and reasonings in natural philosophy, and the incalculable advantages which experience, systematically consulted and dispassionately reasoned on, has conferred in matters purely physical, tend of necessity to impress something of the well-weighed and progressive character of science on the more complicated conduct of our social and moral relations. It is thus that legislation and politics become gradually regarded as experimental sciences, and history, not, as formerly, the mere record of tyrannies and slaughters, which, by immortalising the execrable actions of one age, perpetuates the ambition of committing them in every succeeding one, but as the *archive* of experiments, successful and unsuccessful, gradually accumulating towards the solution of the grand problem—how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed. The celebrated apophthegm, that nations never profit by experience, becomes yearly more and more untrue. Political economy, at least, is found to have sound principles, founded in the moral and physical nature of man, which, however lost sight of in particular measures—however even temporarily controverted and borne down by clamour—have yet a stronger and stronger testimony borne to them in each succeeding generation, by which they must, sooner or later, prevail. The idea once conceived and verified, that great and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thoughts, and by a proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends *are* truly great and noble, either in themselves, or as conducive to others of a still loftier character; because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them. It is not now equally harmless and insignificant, whether we are right or wrong; since we are no longer supinely and helplessly carried down the stream of events, but feel ourselves capable of buffeting at least with its waves, and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them: for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes, should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest; and ultimately find some means of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted, and the fairest prospects marred.

## 2.—THE PITEOUS DEATH OF THE SON OF GASTON DE FOIX.

FROISSART. •

[THERE are few who have not heard of JOHN FROISSART, the most graphic of the old chroniclers. He was born at Valenciennes, about 1337, and early in life was dedicated to the church. He was scarcely twenty years old when he began to write a history of the English wars in France, chiefly compiled from another chronicler. This history he brings down to the battle of Poitiers in 1356; after which period his Chronicle has all the value of contemporary observation. His opportunities as an observer were very great; he was in the confidence of many of the sovereigns and nobles of his time, and was especially attached to the court of Edward III., being secretary to Queen Philippa. He closed a life, compounded of travel and ease, of labour and luxury, of native honesty and courtly arts, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. His description of the manner of life at the Count of Flanders' house at Orthes

is one of the most picturesque of his passages; and a short extract may fitly introduce the quaint and touching story of the death of his son, which we give in Lord Berners' old translation: "At midnight, when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches burning, borne by twelve varlets, standing before his table all supper. They gave a great light, and the hall was ever full of knights and squires, and many other tables were dressed to sup who would. There was none should speak to him at his table but if he were called. His meat was lightly, wild fowl, the legs and wings only, and in the day he did eat and drink but little. He had great pleasure in harmony of instruments; he could do it right well himself: he would have songs sung before him. He would gladly see conceits and fantasies at his table, and when he had seen it, then he would send it to the other tables bravely; all this I considered and advised. And ere I came to his court I had been in many courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and great ladies; but I was never in none that so well liked me. Nor there was none more rejoiced in deeds of arms than the count did; there was seen in his hall, chamber, and court, knights and squires of honour going up and down, and talking of arms and of amours: all honour there was found, all manner of tidings of every realm and country there might be heard, for out of every country there was resort, for the valiantness of this count."

Froissart describes his own intense curiosity to know "how Gaston, the count's son, died;" but no one would satisfy him. At last "so much I enquired, that an ancient squire, and a notable man, showed the matter to me," and began thus:—]

"True it is," quoth he, "that the Count of Foix and my Lady of Foix, his wife, agreeth not well together, nor have not done of a long season, and the discord between them was first moved by the King of Navarre, who was brother to the lady: for the King of Navarre pledged himself for the Duke Dalbret, whom the Count of Foix had in prison, for the sum of fifty thousand francs; and the Count of Foix, who knew that the King of Navarre was crafty and malicious, in the beginning would not trust him, wherewith the Countess of Foix had great displeasure and indignation against the count her husband, and said to him:—

"Sir, ye repute but small honour in the King of Navarre, my brother, when ye will not trust him for fifty thousand francs: though ye have no more of the Armagnacs, nor of the house of Dalbret, than ye have, it ought to suffice. And also, sir, ye know well ye should assign out my dower, which amounteth to fifty thousand francs, which ye should put into the hands of my brother, the King of Navarre; wherefore, sir, ye cannot be evil paid."

"Dame," quoth he, "ye say truth; but if I thought that the King of Navarre would stop the payment for that cause, the Lord Dalbret should never have gone out of Orthes, and so I should have been paid to the last penny; and since ye desire it, I will do it; not for the love of you, but for the love of my son."

"So by these words, and by the King of Navarre's obligation, who became debtor to the Count of Foix, the Lord Dalbret was delivered quit, and became French, and was married in France to the sister of the Duke of Bourbon, and paid at his ease to the King of Navarre the sum of fifty thousand francs for his ransom, for the which sum the king was bound to the Count of Foix; but he would not send it to the count."

"Then the Count of Foix said to his wife—'Dame, ye must go into Navarre to the king your brother, and shew him how I am not well content with him, that he will not send me that he hath received of mine.'

"The lady answered, how that she was ready to go at his commandment. And so she departed, and rode to Pampeluna to the king her brother, who received her with much joy. The lady did her message from point to point.

"Then the king answered—'Fair lady, the sum of money is yours. The count should give it for your dower; it shall never go out of the realm of Navarre since I have it in possession.'

"Ah, Sir," quoth the lady, 'by this ye shall set great hate between the count,

my husband, and you ; and if ye hold your purpose, I dare not return again into the county of Foix, for my husband will slay me. He will say I have deceived him.'

" 'I cannot tell,' quoth the king, 'what ye will do ; either tarry or depart ; but as for the money I will not depart from it ; it pertaineth to me to keep it for you, but it shall never go out of Navarre.'

"The countess could have none other answer of the king her brother, and so she tarried still in Navarre, and durst not return again. The Count of Foix, when he saw the dealing of the King of Navarre, he began to hate his wife, and was evil content with her ; howbeit she was in no fault, but that she had not returned again when she had done her message. But she durst not, for she knew well the count, her husband, was cruel where he took displeasure. Thus the matter standeth.

"The count's son, called Gaston, grew and waxed goodly, and was married to the daughter of the Count of Armagnac, a fair lady, sister to the count that now is, the Lord Bertrand of Armagnac ; and, by the conjunction of that marriage, there should have been peace between Foix and Armagnac. The child was a fifteen or sixteen years of age, and resembled right well to his father. On a time he desired to go into Navarre to see his mother, and his uncle the King of Navarre ; which was in an evil hour for him and for all this country. When he was come into Navarre he had there good cheer, and tarried with his mother a certain space, and then took his leave ; but for all that he could do, he could not get his mother out of Navarre, to have gone with him into Foix. For she demanded if the count had commanded him so to do, or no ; and he answered, that when he departed the count spake nothing thereof. Therefore the lady durst not go thither, but so tarried still.

"Then the child went to Pampeluna to take his leave of the king, his uncle. The king made him great cheer, and tarried him there a ten days, and gave to him great gifts, and to his men. Also the last gift that the king gave him was his death. I shall show you how.

"When this gentleman should depart, the king drew him apart into his chamber, and gave him a little purse full of powder, which powder was such, that if any creature living did eat thereof, he should incontinent die without remedy. Then the king said, 'Gaston, fair nephew, ye shall do as I shall shew to you. Ye see how the Count of Foix, your father, wrongfully hath your mother, my sister, in great hate ; whereof I am sore displeased, and so ought ye to be ; howbeit, to perform all the matter, and that your father should love again your mother, to that intent ye shall take a little of this powder and put it on some meat that your father may eat it ; but beware that no man see you. And as soon as he hath eaten it, he shall intend to nothing but to have again his wife, and so to love her ever after, which ye ought greatly to desire ; and of this that I shew you let no man know, but keep it secret, or else ye lose all the deed.' The child, who thought all that the king said to him had been true, said, 'Sir, it shall be done as ye have devised ;' and so he departed from Pampeluna, and returned to Orthes. The count, his father, made him good cheer, and demanded tidings of the king of Navarre, and what gifts he had given him ; and the child showed him how he had given him divers, and shewed him all except the purse with the powder.

"Ofttimes this young Gaston and Juan, his bastard brother, lay together, for they loved each other like brethren, and were like arrayed and apparelled, for they were near of a greatness and of one age ; and it happened on a time as their clothes lay together on their bed, Juan saw a purse at Gaston's coat, and said, 'What thing is this that ye bear ever about you ?' Whereof Gaston had no joy, and said, 'Juan, give me my coat, ye have nothing to do therewith ;' and all that day after Gaston was pensive.

"And it fortun'd a three days after, as God would that the count should be

saved, Gaston and his brother Juan fell out together, playing at tennis, and Gaston gave him a blow, and the child went into his father's chamber and wept. And the count as then had heard mass, and when the count saw him weep, he said, 'Soi Juan, what ailest thou?' 'Sir,' quoth he, 'Gaston hath beaten me, but he were more worthy to be beaten than me.' 'Why so?' quoth the count, and incontinent suspected nothing. 'By my faith, sir,' said he, 'since he returned out of Navarre, he beareth privily at his breast a purse full of powder; I wot not what it is, nor what he will do therewith, but he hath said to me once or twice, that my lady, his mother should shortly be again in your grace, and better beloved than ever she was.' 'Peace!' quoth the count, 'and speak no more, and show this to no man living.' 'Sir,' said he, 'no more I shall.' Then the count entered into imagination, and so came to the hour of his dinner; and he washed, and sat down at his table in the hall. Gaston, his son, was used to set down all his service, and to make the essays.\* And when he had set down the first course, the count cast his eyes on him, and saw the strings of the purse hanging at his bosom. Then his blood changed, and he said, 'Gaston, come hither, I would speak with thee, in thine ear.' And the child came to him, and the count took him by the bosom, and found out the purse, and with his knife cut it from his bosom. The child was abashed, and stood still, and spake no word, and looked as pale as ashes for fear, and began to tremble. The Count of Foix opened the purse, and took of the powder, and laid it on a trencher of bread, and called to him a dog, and gave it him to eat; and as soon as the dog had eaten the first morsel, he turned his eyes in his head, and died incontinent. And when the count saw that, he was sore displeased, and also he had good cause, and so rose from the table, and took his knife, and would have stricken his son. Then the knights and squires ran between them, and said, 'Sir, for God's sake have mercy, and be not so hasty; be well informed first of the matter, ere you do any evil to your child.' And the first word that the count said, was, 'Ah; Gaston! traitor! for to increase thine heritage that should come to thee, I have had war and hatred of the French King, of the King of England, of the King of Spain, of the King of Navarre, and of the King of Arragon, and as yet I have borne all their malice, and now thou wouldest murder me; it moveth of an evil nature; but first thou shalt die with this stroke.' And so he stepped forth with his knife, and would have slain him; but then all the knights and squires kneeled down before him weeping, and said, 'Ah, Sir, have mercy for God's sake—slay not Gaston, your son. Remember ye have no more children; Sir, cause him to be kept, and take good information of the matter; peradventure he knew not what he bare, and peradventure is nothing guilty of the deed.' 'Well,' quoth the count, 'incontinent put him in prison, and let him be so kept that I may have a reckoning of him.' Then the child was put into the tower.

"And the count took a great many of them that served his son, and some of them departed; and as yet the Bishop of Lescar is out of the country, for he was had in suspect, and so were divers others. The count caused to be put to death a fifteen right horribly; and the cause that the count laid to them, was, he said, it could be none otherwise but that they knew of the child's secrets, wherefore they ought to have showed it to him, and to have said, 'Sir, Gaston, your son, beareth a purse at his bosom.' Because they did not thus, they died horribly; whereof it was great pity, for some of them were as fresh and jolly squires as were any in all the country. For ever the count was served with good men.

"This thing touched the count near to the heart, and that he well shewed: for, on a day, he assembled at Orthes all the nobles, and prelates of Foix and of Bierné, and all the notable persons of his country; and when they were all assembled, he

\* Tasted the dishes, to prevent the poisoning of the prince.

my husband, and you ; and if ye hold your purpose, I dare not return again into the county of Foix, for my husband will slay me. He will say I have deceived him.'

'I cannot tell,' quoth the king, 'what ye will do ; either tarry or depart ; but as for the money I will not depart from it ; it pertaineth to me to keep it for you, but it shall never go out of Navarre.'

'The countess could have none other answer of the king her brother, and so she tarried still in Navarre, and durst not return again. The Count of Foix, when he saw the dealing of the King of Navarre, he began to hate his wife, and was evil content with her ; howbeit she was in no fault, but that she had not returned again when she had done her message. But she durst not, for she knew well the count, her husband, was cruel where he took displeasure. Thus the matter standeth.

'The count's son, called Gaston, grew and waxed goodly, and was married to the daughter of the Count of Armagnac, a fair lady, sister to the count that now is, the Lord Bertrand of Armagnac ; and, by the conjunction of that marriage, there should have been peace between Foix and Armagnac. The child was a fifteen or sixteen years of age, and resembled right well to his father. On a time he desired to go into Navarre to see his mother, and his uncle the King of Navarre ; which was in an evil hour for him and for all this country. When he was come into Navarre he had there good cheer, and tarried with his mother a certain space, and then took his leave ; but for all that he could do, he could not get his mother out of Navarre, to have gone with him into Foix. For she demanded if the count had commaunded him so to do, or no ; and he answered, that when he departed the count spake nothing thereof. Therefore the lady durst not go thither, but so tarried still.

'Then the child went to Pampeluna to take his leave of the king, his uncle. The king made him great cheer, and tarried him there a ten days, and gave to him great gifts, and to his men. Also the last gift that the king gave him was his death. I shall show you how.

'When this gentleman should depart, the king drew him apart into his chamber, and gave him a little purse full of powder, which powder was such, that if any creature living did eat thereof, he should incontinent die without remedy. Then the king said, 'Gaston, fair nephew, ye shall do as I shall shew to you. Ye see how the Count of Foix, your father, wrongfully hath your mother, my sister, in great hate ; whereof I am sore displeased, and so ought ye to be ; howbeit, to perform all the matter, and that your father should love again your mother, to that intent ye shall take a little of this powder and put it on some meat that your father may eat it ; but beware that no man see you. And as soon as he hath eaten it, he shall intend to nothing but to have again his wife, and so to love her ever after, which ye ought greatly to desire ; and of this that I shew you let no man know, but keep it secret, or else ye lose all the deed.' The child, who thought all that the king said to him had been true, said, 'Sir, it shall be done as ye have devised ;' and so he departed from Pampeluna, and returned to Orthes. The count, his father, made him good cheer, and demanded tidings of the king of Navarre, and what gifts he had given him ; and the child showed him how he had given him divers, and shewed him all except the purse with the powder.

'Ofttimes this young Gaston and Juan, his bastard brother, lay together, for they loved each other like brethren, and were like arrayed and apparelled, for they were near of a greatness and of one age ; and it happened on a time as their clothes lay together on their bed, Juan saw a purse at Gaston's coat, and said, 'What thing is this that ye bear ever about you ?' Whereof Gaston had no joy, and said, 'Juan, give me my coat, ye have nothing to do therewith :' and all that day after Gaston was pensive.

'And it fortun'd a three days after, as God would that the count should be

saved, Gaston and his brother Juan fell out together, playing at tennis, and Gaston gave him a blow, and the child went into his father's chamber and wept. And the count as then had heard mass, and when the count saw him weep, he said, 'Son Juan, what ailest thou?' 'Sir,' quoth he, 'Gaston hath beaten me, but he were more worthy to be beaten than me.' 'Why so?' quoth the count, and incontinent suspected nothing. 'By my faith, sir,' said he, 'since he returned out of Navarre, he beareth privily at his breast a purse full of powder; I wot not what it is, nor what he will do therewith, but he hath said to me once or twice, that my lady, his mother should shortly be again in your grace, and better beloved than ever she was.' 'Peace!' quoth the count, 'and speak no more, and show this to no man living.' 'Sir,' said he, 'no more I shall.' Then the count entered into imagination, and so came to the hour of his dinner; and he washed, and sat down at his table in the hall. Gaston, his son, was used to set down all his service, and to make the essays.\* And when he had set down the first course, the count cast his eyes on him, and saw the strings of the purse hanging at his bosom. Then his blood changed, and he said, 'Gaston, come hither, I would speak with thee, in thine ear.' And the child came to him, and the count took him by the bosom, and found out the purse, and with his knife cut it from his bosom. The child was abashed, and stood still, and spake no word, and looked as pale as ashes for fear, and began to tremble. The Count of Foix opened the purse, and took of the powder, and laid it on a trencher of bread, and called to him a dog, and gave it him to eat; and as soon as the dog had eaten the first morsel, he turned his eyes in his head, and died incontinent. And when the count saw that, he was sore displeased, and also he had good cause, and so rose from the table, and took his knife, and would have stricken his son. Then the knights and squires ran between them, and said, 'Sir, for God's sake have mercy, and be not so hasty; be well informed first of the matter, ere you do any evil to your child.' And the first word that the count said, was, 'Ah; Gaston! traitor! for to increase thine heritage that should come to thee, I have had war and hatred of the French King, of the King of England, of the King of Spain, of the King of Navarre, and of the King of Arragon, and as yet I have borne all their malice, and now thou wouldest murder me; it moveth of an evil nature; but first thou shalt die with this stroke.' And so he stepped forth with his knife, and would have slain him; but then all the knights and squires kneeled down before him weeping, and said, 'Ah, Sir, have mercy for God's sake—slay not Gaston, your son. Remember ye have no more children; Sir, cause him to be kept, and take good information of the matter; peradventure he know not what he bare, and peradventure is nothing guilty of the deed.' 'Well,' quoth the count, 'incontinent put him in prison, and let him be so kept that I may have a reckoning of him.' Then the child was put into the tower.

"And the count took a great many of them that served his son, and some of them departed; and as yet the Bishop of Lescar is out of the country, for he was had in suspect, and so were divers others. The count caused to be put to death a fifteen right horribly; and the cause that the count laid to them, was, he said, it could be none otherwise but that they knew of the child's secrets, wherefore they ought to have showed it to him, and to have said, 'Sir, Gaston, your son, beareth a purse at his bosom.' Because they did not thus, they died horribly; whereof it was great pity, for some of them were as fresh and jolly squires as were any in all the country. For ever the count was served with good men.

"This thing touched the count near to the heart, and that he well shewed: for, on a day, he assembled at Orthes all the nobles, and prelates of Foix and of Bierno, and all the notable persons of his country; and when they were all assembled, he

\* Tasted the dishes, to prevent the poisoning of the prince.

*Luke.* I owe all this  
 To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers,  
 The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies—  
 (Forgetting what I was, but with all duty  
 Remembering what I am) are now to please you.  
 And if in my long stay I have offended,  
 I ask your pardon; though you may consider,  
 Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,  
 These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,  
 I could not come much sooner.

## SCENE II.

e f

Lord Lacy is a nobleman who is desirous that his son should marry one of the rich merchant's daughters. His deportment to Luke is a contrast to the vulgar insolence of Lady Frugal and her daughters:—

*Lord Lacy.* Your hand, Master Luke: the world's much changed  
 with you  
 Within these few months; then you were the gallant:  
 No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,  
 Shooting, or bowling, at which Master Luke  
 Was not a principal gamester, and companion  
 For the nobility.

*Luke.* I have paid dear  
 For those follies, my good lord; and 'tis but justice  
 That such as soar above their pitch and will not  
 Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,  
 Share in the miseries that wait upon it.  
 Your honour, in your charity, may do well  
 Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses,  
 Too late repented.

*L. Lacy.* I nor do, nor will;  
 And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand  
 To raise your fortunes: how deals your brother with you?

*Luke.* Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness for 't.  
 I am a free man; all my debts discharged;  
 Nor does one creditor, undone by me,  
 Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,  
 Time to ask Heaven remission for what's past;  
 Cares of the world by me are laid aside,  
 My present poverty's a blessing to me;  
 And though I have been long, I dare not say  
 I ever lived till now.

## SCENE III.

The extravagance and pride of 'The City Madam' and her daughters, who have rejected the suit of two honourable men in the wantonness of their ambition, determine Sir John Frugal, in concert with Lord Lacy, to give out that he has retired into a monastery, and has left all his riches to his brother. Luke soliloquises upon his greatness:—

*Luke.* 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,  
 A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,

And could wake ever with a brooding eye  
 To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch;  
 I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld  
 And handled oft, did so transcend belief  
 (My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,  
 I faintly could give credit to my senses.  
 Thou dumb magician—[*Taking out a key*—that without a charm  
 Didst make my entrance easy, to possess  
 What wise men wish, and toil for! Hermes' moly,  
 Sibylla's golden bough the great elixir,  
 Imagined only by the alchemist,  
 Compared with thee are shadows—thou the substance,  
 And guardian of felicity! No marvel  
 My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,  
 Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress  
 To be hugg'd ever? In by-corners of  
 This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up  
 Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,  
 Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold  
 That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.  
 There needs no artificial light; the splendour  
 Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness  
 By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!  
 But when, guided by that, my eyes had made  
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,  
 Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot forth  
 A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,  
 Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place  
 Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,  
 And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not  
 But look on with contempt. And yet I found,  
 What weak credulity could have no faith in,  
 A treasure far exceeding these: here lay  
 A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,  
 The wax continuing hard the acres melting;  
 Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,  
 If not redeem'd this day, which is not in  
 The unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire  
 In Wales or England, where my monies are not  
 Lent out at usury, the certain hook  
 To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth  
 Supports me not; I walk on air.

## SCENE IV.

Luke, who, in his abasement, was all gentleness and humility, treats his brother's debtors  
 with the most wanton harshness; and degrades his sister-in-law and nieces to the condition of  
 menials. The ladies appear before him, clothed in the coarsest weeds:—

*Luke.* Save you, sister!

I now dare style you so! you were before  
 Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear  
 Like a city matron; and my pretty nieces



Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape  
The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles  
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant  
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous:  
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

*L. Frugal.* Is this spoken  
In scorn?

*Luke.* Fie! no; with judgment. I make good  
My promise, and now show you like yourselves.  
In your own natural shapes; and stand resolved  
You shall continue so.

*L. Frugal.* It is confess'd, sir.

*Luke.* Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can bear it.

*L. Frugal.* That, if you please, forgotten, we acknowledge  
We have deserv'd ill from you; yet despair not,  
Though we are at your disposal, you'll maintain us  
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

*Luke.* 'Tis my purpose.

*L. Frugal.* And not made us ridiculous.

*Luke.* Admired rather,  
As fair examples for our proud city dames,  
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;  
If you do, I laugh and glory that I have  
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,  
And rise up a new satirist: but hear gently,  
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend  
Your late disguised deformity; and cry up  
This decency and neatness, with the advantage  
You shall receive by 't.

*L. Frugal.* We are bound to hear you.

*Luke.* With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was  
An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,  
By his neighbours ne'er call'd master. Did your pride  
Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,  
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you  
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,  
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore  
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,  
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes  
A dainty miniver-cap, a silver pin,  
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far  
You were privileged, and no man envied it;  
It being for the city's honour that  
There should be a distinction between  
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.

*Millicent.* Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some other text;  
Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes  
Your auditory weep.

*Luke.* Peace, chattering magpie!  
I'll treat of you anon:—but when the height  
And dignity of London's blessings grew  
Contemptible, and the name lady misyoreess

Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means  
 By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence,  
 Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you  
 But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;  
 What a strange, nay, monstrous, metamorphosis follow'd!  
 No English workman then could please your fancy,  
 The French and 'Tuscan dress your whole discourse;  
 Thus bawd to prodigality, entertain'd  
 To buzz into your ears what shape this countess  
 Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew  
 The young lord's eyes upon her; and this usher  
 Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,  
 To walk before you—

*L. Frugal.* Pray you, end.

*Holdfast* (*Sir John Frugal's steward*). Proceed, sir;  
 I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,  
 You touch them so to the quick.

*Luke.* Then, as I said,  
 The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,  
 Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art  
 Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,  
 And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets  
 That did adorn your neck, of equal value:  
 Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs;  
 Great lords and ladies feasted to survey  
 Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd,  
 That your night-rails of forty pounds a-piece  
 Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants;  
 Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,  
 And roses worth a family: you were served in plate,  
 Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going  
 To church, not for devotion, but to shew  
 Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,  
 Heaven save your honour! this idolatry  
 Paid to a painted room.

And when you lay  
 In childbed, at the christening of this mix,  
 I well remember it, as you had been  
 An absolute princess, since they have no more.  
 Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,  
 And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,  
 For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet  
 Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy  
 To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,  
 Like Pompey's Julia.

*L. Frugal.* No more, I pray you.

*Luke.* Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off  
 Whatever is exorbitant in you,  
 Or in your daughters, and reduce you to  
 Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge  
 Of your base usage of me, but to fright

Others by your example: 'tis decreed  
 You shall serve one another, for I will  
 Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors  
 With these useless drones!

## SCENE V.

The catastrophe is the reformation of 'The City Madam,' and the disgrace of the tyrannical Luke, when his brother reappears, and demands his own. The towering audacity of the hypocritical spendthrift raised to sudden riches is at its height before his final fall:—

*Lord Lacy.* You are well met,  
 And to my wish—and wondrous brave! your habit  
 Speaks you a merchant royal.

*Luke.* What I wear  
 I take not upon trust.

*L. Lacy.* Your betters may,  
 And blush not for't.

*Luke.* If you have nought else with me  
 But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

*L. Lacy.* You are very peremptory; pray you stay:—  
 I once held you  
 An upright, honest man.

*Luke.* I am honest now  
 By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars for't,  
 Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion  
 Be alter'd, who can help it? Good, my lord,  
 To the point; I have other business than to talk  
 Of honesty, and opinions.

*L. Lacy.* Yet you may  
 Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit  
 The other from good men, in a case that now  
 Is offer'd to you.

*Luke.* What is it? I am troubled.

*L. Lacy.* Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of  
 Your brother's prentices.

*Luke.* Mine, my lord, I take it,

*L. Lacy.* Goldwire, and Tradewell.

*Luke.* They are welcome, if  
 They come prepared to satisfy the damage  
 I have sustain'd by their sons.

*Goldwire.* We are, so you please  
 To use a conscience.

*Tradewell.* Which we hope you will do,  
 For your own worship's sake.

*Luke.* Conscience, my friends,  
 And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I part  
 With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly  
 In my reputation; for it would convince me  
 Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me  
 To do myself such prejudice.

*L. Lacy.* No moderation?

*Luke.* They cannot look for't, and preserve in me  
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie  
For your son's truth, and they shall answer all  
They have run out: the masters never prosper'd  
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: when we look  
To have our business done at home, they are  
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge alley,  
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,  
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to 't.  
A thousand pounds a-piece, and that will hardly  
Repair my losses.

●● *L. Lacy.* Thou dar'st not shew thyself  
Such a devil!

*Luke.* Good words.

*L. Lacy.* Such a cut-throat! I have heard of  
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;  
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your moneys  
Cannot justify your villainies.

*Luke.* I endure this.

And, good my lord, now you talk in time of moneys,  
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder  
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider  
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage  
To my sistor, or my nieces, being yourself  
So much in my danger.

*L. Lacy.* In thy danger?

*Luke.* Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,  
Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and that manor  
From which you have the title of a lord,  
An it please your good lordship! You are a nobleman;  
Pray you pay in my moneys: the interest  
Will eat faster in't than aquafortis in iron,  
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lordship.  
I grant your person to be privileged  
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature  
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve  
An extent on lord's or lown's land. Pay it in:  
I would be loth your name should sink, or that  
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,  
Should find you, my lord, without land. You are angry  
For my good counsel: look you to your bonds; had I known  
Of your coming, believe 't, I would have had serjeants ready.  
Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near,  
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,  
To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better:  
I know you 'll drink a health to me.

---

## 4.—THE SACK OF MAGDEBURG.

[WAR is a pompous thing, and to read of a glorious victory is an exciting occupation. But war cannot be understood unless we become familiar with some of the details of wickedness and suffering which follow in its train. There is no lack of such melancholy narratives. We give one published in Harte's 'Life of Gustavus Adolphus;' being the relation of a clergyman who witnessed the storm of Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War, when Tilly, the general of the Imperial troops, ravaged that devoted city, and gave it up to all the excesses of his mercenary soldiers. The poor minister of the Gospel of Peace escaped;—but we may imagine what became of the wretched people, who had no worldly goods wherewith to propitiate their brutal assailants.]

Going out of church immediately after sermon, some people of St. James's parish passed by, and told me the enemy had entered the town. With difficulty could I persuade myself that this was any thing more than a false alarm; but the news unfortunately proved too true. I then lost my presence of mind, and as my wife and maid-servant were with me, we ran directly to my colleague, M. Malsio's house, and left our own house open. At M. Malsio's we found many people, who had fled to him in great perplexity. We comforted and exhorted each other, as far as the terror of our minds would give us leave. I was summoned thence to discharge the last duties to a colonel who lay dangerously wounded. I resolved to go, and sent my maid to fetch my gown: but before my departure from my wife and neighbours, I told them that the affair appeared to me to be concluded, and that we should meet no more in this world. My wife reproached me in a flood of tears, crying, "Can you prevail on yourself to leave me to perish all alone? You must answer for it before God?" I represented to her the obligations of my function, and the importance of the moments I was called upon to give my assistance in.

As I crossed the great street a multitude of matrons and young women flocked about me, and besought me, in all the agonies of distress, to advise them what to do. I told them, my best advice was to recommend themselves to God's protecting grace, and prepare for death. At length I entered the colonel's lodging, and found him stretched on the floor, and very weak. I gave him such consolation as the disorder of my mind would permit me: he heard me with great attention, and ordered a small present of gold to be given me, which I left on the table. In this interval, the enemy poured in by crowds at the Hamburg gate, and fired on the multitude as upon beasts of prey. Suddenly my wife and maid-servant entered the room, and persuaded me to remove immediately, alleging we should meet with no quarter, if the enemy found us in an apartment filled with arms. We ran down into the court-yard of the house, and placed ourselves in the gateway. Our enemies soon burst the gate open with an eagerness that cannot be described. The first address they made to me was, "Priest, deliver thy money." I gave them about four and twenty shillings in a little box, which they accepted with good will: but when they opened the box, and found only silver, they raised their tone, and demanded gold. I represented to them that I was at some distance from my house, and could not at present possibly give them more. They were reasonable enough to be contented with my answer, and left us, after having plundered the house, without offering us any insult. There was a well-looking youth among the crowd, to whom my wife addressed herself, and besought him in God's name to protect us: "My dear child," said he, "it is a thing impossible; we must pursue our enemies;" and so they retired.

In that moment another party of soldiers rushed in, who demanded also our money. We contented them with seven shillings and a couple of silver spoons, which the maid fortunately had concealed in her pocket. They were scarce gone

before a soldier entered alone with the most furious countenance I ever saw ; each cheek was puffed out with a musket-ball, and he carried two muskets on his shoulder. The moment he perceived me, he cried with a voice of thunder, " Priest, give me thy money, or thou art dead." As I had nothing to give him, I made my apology in the most affecting manner : he levelled a piece to shoot me, but my wife luckily turned it with her hand, and the ball passed over my head. At length, finding we had no money, he asked for plate : my wife gave him some silver trinkets, and he went his way.

A little after came four or five soldiers, who only said, " Wicked priest, what doest thou here ? " Having said thus much, they departed.

We were now inclined to shelter ourselves in the uppermost lodgings of the house, hoping there to be less exposed and better concealed. We entered a chamber that had several beds in it, and passed some time there in the most insupportable agonies. Nothing was heard in the streets but the cries of the expiring people ; nor were the houses much more quiet ; every thing was burst open or cut to pieces. We were soon discovered in our retirement : a number of soldiers poured in, and one who carried a hatchet made an attempt to cleave my skull, but a companion hindered him and said, " Comrade, what are you doing, don't you perceive that he is a clergyman ? "

When these were gone, a single soldier came in, to whom my wife gave a crapo handkerchief off her neck ; upon which he retired without offering us any injury. His successor was not so reasonable : for entering the chamber with his sword drawn, he immediately discharged a blow upon my head, saying, " Priest, give me thy money." The stroke stunned me ; the blood gushed out in abundance, and frightened my wife and servant to that degree that they both continued motionless. The barbarian turned round to my wife, aimed a blow at her, but it glanced fortunately on her gown, which happened to be lined with furs, and wounded her not. Amazed to see us so submissive and patient, he looked at us fixedly for some moments. I laid hold of this interval to represent to him that I was not in my own house, being come to the place where I was to discharge my duty to a dying person ; but if he would grant us quarter, and protect us to our home, I would then bestow upon him all I had. " Agreed, priest," said he, " give me thy wealth, and I will give thee the watch-word : it is Jesu Maria ; pronounce that, and no one will hurt thee." We went down stairs directly, highly contented to have found such a protector. The street was covered with the dead and dying : their cries were enough to have pierced the hearts of the greatest barbarians. We walked over the bodies, and when we arrived at the church of St. Catherine, met an officer of distinction on horseback. This generous person soon discovered us, and seeing me covered with blood, said to the person who conducted us, " Fellow-soldier ; fellow-soldier, take care what you do to these persons." At the same time he said to my wife, " Madam, is yonder house yours ? " My wife having answered that it was, " Well," added he, " take hold of thy stirrup, conduct me thither, and you shall have quarter." Then turning to me, and making a sign to the soldiers with his hand, he said to me, " Gentlemen of Magdeburg, you yourselves are the occasion of this destruction : you might have acted otherwise." The soldier who had used me ill, took this opportunity to steal away. Upon entering my house, we found it filled with a multitude of plunderers, whom the officer, who was a colonel, ordered away. He then said he would take up his lodging with us, and having posted two soldiers for a guard to us, left us with a promise to return forthwith. We gave, with great cheerfulness, a good breakfast to our sentinels, who complimented us on the lucky fortune of falling into their colonel's hands ; at the same time representing to us that their fellow-soldiers made a considerable booty while they continued inactive merely as a safe-guard to us, and

therefore beseeching us to render them an equivalent to a certain degree. Upon this I gave them four rose-nobles, with which they were well contented, and showed so much humanity as to make us an offer to go and search for any acquaintance whom we desired to place in safety with us. I told them I had one particular friend who had escaped to the cathedral, as I conjectured, and promised them a good gratuity on his part if they saved his life. One of them accompanied by my maid-servant went to the church, and called my friend often by name; but it was all in vain, no one answered, and we never heard mention of him from that period.

Some moments after our colonel returned, and asked if any person had offered us the least incivility. After we had disculpated the soldiers in this respect, he hastened abroad to see if there was any possibility to extinguish the fire, which had already seized great part of the city: he had hardly got into the street, when he returned, with uncommon hastiness, and said, "Show me the way out of the town, for I see plainly we shall perish in the flames if we stay here a few minutes longer." Upon this we threw the best of our goods and movables into a vaulted cellar, covered the trap-door with earth, and made our escape. My wife took nothing with her but my robe; my maid seized a neighbour's infant child by the hand, whom we found crying at his father's door, and lod him away. We found it impossible to pass through the gates of the town, which were all in a flame, and the streets burnt with great fury on either side: in a word, the heat was so intense that it was with difficulty we were able to breathe. Having made several unsuccessful attempts, we determined at last to make our escape on the side of the town next the Elbe. The streets were clogged with dead bodies, and the groans of the dying were insupportable. The Walloons and Croations attacked us every moment, but our generous colonel protected us from their fury. When we gained the bastion, which stands on the bank of the Elbe, we descended it by the scaling-ladders which the Imperialists had made use of in the assault, and arrived at length in the enemy's camp near Rottensee, thoroughly fatigued and extremely alarmed.

The colonel made us enter his tent, and presented us some refreshments. That ceremony being over, "Well," said he, "having saved your lives, what return do you make me?" We told him that for the present we had nothing to bestow, but that we would transfer to him all the money and plate that we had buried in the cellar, which was the whole of our worldly possessions. At this instant many Imperial officers came in, and one chanced to say to me, "Ego tibi condoleo, ego sum addictus Fidei Augustanæ." The distressed state I found myself in made me unable to give a proper reply to the condolences of a man who carried arms against those whose religion he professed, and whose hard fortune he pretended to deplore.

Next day the colonel sent one of his domestics with my maid-servant to search for the treasure we had buried in the cellar, but they returned without success, because as the fire still continued they could not approach the trap-door. In the meanwhile the colonel made us his guests at his own table, and during our whole stay treated us not as prisoners, but as intimate friends.

One day at dinner an officer of the company happened to say, that our sins were the cause of all the evil we suffered, and that God had made use of the Catholic army to chastise us; to whom my wife replied, that the observation perhaps was but too true; however, take care, continued she, lest God in the end should throw that very scourge into the flames. This sort of prophecy was fulfilled soon afterwards on the selfsame Imperial army, which was almost totally destroyed at the battle of Leipzig.

At length I ventured one day to ask our colonel to give us leave to depart: he complied immediately, on condition that we paid our ransom. Next morning I sent my maid into the town to try if there was any possibility of penetrating into the cellar, she was more fortunate that day, and returned with all our wealth. Having

returned our thanks to our deliverer, he immediately ordered a passport to be prepared for us, with permission to retire to whatever place we should think proper, and made us a present of a crown to defray the expense of our journey. This brave Spaniard was colonel of the regiment of Savelli, and named Don Joseph de Ainsa.

## 5.—A TALE OF TERROR.

COURIER.

[PAUL LOUIS COURIER, who was born in 1774, served in the French army in Italy, in 1798-9. He was a scholar, and a man of taste; and his letters are full of indignation at the rapacity of the French conquerors. After the peace of Amiens he published several translations from the Greek. On the renewal of the war he served again in Italy; and held the rank of a chief of squadron in the Austrian campaign of 1809. He gave in his resignation in 1809, for his independent spirit made him obnoxious to the creatures of Napoleon. His literary reputation is chiefly built upon the political tracts which he wrote after the restoration of the Bourbons, which, in their caustic humour, are almost unequalled, and have been compared with the celebrated *‘Lettres Provençales’* of Pascal. The little piece which we translate gives no notion of his peculiar powers, but it is well adapted for an extract. The story is contained in a letter to his cousin, Madamo Pigalle.]

‘I was once travelling in Calabria; a land of wicked people, who, I believe, hate every one, and particularly the French; the reason why, would take long to tell you, suffice it to say that they mortally hate us, and that one gets on very badly when one falls into their hands. I had for a companion a young man with a face—my faith, like the gentleman that we saw at Kincy; you remember? and better still perhaps—I don’t say so to interest you, but because it is a fact. In these mountains the roads are precipices; our horses got on with much difficulty; my companion went first; a path which appeared to him shorter and more practicable led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head only twenty years old? Whilst daylight lasted we tried to find our way through the wood, but the more we tried, the more bewildered we became, and it was pitch dark when we arrived at a very black-looking house. We entered, not without fear, but what could we do? We found a whole family of colliers at table; they immediately invited us to join them; my young man did not wait to be pressed: there we were eating and drinking; he at least, for I was examining the place and the appearance of our hosts. Our hosts had quite the look of colliers, but the house you would have taken for an arsenal; there was nothing but guns, pistols, swords, knives and cutlasses. Every thing displeased me, and I saw very well that I displeased them. My companion, on the contrary, was quite one of the family, he laughed and talked with them, and with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen (but to what purpose, if it was decreed), he told at once where we came from, where we were going, and that we were Frenchmen. Just imagine! amongst our most mortal enemies, alone, out of our road, so far from all human succour! and then, to omit nothing that might ruin us, he played the rich man, promised to give the next morning, as a remuneration to these people and to our guides, whatever they wished. Then he spoke of his portmanteau, begging them to take care of it, and to put it at the head of his bed; he did not wish, he said, for any other pillow. Oh, youth, youth! you are to be pitied! Cousin, one would have thought we carried the crown diamonds. What caused him so much solicitude about this portmanteau was his mistress’s letters. Supper over, they left us. Our hosts slept below, we in the upper room, where we had supped. A loft raised some seven or eight feet, which was reached by a ladder, was the resting place that awaited us; a sort of nest, into which we were to introduce ourselves by



creeping under joists loaded with provisions for the year. My companion climbed up alone, and, already nearly asleep, laid himself down with his head upon the precious portmanteau. Having determined to sit up, I made a good fire, and seated myself by the side of it. The night, which had been undisturbed, was nearly over, and I began to reassure myself; when, about the time that I thought the break of day could not be very far off, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below; and putting my ear to the chimney which communicated with the one in the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these words spoken by the husband: "Well, let us see, must they both be killed?" To which the wife replied, "Yes;" and I heard no more. How shall I go on? I stood scarcely breathing, my body cold as marble; to have seen me, you could hardly have known if I were alive or dead. Good Heavens! when I think of it now!—We two almost without weapons, against twelve or fifteen who had so many! and my companion dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him, or make a noise, I dared not: to escape alone was impossible; the window was not high, but below were two large dogs howling like wolves. In what an agony I was, imagine if you can. At the end of a long quarter of an hour I heard some one on the stairs, and, through the crack of the door, I saw the father, his lamp in one hand, and in the other one of his large knives. He came up, his wife after him, I was behind the door; he opened it, but before he came in he put down the lamp which his wife took. He then entered, barefoot, and from outside the woman said to him, in a low voice, shading the light of the lamp with her hand, "Softly, go softly." When he got to the ladder, he mounted it, his knife between his teeth, and getting up as high as the bed—the poor young man lying with his throat bare—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—Oh! Cousin—he seized a ham, which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice from it, and retired as he had come. The door was closed again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone with my reflections.

As soon as day appeared, all the family making a great noise came to awaken us as we had requested. They brought us something to eat, and gave us a very clean and a very good breakfast, I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, of which we must, said our hostess, take away one and eat the other. When I saw them I understood the meaning of those terrible words, "Must they both be killed?" and I think, Cousin, you have enough penetration to guess now what they signified.

#### 6.—THE OPENING YEAR.

THE year of the Calendar and the year of the Poets might well have different starting points. The poets would welcome a new year with spring garlands of the tenderest green, and go forth into the fields to find the first violet giving out its perfume as an offering to the reproductive power which fills the earth with gladness. But the Calendar offers us only the slow lengthening of the days to mark the progress of change; and we have little joy in the lengthening when the old saw tells us—

‘As day lengthens,  
Cold strengthens.’

The Poets, however, have their resources, drawn out of the compensations that belong to the condition of us all. Hope with them becomes prophetic. ‘The Dirge for the Old Year swells and dances into a bridal song for the New:—

Orphan hours, the year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep!  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep:  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Waking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So white Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the dead-cold here to-day;  
Solemn hours! wail aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways  
 The tree-swung cradle of a child,  
 So the breath of these rude days  
 Rocks the year :—be calm and mild,  
 Trembling hours ; she will arise  
 With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here.  
 Like a sexton by her grave ;  
 February bears the bier,  
 March with grief doth howl and rave,  
 And April weeps—but, O ye hours !  
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

SHELLEY.

Our ancestors assuredly had a more fervent love of nature than we have, when they filled their houses with evergreens while the snow blocked up their doorways, and replaced them with new emblems of the freshness which is never wholly dead, whilst the rains of February and the winds of March were doing their nursing-work. The song for Candlemas-day (February 2) was as true a herald of the spring as the cuckoo and the swallow :—

Down with rosemary and bays,  
 Down with the mistletoe ;  
 Instead of holly, now upraise  
 The greener box for show.  
 The holly hitherto did sway ;  
 Let box now domineer,  
 Until the dancing Easter-day,  
 • Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace  
 Your houses to renew,

Thus times do shift ; each thing his turn does hold ;

New things succeed as former things grow old.

HERRICK.

WORDSWORTH, in one of his charming lyrics of the Spring, makes "the opening of the year" begin with "the first mild day of March."

It is the first mild day of March :

Each minute sweeter than before,  
 The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
 That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
 To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
 And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)  
 Now that our morning meal is done,  
 Make haste, your morning task resign ;  
 Come forth and feel the sun..

Edward will come with you ; and pray  
 Put on with speed your woodland dress:  
 And bring no book ; for this one day  
 • We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate

Our living Calendar :

We from to-day, my friend, will date  
 The opening of the year.

Grown old, surrender must his place  
 Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,  
 And many flowers beside,  
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,  
 To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,  
 With cooler oaken boughs,  
 Come in for comely ornaments,  
 To readorn the house.

Love, now an universal birth,  
 From heart to heart is stealing,  
 From earth to man, from man to earth ;  
 —It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
 Than fifty years of reason :  
 Our minds will drink at every pore  
 The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
 Which they shall long obey :  
 We for the year to come may take  
 Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
 About, below, above,  
 We'll frame the measure of our souls :  
 They shall be tuned to love.

Thou come, my Sister ! come, I pray,  
 With speed put on your woodland dress:  
 And bring no book ; for this one day  
 We'll give to idleness.

WORDSWORTH.

The "blessing in the air" is one of the beautiful indications of the awakening of the earth from its winter sleep. It may proclaim the waking hour in March ;—the cold north-east wind may permit no "sense of joy" till April. But the opening of the year comes to the Poet when he first hears the voice of gladness in the song of birds, or sees the humblest flower putting on

its livery of glory. It opened to the Ayrshire ploughman, when he heard "a Thrush sing in a Morning Walk in January;" and that song filled his heart with thankfulness and contentment:—

Sing on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;  
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:  
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear  
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,  
Welcomes the rapid movements, bids them part,  
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!  
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies!  
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,  
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;  
The mite high Heav'n bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share. **BURNS.**

Spring in the lap of Winter is very beautiful. February smiles and pouts like a self-willed child. We are gladdened by the flower-buds of the elder and the long flowers of the hazel. The crocus and the snow drop timidly lift up their heads. Mosses, the verdure of winter, that rejoice in moisture and defy cold, luxuriate amidst the general barrenness. The mole is busy in his burrowed galleries. There are clear mornings, not unmusical with the voices of more birds than the thrush of Burns. Spenser, the most imaginative of Poets, has painted the March of rough winds—the "sturdy March"—the March of the bent brow,—with weapon and armour. But he is also the March of gifts and of hope, in whose "sternest frown" there is "a look of kindly promise." So he is described by one of a band of poets, whose native voice is heard over that mighty continent which our forefathers peopled. The cultivation of the same literature—for that literature is the common property of all "who speak the tongue which Shakspeare spake"—ought, amongst other influences, to bind America and England in eternal peace and good fellowship:—

The stormy March is come at last,  
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;  
I hear the rushing of the blast,  
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,  
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;  
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,  
And thou hast joined the gentle train  
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,  
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,

When the changed winds are soft and warm  
And heaven puts on the blue of May

Then sing along the gushing rills,  
And the full springs, from frost set free,  
That, brightly leaping down the hills,  
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides  
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;  
But in thy sternest frown abides  
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,  
And that soft time of sunny showers,  
When the wide bloom on earth that lies  
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

**BRYANT.**

## 7.—A GOOD MAN'S DAY.

**BISHOP HALL.**

[JOSEPH HALL, Bishop of Norwich, was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, on the 1st July, 1574. He received his academical education at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In 1597, he published a volume of Satires, which gave great offence, but which remain to the student of English poetry as amongst the most masterly productions of their class. Pope held them to be the best poetry and the truest satire in the English language. In 1617, he was preferred to the Deanery of Worcester; in 1627, was made Bishop of Exeter; and in

1641 was translated to Norwich. His earnest piety and professional zeal rendered him obnoxious to the charge of puritanism; but he was a vigorous defender of the Church in its times of tribulation and danger, and was a sufferer for his conscientious opinions. The revenues of his bishopric were sequestrated in 1642, and he spent the remainder of his life in great poverty, residing at Higham, near Norwich, where he died in 1656. His theological works are very numerous; and though many of them are controversial, others will remain as durable monuments of masterly reasoning, eloquent persuasion, and touching devotion. The piece which we first select, as an opening to the Sunday 'Half-Hours,' is from an Epistle to Lord Denny.]

Every day is a little life: and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mis-spend it, desperate. We can best teach others by ourselves; let me tell your lordship, how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred, that you (or whosoever others, overhearing me,) may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors: to whom is the account of my hours either more due, or more known. All days are His, who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some He hath made ours, not to command, but to use.

In none may we forget Him; in some we must forget all, besides Him. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must; (pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health); neither do I consult so much with the sun, as mine own necessity, whether of body or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable. Now when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for Him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travel; and as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order, and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work; that done, after some while's meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books, and, sitting down amongst them with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred: without whom, I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions, wherein I am not too scrupulous of age; sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the Church hath honoured with the name of Fathers; whose volumes I confess not to open without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity; sometimes to those later doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical; always to God's Book. That day is lost, whereof some hours are not improved in those divine monuments: others I turn over out of choice; these out of duty. Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions; not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety; now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while mine eyes are busied, another while my hand, and sometimes my mind takes the burthen from them both; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures; one hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy; histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of others' labours, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, after for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts; I am

sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use ; only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes, and complain sooner of the day for shortness than of the business for toil, were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast ; I must yield to both ; while my body and mind are joined together in these unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and now would forget that I ever studied ; a full mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind : company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome ; these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal ; the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach, nor that for its own sake ; neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves but in their use, in their end, so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial ; I rise capable of more, not desirous ; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings ; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

After my later meal, my thoughts are slight ; only my memory may be charged with her task, of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day ; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his window, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which like a camel lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God : Thus do we rather drive away the time before us, than follow it. I grant neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions ; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent ; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for ; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning : *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years ! These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away—time. Such are my common days ; but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it ; yet because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, "this is the day which the Lord hath made." Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself ; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, at some times of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work, or pleasure, but heavenly.

I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other ; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day ; and according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest. I know your lordship what I would do, and what I ought ; I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak, my actions to the censures of the wise and holy, my weaknesses to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.



8.—ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.

LANDOR.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, an eminent living writer, was born in 1775. He published a volume of poems when he was eighteen; and has at various periods of his life enriched the poetry of his country with productions of no common merit. Mr. Landor was the early friend of Southey; but, unlike his friend, his early opinions have clung to him through life. This circumstance may account for some of the asperity, and some of the neglect, which it has been Mr. Landor's fate to encounter—in many respects very undeservedly. The first series of his 'Imaginary Conversations,' from which the following dialogue is extracted, was published in 1824; a second series appeared in 1836. His complete works were, in 1846, collected in two large closely printed volumes, sold at a cheap rate; and we have no doubt that the collection will be acceptable to a great body of readers, who will thus, for the first time, make the acquaintance of an author who, although his opinions may sometimes be singular and paradoxical, has a genuine love for all that is beautiful and ennobling in human thoughts and actions, and who has rarely been excelled as a prose writer in fertility and power.]

As a fit introduction to this Conversation, we subjoin a passage from Roger Ascham's celebrated "Scholemaster," describing the character and pursuits of Lady Jane Grey:—

"And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report, which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and the Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park; I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park: smiling she answered me: 'I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato; alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a school master. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name, for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me, so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, than in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.' I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."]

*Ascham.* Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it: submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honour in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

*Jane.* What aileth my virtuous Ascham! What is amiss? Why do I tremble!

*Ascham.* I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago; it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach, the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?

Invisibly bright water! so like air,  
On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear  
My little bark, of all light barks most light,  
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,  
And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,  
And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

*Jane.* I was very childish when I composed them; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

*Ascham.* Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

*Jane.* I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not his creature. Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

*Ascham.* Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously, but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is there too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be engulfed in the current under their garden walls.

*Jane.* Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes, indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

*Ascham.* I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

*Jane.* I have well bethought me of my duties: O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus and Plutarch, and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the harbour and for the gravel walk: yet leave unto me, I beseech you my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

*Ascham.* Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed,

Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

*Jane.* I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

*Ascham.* Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

*Jane.* He is contented with me, and with home.

*Ascham.* Ah Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

*Jane.* He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard: I will conduct him to treasures—O what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

*Ascham.* Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his fairy, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well; sport with his fancies, turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and if he ever meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

## 9.—DEJECTION: AN ODE.

COLERIDGE.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born on the 20th of October, 1772, at Saint Mary Ottery, Devonshire, of which parish his father was the vicar. His early education was in that noble institution, Christ's Hospital; and having there attained the scholastic rank of Grecian, he secured an exhibition to Jesus College, Cambridge, 1791. But he quitted the University without taking a degree, having adopted the democratic opinions of the day in all their extreme results. This boyish enthusiasm eventually subsided into calmer feelings. He gave himself up to what is one of the first duties of man—the formation of his own mind. His character was essentially contemplative. He wanted the energy necessary for a popular writer, and thus people came to fancy that he was an idle dreamer. What he has left behind him will live and fructify, when the flashy contributions to the literature of the day of four-fifths of his contemporaries shall have utterly perished. There is no man of our own times who has incidentally, as well as directly, contributed more to produce that revolution in opinion, which has led us from the hard and barren paths of a mis-called utility, to expatiate in the boundless luxuriance of those regions of thought which belong to the spiritual part of our nature, and have something in them higher than a money value. Since Mr. Coleridge's death in 1834, some of his works have been collected and republished in a neat form and at a moderate price:—'The Poetical Works,' 3 vols.;—'The Friend, a Series of Essays,' 3 vols.;—'Aids to Reflection,' 2 vols.;—'On the Constitution of Church and State,' 1 vol.;—'Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,' 1 vol.;—'Literary Remains,' 4 vols. To these has lately been added his 'Biographia Literaria,' in 2 vols. These publications were chiefly superintended by his accomplished nephew, Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, whose early death was a public loss. The 'Biographia' is edited by the widow of Mr. H. N. Coleridge, the daughter of the poet—the inheriress of the genius of her father, and of the virtues of her husband.]



Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,  
 With the old Moon in her arms;  
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!  
 We shall have a deadly storm.

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.*

I.

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made  
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,  
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence  
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade  
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes  
 Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,  
 Which better far were mute.  
 For lo! the new Moon winter-bright!  
 And overspread with phantom light,  
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread,  
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread,)  
 I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling  
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.  
 And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,  
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!  
 Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,  
 And sent my soul abroad,  
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,  
 Might startle this dull pain and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief  
 In word, or sigh, or tear—  
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,  
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green:  
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!  
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
 That give away their motion to the stars;  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen  
 Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
 I see them all so excellently fair,  
 I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail,  
 And what can these avail  
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?  
 It were a vain endeavour,  
 Though I should gaze for ever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west:

I may not hope from outward forms to win  
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

## IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live:  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!  
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor loneless ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the Earth—

And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

## V.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me  
What this strong music in the soul may be!  
What, and wherein it doth exist,  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
This beautiful and beauty-making power.  
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,  
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
Joy, Lady, is the spirit and the power,  
Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,  
A new Earth and new Heaven  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—  
We in ourselves rejoice!  
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colours a suffusion from that light.

## VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,  
This joy within me dallied with distress,  
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:  
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.  
But now afflictions bow me down to earth;  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth.

But oh! each visitation  
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of imagination—  
For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
But to be still and patient, all I can;  
And haply by abstruse research to steal  
From my own nature all the natural man—  
This was my sole resource, my only plan;  
And that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

## VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,  
Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream  
Of agony by torture lengthened out  
That lute sent forth. Thou Wind that rav'st without,  
Bare craig, or mountain-tairn\*, or blasted tree,  
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,  
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
Mad Lutanists! who in this month of showers,  
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
Mak'st Devil's yule, with worse than wintry song,  
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.  
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!  
Thou mighty Poet, o'en to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,  
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—  
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!  
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
With groans and tremulous shuddering—all is over—  
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,  
And tempered with delight,  
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,  
'Tis of a little child  
Upon a lonesome wild,  
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way;  
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,  
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

## VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:  
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!  
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,  
And may this storm be but a mountain birth,  
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling  
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth,  
With light heart may she rise,  
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,  
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;  
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,  
Their life the eddying of her living soul!  
O simple spirit, guided from above,  
Dear lady! friend devoutest of my choice,  
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice,

\* Tairn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the Storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

## 10.—APOPHTHEGMS.—I.

[An Apophthegm is, properly speaking, a pithy saying. An Aphorism is a precept, or rule of practice. Plutarch made a collection of Apophthegms which are for the most part what we call Anecdotes. Lord Bacon's collection of Apophthegms is almost wholly of the same character. In a preface to this collection our great English philosopher writes as follows:—

"Julius Cæsar did write a collection of apophthegms, as appears in an epistle of Cicero: I need say no more for the worth of a writing of that nature. It is pity his work is lost, for I imagine they were collected with judgment and choice; whereas that of Plutarch and Stobæus, and much more the modern ones, draw much of the dregs. Certainly they are of excellent use. They are *mucrones verborum*, pointed speeches. Cicero prettily calls them *salinas*, salt pits, that you may extract salt out of and sprinkle it where you will. They serve to be interlaced in continued speech. They serve to be recited, upon occasions, of themselves. They serve, if you take out the kernel of them and make them your own. I have, for my recreation in my sickness, fanned the old, not omitting any because they are vulgar [common], for many vulgar ones are excellent good; nor for the meanness of the person, but because they are dull and flat, and adding many new, that otherwise would have died."

We shall devote a few 'Half-hours' to this amusing branch of literature, selecting, without chronological order from many books:—]

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Dr. Johnson and I [Boswell] took a sculler at the Temple Stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. *Johnson*. "Most certainly, sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet," said I, "people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." *Johnson*. "Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir," said the boy, "I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir," said he, "a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has, to get knowledge."—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*.

DECAYED GENTRY.—It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, was Lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son of that country was pressed into the wars; as I take it to go over with Count Mansfeldt. The old man at Leicester requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loth to tell (as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to confess the truth), at last he told his name was Hastings. "Cousin Hastings," said the earl, "we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed!" So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly hold the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets (though ignorant of their own extractions), are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage, which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle—contentment, with quiet and security.—FULLER. *Worthies*.—*Art. of Shire-Reeves or Shiriffes*.

GOLDSMITH.—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though, perhaps,

coloured a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak; but, after a good deal of pressing, said "that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square." Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, What stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels; while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?" "Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility: "I am very sorry—it was very foolish: I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."—*Notes in Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson.*

**ILLUSTRIOUS PRISONERS.**—Queen Elizabeth, the morrow of her coronation, went to the chapel; and in the great chamber, Sir John Rainsforth, set on by wiser men (a knight that had the liberty of a buffoon), besought the queen aloud—"That now this good time, when prisoners were delivered, four prisoners, amongst the rest, might likewise have their liberty who were like enough to be kept still in hold." The queen asked, "who they were?" and he said "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who had long been imprisoned in the Latin tongue, and now he desired they might go abroad among the people in English." The queen answered, with a grave countenance, "It were good, Rainsforth, they were spoken with themselves, to know of them whether they would be set at liberty?"—**BACON.**

**CANNING AND THE AMBASSADOR.**—What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are! I remember dining at Mr. Frere's once in company with Canning and a few other interesting men. Just before dinner Lord —— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French—all of us being genuine English—and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war; of none of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little—and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge and the preservation of life in Genesis and the Paradise Lost, and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his *Noah's Flood*:—

"And now the beasts are walking from the wood,  
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud,  
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,  
And to the Ark leads down the lioness;  
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,  
And to the Ark brings on the fair-eyed cow," &c.

Hereupon Lord —— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had

lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the foreground. "Ah! no doubt, my lord," said Canning; "your elephants, wise fellows! staid behind to pack up their trunks!" This floored the ambassador for half an hour.—COLERIDGE. *Table Talk.*

HENRY MARTIN.—His speeches in the house were not long, but wondrous poignant, pertinent, and witty. He was exceedingly happy in apt instances; he alone had sometimes turned the whole house. Making an invective speech one time against old Sir Henry Vane, when he had done with him he said, *But for young Sir Harry Vane*—and so sat him down. Several cried out—"What have you to say to young Sir Harry?" He rises up: *Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, he will be old Sir Harry!* and so sat down, and set the whole house a laughing, as he oftentimes did. Oliver Cromwell once in the house called him jestingly or scoffingly, *Sir Harry Martin*. H. M. rises and bows, "I thank *your majesty*, I always thought when you were *king* that I should be knighted." A godly member made a motion to have all profane and unsanctified persons expelled the house. H. M. stood up and moved that all fools should be put out likewise, and then there would be a thin house. He was wont to sleep much in the house (at least dog-sleep); Alderman Atkins made a motion that such scandalous members as slept and minded not the business of the house should be put out. H. M. starts up—"Mr. Speaker, a motion has been made to turn out the *Noddies*; I desire the *Noddies* may also be turned out."—AUBREY'S MSS.

THE DESOLATION OF TYRANNY.—The Khalcefeh, 'Abd El-Melik, was, in the beginning of his reign, an unjust monarch. Being, one night, unable to sleep, he called for a person to tell him a story for his amusement. "O Prince of the Faithful," said the man thus bidden, "there was an owl in El-Mósil, and an owl in El-Basrah; and the owl of El-Mósil demanded in marriage, for her son, the daughter of the owl of El-Basrah: but the owl of El-Basrah said, 'I will not, unless thou give me as her dowry, a hundred desolate farms.' 'That I cannot do,' said the owl of El-Mósil, 'at present; but if our sovereign (may God, whose name be exalted, preserve him!) live one year, I will give thee what thou desirest.'"—This simple fable sufficed to rouse the prince from his apathy, and he thenceforward applied himself to fulfil the duties of his station.—LANE. *Notes to Arabian Nights.*

PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, You have been idle since I saw you last; By no means, replied the sculptor, I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb: Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles; It may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.—COLTON. *Lacon.*

CIVIL WAR.—When the civil wars broke out, the Lord Marshall had leave to go beyond sea. Mr. Hollar went into the Low Countries, where he stayed till about 1649. I remember he told me, that when he first came into England (which was a serene time of peace) that the people, both poor and rich, did look cheerfully, but at his return, he found the countenances of the people all changed, melancholy, spiteful, as if bewitched.—AUBREY'S MSS.

WALLER.—As his disease increased upon Waller, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the Holy Sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related that, being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, "My Lord, I am

a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I hope your Grace will."—*DR. JOHNSON. Life of Waller.*

*JOHN KEMBLE.*—I always had a great liking—I may say, a sort of nondescript reverence—for John Kemble. What a quaint creature he was! I remember a party, in which he was discoursing in his measured manner after dinner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded, and went on. The announcement took place twice afterwards; Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered, and said,—“Mrs. Kemble says, Sir, she has the rheumatism and cannot stay.” “Add *ism*!” dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue.

Kemble would correct any body at any time, and in any place. Dear Charles Matthews—a true genius in his line, in my judgment—told me he was once performing privately before the king. The king was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and said,—“I liked Kemble very much. He was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box. He declined taking any—‘he, a poor actor, could not put his fingers into a royal box.’ I said, ‘take some, pray; you will oblige me?’ Upon which Kemble replied,—‘It would become your royal mouth better to say, oblige me;’ and took a pinch.”—*COLERIDGE. Table Talk.*

*THE INVENTOR OF THE STOCKING FRAMES.*—Mr. William Lee, A.M., was of Oxon (I think Magdalen Hall). He was the first inventor of the weaving of worsted stockings by an engine of his contrivance. He was a Sussex man born, or else lived there. He was a poor curate, and, observing how much pains his wife took in knitting a pair of stockings, he bought a stocking and a half, and observed the contrivance of the stitch, which he designed in his loom, which (though some of the instruments of the engine be altered) keeps the same to this day. He went into France, and there died before his loom was made there. So the art was not long since in no part of the world but England. Oliver, Protector, made an act that it should be felony to transport this engine. This information I took from a weaver (by this engine), in Pear-pool Lane, 1656. Sir J. Hoskyn, Mr. Stafford Tyndale, and I, went purposely to see it.—*AUBREY'S MSS.*

*SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.*—The deputies of the reformed religion, after the massacre that was upon St. Bartholomew's day, treated with the king and queen-mother, and some other of the council for a peace. Both sides were agreed upon the articles. The question was, upon the security of performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said, “Why, is not the word of a king sufficient security?” One of the deputies answered, “No, by Saint Bartholomew, madam.”—*BACON.*

*THE AGE BEFORE NEWSPAPERS.*—I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess dowager; as the old duchess of Rutland does when she is told of some strange casualty, “Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down.”—“Lord, Madam!” says Lady Lucy, “it can't be true!”—“Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post.”—*HORACE WALPOLE.*

*BURNING OF WICKLIFFE'S BODY BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.*—Hitherto [A. D. 1428] the corpse of John Wickliffe had quietly slept in his grave about forty-one years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aeldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, to leave small reversion of a body after so many years.

But now such the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution,—if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Lutterworth they came, Sumner, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and their servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, then into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.—FULLER. *Church History*.

**OCH CLOP.**—The other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked, that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *Och Clo* as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.—COLERIDGE. *Table Talk*.

**MERCIFUL LAW.**—The book of deposing King Richard the Second, and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Doctor Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth: and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her learned council, "Whether there were any treason contained in it?" Mr. Bacon intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, "No, Madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion that there is any, but very much felony." The queen, apprehending it gladly, asked, "How, and wherein?" Mr. Bacon answered, "Because he has stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."—BACON.

**PARLIAMENTARY DESPATCH.**—Mr. Popham, when he was Speaker, and the lower house had sat long, and done in effect nothing; coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what has passed in the lower house?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."—BACON.

**OPINIONS.**—Charles the Fifth, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St. Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that of a watchmaker. He one day exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together!"—COLTON. *Lacon*.

## 11.—SPEECH AT PLYMOUTH IN 1823.

CANNING.

[GEORGE CANNING belongs to our country's history. He was born in 1770, and died in 1827.]

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,

I accept with thankfulness, and with greater satisfaction than I can express, this flattering testimony of your good opinion and good-will. I must add, that the value of the gift itself has been greatly enhanced by the manner in which your worthy and honourable Recorder has developed the motives which suggested it, and the sentiments which it is intended to convey.



Gentlemen, your Recorder has said very truly, that whoever, in this free and enlightened state, aims at political eminence, and discharges political duties, must expect to have his conduct scrutinised, and every action of his public life sifted with no ordinary jealousy, and with no sparing criticism ; and such may have been my lot as much as that of other public men. But, gentlemen, unmerited obloquy seldom fails of an adequate, though perhaps tardy, compensation. I must think myself, as my honourable friend has said, eminently fortunate, if such compensation as he describes, has fallen to me at an earlier period than to many others : if I dare flatter myself (as his partiality has flattered me), that the sentiments that you are kind enough to entertain for me, are in unison with those of the country ; if, in addition to the justice done me by my friends, I may, as he has assured me, rely upon a candid construction, even from political opponents.

But, Gentlemen, the secret of such a result does not lie deep.

It consists only in an honest and undeviating pursuit of what one conscientiously believes to be one's public duty—a pursuit which, steadily continued, will, however detached and separate parts of a man's conduct may be viewed under the influence of partialities or prejudices, obtain for it, when considered as a whole, the approbation of all honest and honourable minds. Any man may occasionally be mistaken as to the means most conducive to the end which he has in view ; but if the end be just and praiseworthy, it is by that he will be ultimately judged, either by his contemporaries or by posterity.

Gentlemen, the end which I confess I have always had in view, and which appears to me the legitimate object of pursuit to a British statesman, I can describe in one word. The language of modern philosophy is wisely and diffusively benevolent ; it professes the perfection of our species, and the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. Gentlemen, I hope that my heart beats as high for the general interest of humanity—I hope that I have as friendly a disposition towards other nations of the earth, as any one who vaunts his philanthropy most highly ; but I am contented to confess that, in the conduct of political affairs, the grand object of my contemplation is the interest of England.

Not, Gentlemen, that the interest of England is an interest which stands isolated and alone. The situation which she holds forbids an exclusive selfishness ; her prosperity must contribute to the prosperity of other nations, and her stability to the safety of the world. But, intimately connected as we are with the system of Europe, it does not follow that we are therefore called upon to mix ourselves on every occasion, with a restless and meddling activity, in the concerns of the nations which surround us. It is upon a just balance of conflicting duties, and of rival, but sometimes incompatible, advantages, that a government must judge when to put forth its strength, and when to husband it for occasion yet to come.

Our ultimate object must be the peace of the world. That object may sometimes be best attained by prompt exertions—sometimes by abstinence from interposition in contests which we cannot prevent. It is upon these principles, that, as has been most truly observed by my worthy friend, it did not appear to the government of this country to be necessary that Great Britain should mingle in the recent contest between France and Spain.

Your worthy Recorder has accurately classed the persons who would have driven us into that contest. There were undoubtedly among them those who desired to plunge this country into the difficulties of war, partly from the hope that those difficulties would overwhelm the administration ; but it would be most unjust not to admit that there were others who were actuated by nobler principles and more generous feelings, who would have rushed forward at once from the sense of indignation at aggression, and who deemed that no act of injustice could be perpetrated from

one end of the universe to the other, but that the sword of Great Britain should leap from its scabbard to avenge it. But as it is the province of law to control the excess even of laudable passions and propensities in individuals, so it is the duty of government to restrain within due bounds the ebullition of national sentiment, and to regulate the course and direction of impulses which it cannot blame. Is there any one among the latter class of persons described by my honourable friend (for to the former I have nothing to say) who continues to doubt whether the government did wisely in declining to obey the precipitate enthusiasm which prevailed at the commencement of the contest in Spain? Is there any body who does not now think, that it was the office of government to examine more closely all the various bearings of so complicated a question, to consider whether they were called upon to assist a united nation, or to plunge themselves into the internal feuds by which that nation was divided—to aid in repelling a foreign invader, or to take part in a civil war? Is there any man that does not now see what would have been the extent of burdens that would have been cast upon this country? Is there any one who does not acknowledge that, under such circumstances, the enterprise would have been one to be characterized only by a term borrowed from that part of the Spanish literature with which we are most familiar—Quixotic; an enterprise, romantic in its origin, and thankless in the end?

But while we thus control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace, either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, Gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction. Long may we be enabled, Gentlemen, to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce, now reviving, greater extension and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now generally diffused throughout this island. Of the blessings of peace, Gentlemen, I trust that this borough, with which I have now the honour and happiness of being associated, will receive an ample share. I trust the time is not far distant, when that noble structure of which, as I learn from your Recorder, the box with which you have honoured me, through his hands, formed a part, that gigantic barrier against the fury of the waves that roll into your harbour, will protect a commercial marine not less considerable in its kind, than the warlike marine of which your port has been long so distinguished an asylum, when the town of Plymouth will participate in the commercial prosperity as largely as it has hitherto done in the naval glories of England.

## 12.—SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—I.

ADDISON.

[JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the 1st of May, 1672, at Milston, Wilts, of which parish his father was rector. His early education was at the Charter-house, from which celebrated school he proceeded to Oxford, and obtained a scholarship of Magdalen College. In 1694, he published his first English poem. Men of letters at that period were sought out for public employments. Addison filled several official appointments, for which he seems to have been peculiarly unfitted. With his contemporaries his fame was that of a poet. With us 'Cato' is forgotten; the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian' are the best monuments of Addison's genius. He died in 1719.]

Cowley is a pretty village about two miles from Oxford; and here some one lived in the days of the Tudors who was famous enough to have his name linked with the pretty dance-tune that has once again become fashionable. But he had a higher honour. The popularity of the dance in the days of Queen Anne gave a name to the most famous character in 'The Spectator'; and ever afterwards the dance itself gathered an accession of dignity even in its name; and plain Roger of Cowley became *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Some of the most delightful papers of Addison, in which Steele occasionally assisted, are devoted to the fictitious character of Sir Roger. Few people now read 'The Spectator' as a whole. One or two of the more celebrated essays, such as 'The Vision of Mirza,' find their place in books of extract. The delicate humour of the delineation of Sir Roger de Coverley is always referred to as the highest effort of Addison's peculiar genius; but not many will take the pains to select these sixteen or seventeen papers from the six hundred and thirty which form the entire work. These papers have a completeness about them which shows how thoroughly they were written upon a settled plan. Steele appears to have first conceived the character in the second number of 'The Spectator'; but Addison very soon took it out of his friend's hands, who was scarcely able to carry on the portraiture with that refinement which belonged to Addison's conception of the character. Addison, it is said, killed Sir Roger in the fear that another hand would spoil him.

As a representation of manners a century and a half ago, the picture of Sir Roger de Coverley has a remarkable value. The good knight is thoroughly English; and in him we see a beautiful specimen of the old-fashioned gentleman, with a high soul of honour, real benevolence, acute sense, mixed up with the eccentricities which belong to a nation of humourists. The readers of 'The Spectator' are fast diminishing. No one now gives "his days and nights to the volumes of Addison;" but his gentle graceful humour has never been excelled, and nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the papers of which Sir Roger de Coverley is the hero.]

The plan of 'The Spectator' is founded upon the fiction of a club that assembles every Tuesday and Thursday to carry on the publication. Sir Roger does not appear highly qualified for a literary colleague—a *collaborateur*, as the French style it,—but he nevertheless is the foremost in 'The Spectator's' "account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in the work."

"The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling

him youngster: but being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

"His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum, that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act."

We hear little of Sir Roger, except an occasional opinion, till we reach the 100th number, when Addison takes up the man of whom he said "we are born for each other."

"Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

"I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober, staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother; his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in his old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard for his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

"I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

"My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend."

Such is the general outline of the character and position of Sir Roger de Coverley.

The humour of Addison is manifest in his delineation of Sir Roger's chaplain; and that

personage is a pleasing specimen of the unambitious, quiet, placable clergyman of the days of Anne, when there was not a vast amount of zeal in the Church, and perhaps not quite so much piety as an earnest Christian would desire.

"My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

"I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humourist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned: and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. 'My friend,' says Sir Roger, 'found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have set upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

The Spectator goes to church, and hears "the Bishop of St Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon;" that is, he hears the chaplain read a sermon from Fleetwood's and South's printed collections. He says, "I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction." This is to speak of a sermon as he would of a play; which was indeed very much the temper of the Spectator's age. He recommends to the country clergy not "to waste their spirits in laborious compositions of their own;" but to enforce "by a handsome elogium" those discourses "which have been penned by great masters." Whether the advice be judicious or not is scarcely necessary to be discussed. There is something higher to be attained by preaching than enabling a listener to pass his time to his satisfaction; but something even worse may be effected by cold, incoherent, and dull preaching—drowsiness under the shadow of high pews.

Sir Roger's picture gallery is an interesting portion of his ancient mansion. There is one picture in it which has reference to his own personal history:—

"At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person

supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty sent which we saw at a distance as we came to his house. I remembered, indeed, Sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

But the gallery is chiefly filled with the portraits of the old De Coverleys. There we have the knight in buff of the days of Elizabeth, who won "a maid of honour, the greatest beauty of her time," in a tournament in the tilt-yard. The spendthrift of the next generation—the fine gentleman who "ruined every body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life," is drawn at full-length, with his "little boots, laces, and slashes." But the real old English country gentleman, who kept his course of honour in evil times—in days of civil commotion, and afterwards in a period of court profligacy—is a character which we trust will never be obsolete:—

"This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley: he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which were superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbours."

The ghosts which used to haunt Sir Roger's mansion were laid, even in his time, by a good orthodox process:—

"My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family."

But the belief in apparitions was not passed away. The haunted ruins are described by Addison with his usual grace:—

“At a little distance from Sir Roger’s house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his own creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids, coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.”

The fame of the Spectator’s Sir Roger de Coverley was revived some twenty years ago by one of the most beautiful pictures of the modern English school—the charming representation, by Newton, of the fine old squire coming out of church, amidst the reverential greetings of his affectionate tenantry. This was a real old English scene; and such as touched our sympathies even in an age when much of this cordial intercourse between the great and the humble has passed away. The paper of the ‘Spectator’ upon which this picture is founded is by Addison, and in his best style:—

“I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the ‘Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

“My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel, and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

“As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight’s particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing

Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times in the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

"I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than diminish his good qualities.

"As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

"The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

"The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

"Fends of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it."

The quiet humour of this pleasant description furnishes in itself a tolerable example of the state of opinion in the reign of Queen Anne—our Augustan age, as it has often been called. It shows the cold and worldly aspect which the most solemn institutions presented to the eye of the conventional moralist. There is something much higher in the association of Christians in public worship than even the good of meeting together with "best faces and cleanliest habits." Sunday is to be observed for something better than "clearing away the rust of the week," and "putting both sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms." But for too long a period this has been very much the orthodox notion of Sunday and Sunday duties; and the real purpose of public worship, that of calling forth the spiritual and unworldly tendencies of our nature, to the exclusion of the ambition and vanity of every-day life, is only beginning



yet to be generally felt in town or village. We lost for two or three centuries the zealous spirit which made the cathedral and the church a refuge from the hard and irritating cares which belong to a life of struggle and vexation ; which there lifted us up to a calm and earnest reliance on the protection of the great Father of all ; which made all men equal in their capacity for partaking of this elevation of spirit ; which for awhile excluded the distinctions that belong to transitory things alone. The solemn responses, the soul-uttering chants, the assembling together in temples venerable for their antiquity and impressive in their beauty, gave a loftier tone to the mind of the most uninformed than belongs to the discussion of parish politics "after sermon or before the bell rings." A reform of somewhat too sweeping character changed the feelings of the people. Religion came either to be looked at as a severe thing or as a formal thing ; and then followed what Addison has painted too truly in the conclusion of his paper, "the differences and contentions between the parson and the 'squire." In this respect we may earnestly hope that the description of the Essayist is wholly obsolete.

### 13.—THE BAROMETER.

ARNOTT.

[The work from which this is transcribed is entitled 'Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics.' Of this book the first volume was published some twenty years ago, and has passed through several editions. A portion only of the second volume has appeared. When we consider that this excellent book can only be completed at the rare intervals of leisure in a most arduous professional life—that at the moments when the physician is not removing or mitigating the sufferings of individuals, he is labouring for the great benefit of all by such noble inventions as the *Hydrostatic Bed*—we can only hope that the well-earned repose which wise men look to in the evening of their day, will give opportunity for perfecting one of the books best calculated to advance the education of the people that the world has seen. When our admirable friend Dr. Arnott has put the last labour to his 'Elements of Physics,' it will remain for him to add one more claim to our gratitude by making the book cheap.]

Galileo had found that water would rise under the piston of a pump to a height only of about thirty-four feet. His pupil Torricelli, conceiving the happy thought, that the weight of the atmosphere might be the cause of the ascent, concluded that mercury, which is about thirteen times heavier than water, should only rise under the same influence to a thirteenth of the elevation :—he tried and found that this was so, and the mercurial barometer was invented. To afford further evidence that the weight of the atmosphere was the cause of the phenomenon, he afterwards carried the tube of mercury to the tops of buildings and of mountains, and found that it fell always in exact proportion to the portion of the atmosphere left below it ;—and he found that water-pumps in different situations varied as to sucking power, according to the same law.

It was soon afterwards discovered, by careful observation of the mercurial barometer, that even when remaining in the same place, it did not always stand at the same elevation ; in other words, that the weight of atmosphere over any particular part of the earth was constantly fluctuating ; a truth which, without the barometer, could never have been suspected. The observation of the instrument being carried still farther, it was found, that in serene dry weather the mercury generally stood high, and that before and during storms and rain it fell :—the instrument therefore might serve as a prophet of the weather, becoming a precious monitor to the husbandman or the sailor.

The reasons why the barometer falls before wind and rain will be better understood a few pages hence ; but we may remark here, that when water which has been suspended in the atmosphere, and has formed a part of it, separates as rain, the weight and bulk of the mass are diminished : and that wind must occur when a sudden condensation of aeriform matter, in any situation, disturbs the equilibrium of the air, for the air around will rush towards the situation of diminished pressure.

To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting the prognostics of the weather which he draws from local signs familiar to him ; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, and is often under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is frequently enabled to take in sail and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared.—The marine barometer has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the oldest sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations ; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it ; the sails already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters : even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled ; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard, and, amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck.

The marine barometer differs from that used on shore, in having its tube contracted in one place to a very narrow bore, so as to prevent that sudden rising and falling of the mercury, which every motion of the ship would else occasion.

Civilized Europe is now familiar with the barometer and its uses, and therefore, that Europeans may conceive the first feelings connected with it, they almost require to witness the astonishment or incredulity with which people of other parts still regard it. A Chinese, once conversing on the subject with the author, could only imagine of the barometer, that it was a gift of miraculous nature, which the God of Christians gave them in pity, to direct them in the long and perilous voyages which they undertook to unknown seas.

A barometer is of great use to persons employed about those mines in which *hydrogen gas*, or *fire-damp*, is generated and exists in the crevices. When the atmosphere becomes unusually light, the hydrogen, being relieved from a part of the pressure which ordinarily confines it to its holes and lurking places, expands or issues forth to where it may meet the lamp of the miner, and explode to his destruction. In heavy states of the atmosphere, on the contrary, it is pressed back to its hiding places, and the miner advances with safety.

We see from this that any reservoir or vessel containing air would itself answer as a barometer if the only opening to it were through a long tubular neck, containing a close sliding plug, for then according to the weight and pressure of the external air the density of that in the cavity would vary, and all changes would be marked by the position of the moveable plug. A beautiful barometer has really been made on this principle by using a vessel of glass, with a long slender neck, in which a globule of mercury is the moveable plug.

The state of the atmosphere, as to weight, differs so much at different times in the same situation, as to produce a range of about three inches in the height of the

mercurial barometer, that is to say, from twenty-eight to thirty-one inches. On the occasion of the great Lisbon earthquake, however, the mercury fell so far in the barometers, even in Britain, as to disappear from that portion at the top usually left uncovered for observation. The uncovered part of a barometer is commonly of five or six inches in length, with a divided scale attached to it, on which the figures 28, 29, &c., indicate the number of inches from the surface of the mercury at the bottom to the respective divisions:—on the lower part of the scale the words *wind* and *rain* are generally written, meaning that, when the mercury sinks to them, wind and rain are to be expected; and on the upper part, *dry* and *fine* appear, for a corresponding reason; but we have to recollect, that it is not the absolute height of the mercury which indicates the existing or coming weather, but the recent change in its height:—a falling barometer usually tolling of wind and rain; a rising one of serene and dry weather.

The barometer answers another important purpose, besides that of a *weather-glass*—in enabling us to ascertain readily the height of mountains, or of any situation to which it can be carried.

As the mercurial column in the barometer is always an exact indication of the tension or pressure produced in the air around it by the weight of air above its level, being indeed, as explained in the foregoing paragraphs, of the same weight as a column of the air of equal base with itself, and reaching from it to the top of the atmosphere—the mercury must fall when the instrument is carried from any lower to any higher situation, and the degree of falling must always tell exactly how much air has been left below. For instance, if thirty inches barometrical height mark the whole atmospheric pressure at the surface of the ocean, and if the instrument be found, when carried to some other situation, to stand at only twenty inches, it proves that one-third of the atmosphere exists below the level of the new situation. If our atmospheric ocean were of as uniform density all the way up as our watery oceans, a certain weight of air thus left behind in ascending would mark every where a change of level nearly equal, and the ascertaining any height by the barometer would become one of the most simple of calculations:—the air at the surface of the earth being about twelve thousand times lighter than its bulk of mercury, an inch rise or fall of the barometer would mark every where a rise or fall in the atmosphere of twelve thousand inches or one thousand feet. But owing to the elasticity of air, which causes it to increase in volume as it escapes from pressure, the atmosphere is rarer in proportion as we ascend, so that to leave a given weight of it behind, the ascent must be greater, the higher the situation where the experiment is made; the rule therefore of one inch of mercury for a thousand feet, holds only for rough estimates near the surface of the earth. The precise calculation, however, for any case, is still very easy; and a good barometer, with a thermometer attached, and with tables, or an algebraical formula expressing all the influencing circumstances, enables us to ascertain elevations much more easily, and in many cases more correctly, than by trigonometrical survey.

The weight of the whole atmospherical ocean surrounding the earth being equal to that of a watery ocean of thirty-four feet deep, or of a covering of mercury of thirty inches, and the air found at the surface of the earth being eight hundred and forty times lighter than water, if the same density existed all the way up, the atmosphere would be 34 times 840, or about 28,000 feet high, which is equal to five miles and a half. On account of the greater rarity, however, in the superior regions, it really extends to a height of nearly fifty miles. From the known laws of aerial elasticity, we can deduce what is found to hold in fact, that one half of all the air constituting our atmosphere exists within three miles and a half from the earth's surface; that is to say, under the level of the summit of Mount Blanc. A person,

unaccustomed to calculation, would suppose the air to be more equally distributed through the fifty miles than this rule indicates, as he might at first also suppose a tube of two foot diameter to hold only twice as much as a tube of one foot, although in reality it holds four times as much.

In carrying a barometer from the level of the Thames to the top of St. Paul's Church in London, or of Hampstead hill, the mercury falls about half an inch, marking an ascent of about five hundred feet. On Mount Blanc it falls to half of the entire barometric height, marking an elevation of fifteen thousand feet; and in Du Luc's famous balloon ascent it fell to below twelve inches, indicating an elevation of twenty-one thousand feet, the greatest to which man has ever ascended from the surface of his earthly habitation.

The extreme rarity of the air on high mountains must of course affect animals. A person breathing on the summit of Mount Blanc, although expanding his chest as much as usual, really takes in at each inspiration only half as much air as he does below—exhibiting a contrast to a man in the diving-bell; who at thirty-four feet under water is breathing air of double density, at sixty-eight feet of triple, and so on. It is known that travellers, and even their practised guides, often fall down suddenly as if struck by lightning, when approaching lofty summits, on account chiefly of the thinness of the air which they are breathing, and some minutes elapse before they recover. In the elevated plains of South America, the inhabitants have larger chests than the inhabitants of lower regions—another admirable instance of the animal frame adapting itself to the circumstances in which it is placed. It appears from all this, that although our atmosphere be fifty miles high, it is so thin beyond three miles and a half, that mountain ridges of greater elevation are nearly as effectual barriers between nations of men, as islands or rocky ridges in the sea are between the funny tribes inhabiting the opposite coasts.

#### 14.—SUNDAY.

HERBERT.

[GEORGE HERBERT, the fifth brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born in 1593; he died in 1633. His character as a minister was full of Christian graces. He belonged to the same class of clergymen as Hooker;—devoted to pastoral duties,—enthusiastic in his reverence for the offices of the Church. His religious poetry used to be neglected for its quaintness;—but the present age has restored it to its proper rank amongst the writers who have left us gems which antiquity cannot rust. The poem which we give has a peculiar interest in being his death-bed song, as we learn from the following narrative of Isaac Walton:—

"In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces (then a part of his family), and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose: 'I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me, like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this Valley of Tears, and be free from all fevers and pain and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect, dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus: and with him see my dear Mother and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place: and this is my content, that I am going daily towards it, and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me.'

and that I shall live the less time for having lived this, and the day past.' These, and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven, before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said, 'My God, my God,

" 'My music shall find thee,  
And every string  
Shall have his attribute to sing:'

And having tuned it, he played and sung :

" 'The Sundays of Man's life,  
Threaded together on Time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King.  
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.' "

O day most calm, most bright,  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,  
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;  
The couch of time, cares' balm and bay;  
The week were dark, but for thy light:—  
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou  
Make up one man; whose face thou art,  
Knocking at heav'n with thy brow:  
The worky-days are the back-part;  
The burden of the week lies there,  
Making the whole to stoop and bow,  
Till thy release appear.

Man had strait forward gone  
To endless death: but thou dost pull  
And turn us round to look on one,  
Whom, if we were not very dull,  
We could not choose but look on still;  
Since there is no place so alone,  
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,  
On which Heav'n's Palace arched lies:  
The other days fill up the spare  
And hollow room with vanities.  
They are the fruitful bed and borders  
In God's rich garden: that is bare,  
Which parts their ranks and orders;

The Sundays of Man's life,  
Threaded together on Time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King  
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.



## 15.—THE HISTORY OF PERKIN WARBECK.

BACON.

[FRANCIS BACON is one of the most prominent names in English literature. His 'Essays' are in the hands of many persons, his 'Novum Organon' is talked of by more. He is execrated as the corrupt judge and faithless friend; he is venerated under the name of the father of the inductive philosophy. His foibles, as well as his merits, have been perhaps equally exaggerated. This is not the place to enter upon the disputed passages of his political career; nor to inquire how much he borrowed from the ancient philosophy, which he is supposed to have overturned. That he was a man, in many respects, of the very highest order of intellect no one can doubt; that he was "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," may be safely disputed. It is sufficient here to mention that he was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal—was born in 1561, and died in 1626. The following extract is from his 'History of Henry VII.'—a book much neglected, although a remarkable specimen of clear and vivid narrative, and judicious reflection. Those who desire to become acquainted with the writings of Bacon, especially with his philosophical works, cannot do better than study them in the masterly Analysis by Mr. Craik, published in 'Knight's Weekly Volume.']

This youth of whom we are now to speak was such a mercurial as this like hath seldom been known, and could make his own part if at any time he chanced to be out. Wherefore, this being one of the strangest examples of a personation that ever was in elder or later times, it deserveth to be discovered and related at the full—although the king's manner of shewing things by pieces and by dark lights hath so muffled it, that it hath been left almost as a mystery to this day.

The Lady Margaret,\* whom the king's friends called Juno, because she was to him as Juno was to Æneas, stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief, for a foundation of her particular practices against him, did continually, by all means possible, nourish, maintain, and divulge the flying opinion that Richard, Duke of York, second son to Edward the Fourth, was not murdered in the Tower, as was given out, but saved alive. For that those who were employed in that barbarous fact, having destroyed the elder brother, were stricken with remorse and compassion towards the younger, and set him privily at liberty to seek his fortune. \* \* \* \*

There was a townsman of Tournay, that had borne office in that town, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married to Catherine de Faro, whose business drew him to live for a time with his wife at London, in King Edward the Fourth's days. During which time he had a son by her, and being known in the court, the king, either out of a religious nobleness because he was a convert, or upon some private acquaintance, did him the honour to be god-father to his child, and named him Peter. But afterwards, proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name Peterkin or Perkin. For as for the name of Warbeck, it was given him when they did but guess at it, before examinations had been taken. But yet he had been so much talked of by that name, as it stuck by him after his

\* Sister to Edward IV., and widow of Charles le Téméraire, Duke of Burgundy.  
1ST QUARTER.

true name of Osbeck was known. While he was a young child, his parents returned with him to Tournay. There he was placed in the house of a kinsman of his, called John Stenbeck, at Antwerp, and so roved up and down between Antwerp and Tournay, and other towns of Flanders for a good time, living much in English company and having the English tongue perfect. In which time, being grown a comely youth, he was brought by some of the espials of the Lady Margaret into her presence. Who, viewing him well, and seeing that he had a face and personage that would bear a noble fortune, and finding him otherwise of a fine spirit and winning behaviour, thought she had now found a curious piece of marble to carve out an image of a Duke of York. She kept him by her a great while, but with extreme secrecy. The while she instructed him by many Cabinet conferences. First, in princely behaviour and gesture, teaching him how he should keep state, and yet with a modest sense of his misfortunes. Then she informed him of all the circumstances, and particulars that concerned the person of Richard, Duke of York, which he was to act, describing unto him the personages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen, his pretended parents; and of his brother and sisters, and divers others, that were nearest him in his childhood; together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of King Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time from the king's death, until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well during the time he was abroad as while he was in sanctuary. As for the times while he was in the Tower, and the manner of his brother's death, and his own escape, she knew they were things that a very few could control. And therefore she taught him only to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it. It was agreed likewise between them what account he should give of his peregrination abroad, intermixing many things which were true, and such as they knew others could testify, for the credit of the rest, but still making them to hang together with the part he was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid sundry captious and tempting questions which were likely to be asked of him. But in this she found him so nimble and shifting, as she trusted much to his own wit and readiness and therefore laboured the less in it. Lastly, she raised his thoughts with some present rewards, and further promises, setting before him chiefly the glory and fortune of a crown if things went well, and a sure refuge to her court if the worst should fall. After such time as she thought he was perfect in his lesson, she began to cast with herself from what coast this blazing star should first appear, and at what time it must be upon the horizon of Ireland, for there had the like meteor strong influence before. The time of the apparition to be when the king should be engaged in a war with France. But well she knew that whatsoever should come from her would be held suspected. And therefore if he should go out of Flanders immediately into Ireland, she might be thought to have some hand in it. And besides, the time was not yet ripe, for that the two kings were then upon terms of peace. Therefore she wheeled about; and to put all suspicion afar off, and loth to keep him any longer by her, for that she knew secrets are not long-lived, she sent him unknown into Portugal, with the Lady Bampton, an English lady, that embarked for Portugal at that time, with some privado of her own, to have an eye upon him, and there he was to remain, and to expect her further directions. In the mean time she omitted not to prepare things for his better welcome and accepting, not only in the kingdom of Ireland, but in the court of France. He continued in Portugal about a year, and by that time the King of England called his parliament, as hath been said, and declared open war against France. Now did the sign reign, and the constellation was come, under which Perkin should appear. And therefore he was straight sent unto by the duchess to go for Ireland, according to the first designment. In Ireland he did arrive, at the town of Cork. When he was thither come, his own tale

was, when he made his confession afterwards, that the Irishmen, finding him in some good clothes, came flocking about him, and bare him down that he was the Duke of Clarence that had been there before. And after, that he was Richard the Third's base son. And lastly, that he was Richard, Duke of York, second son to Edward the Fourth. But that he, for his part, renounced all these things, and offered to swear, upon the Holy Evangelists, that he was no such man; till at last they forced it upon him, and bade him fear nothing, and so forth. But the truth is, that immediately upon his coming into Ireland, he took upon him the said person of the Duke of York, and drew unto him complices and partakers by all the means he could devise. Inasmuch as he wrote his letters unto the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, to come in to his aid, and be of his party; the originals of which letters are yet extant.

Somewhat before this time, the duchess had also gained unto her a near servant of King Henry's own, one Stephen Frion, his secretary for the French tongue; an active man, but turbulent and discontented. This Frion had fled over to Charles, the French King, and put himself into his service, at such time as he began to be in open enmity with the king. Now King Charles, when he understood of the person and attempts of Perkin, ready of himself to embrace all advantages against the King of England, instigated by Frion, and formerly prepared by the Lady Margaret, forthwith despatched one Lucas and this Frion, in the nature of ambassadors to Perkin, to advertise him of the king's good inclination to him, and that he was resolved to aid him to recover his right against King Henry, an usurper of England, and an enemy of France; and wished him to come over unto him at Paris. Perkin thought himself in heaven now that he was invited by so great a king in so honourable a manner. And imparting unto his friends in Ireland, for their encouragement, how fortune called him, and what great hopes he had, sailed presently into France. When he was come to the court of France, the king received him with great honour, saluted and styled him by the name of the Duke of York: lodged him and accommodated him in great state. And the better to give him the representation and the countenance of a prince, assigned him a guard for his person, whereof the Lord Congressall was captain. The courtiers likewise, though it be ill mocking with the French, applied themselves to their king's bent, seeing there was reason of state for it. At the same time there repaired unto Perkin divers Englishmen of quality; Sir George Neville, Sir John Taylor, and about one hundred more, and amongst the rest this Stephen Frion, of whom we spake, who followed his fortune both then and for a long time after, and was, indeed, his principal counsellor and instrument in all his proceedings. But all this on the French king's part was but a trick, the better to bow King Henry to peace. And therefore upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bologna, Perkin was smoked away. Yet would not the French king deliver him up to King Henry, as he was laboured to do, for his honour's sake, but warned him away and dismissed him. And Perkin, on his part, was as ready to be gone, doubting he might be caught up underhand. He therefore took his way into Flanders, unto the Duchess of Burgundy, pretending that, having been variously tossed by fortune, he directed his course thither as to a safe harbour, noways taking knowledge that he had ever been there before, but as if that had been his first address. The duchess, on the other part, made it as new strange to see him, pretending, at the first, that she was taught and made wise, by the example of Lambert Simuell, how she did admit of any counterfeit stuff, though, even in that, she said, she was not fully satisfied. She pretended at the first, and that was ever in the presence of others, to pose him and sift him, thereby to try whether he were indeed the very Duke of York or no. But seeming to receive full satisfaction by his answers, she then feigned herself to be transported, with a kind of astonishment, mixt of joy and wonder, at his miraculous deliverance, receiving him as if he were



risen from death to life, and inferring that God, who had in such wonderful manner preserved him from death, did likewise reserve him for some great and prosperous fortune. As for his dismission out of France, they interpreted it, not as if he were detected or neglected for a counterfeit deceiver, but contrariwise, that it did show manifestly unto the world that he was some great matter, for that it was his abandoning that, in effect, made the peace, being no more but the sacrificing of a poor distressed prince unto the utility and ambition of two mighty monarchs. Neither was Perkin, for his part, wanting to himself, either in gracious or princely behaviour, or in ready and apposite answers, or in contenting and caressing those that did apply themselves unto him, or in petty scorn and disdain to those that seemed to doubt of him; but in all things did notably acquit himself, insomuch as it was generally believed, as well amongst great persons as amongst the vulgar, that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, himself, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be, and from a liar to a believer. The duchess, therefore, as in a case out of doubt, did him all princely honour, calling him always by the name of her nephew, and giving the delicate title of the white rose of England, and appointed him a guard of thirty persons, halberdiers, clad in a party-coloured livery of murrey and blue, to attend his person. Her court, likewise, and generally the Dutch and strangers, in their usage towards him, expressed no less respect.

The news hereof crme blazing and thundering over into England, that the Duke of York was sure alive. As for the name of Perkin Warbeck, it was not at that time come to light, but all the news ran upon the Duke of York; that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France, and was now plainly avowed and in great honour in Flanders. These fumes took hold of divers; in some upon discontent, in some upon ambition, in some upon levity and desire of change, and in some few upon conscience and belief, but in most upon simplicity, and in divers out of dependence upon some of the better sort, who did in secret favour and nourish these bruits. And it was not long ere these rumours of novelty had begotten others of scandal and murmur against the king and his government, taxing him for a great taxer of his people, and discountenancer of his nobility. The loss of Britain and the peace with France were not forgotten. But chiefly they fell upon the wrong that he did his queen, in that he did not reign in her right. Wherefore, they said, that God had now brought to light a masculine branch of the House of York, that would not be at his courtesy, howsoever he did depress his poor lady. And yet, as it fareth with things which are current with the multitude, and which they affect, these fumes grew so general, as the authors were lost in the generality of the speakers; they being like running weeds that have no certain root, or like footings up and down, impossible to be traced. But after awhile these ill humours drew to an head, and settled secretly in some eminent persons, which were Sir William Stanley, lord chamberlain of the king's household, the Lord Fitzwater, Sir Simon Mountfort, and Sir Thomas Thwaites. These entered into a secret conspiracy to favour Duke Richard's title. Nevertheless none engaged their fortunes in this business openly but two, Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, who sailed over into Flanders, sent, indeed, from the party of the conspirators here, to understand the truth of those things that passed there, and not without some help of monies from hence; provisionally to be delivered, if they found and were satisfied that there was truth in these pretences. The person of Sir Robert Clifford, being a gentleman of fame and family, was extremely welcome to the Lady Margaret, who, after she had conference with him, brought him to the sight of Perkin, with whom he had often speech and discourse. So that in the end, won either by the duchess to affect, or by Perkin to believe, he wrote back into England, that he knew the

person of Richard Duke of York as well as he knew his own, and that this young man was undoubtedly he. By this means all things grew prepared to revolt and sedition here, and the conspiracy came to have a correspondence between Flanders and England.

The king, on his part, was not asleep, but to arm or levy forces yet, he thought, would but show fear, and do this idol too much worship. Nevertheless the ports he did shut up, or at least kept a watch on them, that none should pass to or fro that was suspected: but, for the rest, he chose to work by countermines. His purposes were two; the one to lay open the abuse, the other to break the knot of the conspirators. To detect the abuse there were but two ways: the first, to make it manifest to the world that the Duke of York was indeed murdered; the other to prove that, were he dead or alive, yet Perkin was a counterfeit. For the first, thus it stood. There were but four persons that could speak upon knowledge to the murder of the Duke of York: Sir James Tirrel, the employed man from King Richard; John Dighton and Miles Forrest, his servants, the two butchers or tormentors, and the priest of the Tower that buried them. Of which four, Miles Forrest and the priest were dead, and there remained alive only Sir James Tirrel and John Dighton. These two the king caused to be committed to the Tower, and examined touching the manner of the death of the two innocent princes. They agreed both in a tale, as the king gave out, to this effect: that King Richard having directed his warrant for the putting of them to death to Brackenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, was by him refused. Whereupon the king directed his warrant to Sir James Tirrel, to receive the keys of the Tower from the lieutenant, for the space of a night, for the king's special service. That Sir James Tirrel accordingly repaired to the Tower by night, attended by his two servants afore named, whom he had chosen for that purpose. That himself stood at the stair-foot, and sent these two villains to execute the murder. That they smothered them in their beds, and, that done, called up their master to see their naked dead bodies, which they had laid forth. That they were buried under the stairs, and some stones cast upon them. That when the report was made to King Richard, that his will was done, he gave Sir James Tirrel great thanks, but took exception to the place of their burial, being too base for them that were king's children. Whereupon, another night, by the king's warrant renewed, their bodies were removed by the priest of the Tower, and buried by him in some place which, by means of the priest's death soon after, could not be known. Thus much was then delivered abroad to be the effect of those examinations; but the king, nevertheless, made no use of them in any of his declarations, whereby, as it seems, those examinations left the business somewhat perplexed. And as for Sir James Tirrel, he was soon after beheaded in the Tower-yard for other matters of treason. But John Dighton, who, it seemeth, spake best for the king, was forthwith set at liberty, and was the principal means of divulging this tradition. Therefore, this kind of proof being left so naked, the king used the more diligence in the latter, for the tracing of Perkin. To this purpose he sent abroad into several parts, and especially into Flanders, divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, some feigning themselves to fly over unto Perkin, and to adhere to him, and some under other pretences, to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars of Perkin's parents, birth, person, travels up and down, and in brief to have a journal as it were of his life and doings. . . . Others he employed in a more special nature and trust, to be his pioneers in the main countermine.

The narrative then describes the countenance which James IV. of Scotland gave to Perkin; his marriage to Lady Catherine Gordon; the inroad of James upon the northern counties, carrying the pretended prince with him; and the events of the Cornish insurrection, all which circumstances greatly alarmed the politic Henry VII.

The king of Scotland, though he would not formally retract his judgment of Perkin, wherein he had engaged himself so far; yet in his private opinion, upon often speech with the Englishmen, and divers other advertisements, began to suspect him for a counterfeit. Wherefore in a noble fashion he called him unto him, and recounted the benefits and favours that he had done him in making him his ally, and in provoking a mighty and opulent king by an offensive war in his quarrel, for the space of two years together; nay more, that he had refused an honourable peace, whercof he had a fair offer, if he would have delivered him; and that, to keep his promise with him, he had deeply offended both his nobles and people whom he might not hold in any long discontent; and therefore required him to think of his own fortunes, and to choose out some fitter place for his exile; telling him withal, that he could not say, but the English had forsaken him before the Scottish, for that, upon two several trials, none had declared themselves on his side; but nevertheless he would make good what he said to him at his first receiving, which was that he should not repent him for putting himself into his hands; for that he would not cast him off, but help him with shipping and means to transport him where he should desire. Perkin, not descending at all from his stage-like greatness, answered the king in few words, that he saw his time was not yet come; but whatsoever his fortunes were, he should both think and speak honour of the king. Taking his leave, he would not think on Flanders, doubting it was but hollow ground for him since the treaty of the arch-duke, concluded the year before; but took his lady, and such followers as would not leave him, and sailed over into Ireland.

When Perkin heard this news, [the Cornwall insurrection,] he began to take heart again, and advised upon it with his council, which were principally three: Herne, a mercer, that fled for debt; Skelton, a tailor; and Astley, a scrivener; for Secretary Frien was gone. These told him, that he was mightily overseen, both when he went into Kent, and when he went into Scotland; the one being a place so near London, and under the king's nose; and the other a nation so distasted with the people of England, that if they had loved him never so well, yet they could never have taken his part in that company. But if he had been so happy as to have been in Cornwall at the first, when the people began to take arms there, he had been crowned at Westminster before this time. For these kings, as he had now experience, would sell poor princes for shoes. But he must rely wholly upon people; and therefore advised him to sail over with all possible speed into Cornwall; which accordingly he did, having in his company four small barks, with some six score or seven score fighting men. He arrived in September at Whitsand Bay, and forthwith came to Bodmin, the blacksmith's town; where there assembled unto him to the number of three thousand men of the rude people. There he set forth a new proclamation, stroking the people with fair promises, and humouring them with invectives against the king and his government. And as it fareth with smoke, that never loseth itself till it be at the highest; he did now before his end raise his style, entitling himself no more Richard, Duke of York, but Richard the Fourth, King of England. His council advised him by all means to make himself master of some good walled town; as well to make his men find the sweetness of rich spoils, and to allure to him all loose and lost people, by like hopes of booty; as to be a sure retreat to his forces in case they should have any ill day, or unlucky chance of the field. Wherefore they took heart to them, and went on, and besieged the city of Exeter, the principal town for strength and wealth in those parts.

Perkin, hearing this thunder of arms, and preparations against him from so many parts, raised his siege, and marched to Taunton; beginning already to squint one eye upon the crown and another upon the sanctuary; though the Cornish men were become, like metal often fired and quenched, churlish, and that would sooner break

than bow; swearing and vowing not to leave him, till the uttermost drop of their blood were spilt. He was at his rising from Exeter between six and seven thousand strong, many having come unto him after he was set before Exeter, upon fame of so great an enterprise, and to partake of the spoil; though upon the raising of his siege some did slip away. When he was come near Taunton, he dissembled all fear, and seemed all the day to use diligence in preparing all things ready to fight. But about midnight he fled with three score horses to Bewdley\* in the New Forest, where he and divers of his company registered themselves sanctuary-men, leaving his Cornish men to the four winds: but yet thereby easing them of their vow, and using his wonted compassion, not to be by when his subject's blood should be spilt. The king, as soon as he heard of Perkin's flight, sent presently five hundred horse to pursue and apprehend him, before he should get either to the sea, or to that same little island called a sanctuary. But they came too late for the latter of these. Therefore all they could do, was to beset the sanctuary, and to maintain a strong watch about it, till the king's pleasure were further known. [Perkin at last gave himself up.]

Perkin was brought into the king's court, but not to the king's presence; though the king, to satisfy his curiosity, saw him sometimes out of a window, or in passage. He was in show at liberty, but guarded with all care and watch that was possible, and willed to follow the king to London. But from his first appearance upon the stage in his new person of a sycophant or juggler, instead of his former person of a prince, all men may think how he was exposed to the derision not only of the courtiers, but also of the common people, who flocked about him as he went along; that one might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds; some mocking, some wondering, some cursing, some prying and picking matter out of his countenance and gesture to talk of: so that the false honour and respects, which he had so long enjoyed, was plentifully repaid in scorn and contempt. As soon as he was come to London, the king gave also the city the solace of this May-gunn; for he was conveyed leisurely on horseback, but not in any ignominious fashion, through Cheapside and Cornhill, to the Tower, and from thence back again unto Westminster, with the churm of a thousand taunts and reproaches. But to amend the show, there followed a little distance of Perkin, an inward counsellor of his, one that had been serjeant farrier to the king. This fellow, when Perkin took sanctuary, chose rather to take an holy habit than an holy place, and clad himself like an hermit, and in that weed wandered about the country, till he was discovered and taken. But this man was bound hand and foot upon the horse, and came not back with Perkin, but was left at the Tower, and within few days after executed. Soon after, now that Perkin could tell better what himself was, he was diligently examined; and after his confession taken, an extract was made of such parts of them as were thought fit to be divulged, which was printed and dispersed abroad; wherein the king did himself no right; for as there was a laboured tale of particulars, of Perkin's father and mother, and grandsire and grandmother, and uncles and cousins, by names and surnames, and from what places he travelled up and down; so there was little or nothing to purpose of any thing concerning his designs, or any practices that had been held with him; nor the Duchess of Burgundy herself, that all the world did take knowledge of, as the person that had put life and being into the whole business, so much as named or pointed at. So that men, missing of that they looked for, looked about for they knew not what; and were in more doubt than before; but the king chose rather not to satisfy than to kindle coals.

It was not long but Perkin, who was made of quicksilver, which is hard to hold or imprison, began to stir. For, deceiving his keepers, he took him to his heels, and

\* The Abbey of Beaulieu, near Southampton.

made speed to the sea-coasts. But presently all corners were laid for him, and such diligent pursuit and search made, as he was fain to turn back, and get him to the house of Bethlehem, called the priory of Sheen (which had the privilege of sanctuary), and put himself into the hands of the prior of that monastery. The prior was thought an holy man, and much revered in those days. He came to the king, and besought the king for Perkin's life only, leaving him otherwise to the king's discretion. Many about the king were again more hot than ever, to have the king take him forth and hang him. But the king, that had an high stomach, and could not hate any that he despised, bid, "Take him forth, and set the knave in the stocks;" and so promising the prior his life, he caused him to be brought forth. And within two or three days after, upon a scaffold set up in the palace court at Westminster, he was fettered and set in the stocks for the whole day. And the next day after the like was done by him at the cross in Cheapside, and in both places he read his confession, of which we made mention before; and was from Cheapside conveyed and laid up in the Tower.

But it was ordained, that this winding-ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the true tree itself. For Perkin after he had been awhile in the Tower, began to insinuate himself into the favour and kindness of his keepers, servants of the lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Digby, being four in number; Strangeways, Blewet, Astwood, and Long Roger. These varlets, with mountains of promises, he sought to corrupt, to obtain his escape; but knowing well that his own fortunes were made so contemptible as he could feed no man's hopes, and by hopes he must work, for rewards he had none, he had contrived with himself a vast and tragical plot; which was, to draw into his company Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, then prisoner in the Tower; whom the weary life of a long imprisonment, and the often and renewing fears of being put to death, had softened to take any impression of counsel for his liberty. This young prince he thought these servants would look upon, though not upon himself; and therefore, after that by some message by one or two of them, he had tasted of the Earl's consent; it was agreed that these four should murder their master, the lieutenant, secretly, in the night, and make their best of such money and portable goods of his, as they should find ready at hand, and get the keys of the Tower, and presently let forth Perkin and the earl. But this conspiracy was revealed in time, before it could be executed. And in this again the opinion of the king's great wisdom did surcharge him with a sinister fame, that Perkin was but his bait, to entrap the Earl of Warwick. And in the very instant while this conspiracy was in working, as if that also had been the king's industry, it was fited that there should break forth a counterfeit Earl of Warwick, a cordwainer's son, whose name was Ralph Wilford; a young man taught and set on by an Augustin friar, called Patrick. They both from the parts of Suffolk came forwards into Kent, where they did not only privily and underland give out that this Wilford was the true Earl of Warwick, but also the friar, finding some light credence in the people, took the boldness in the pulpit to declare as much, and to incite the people to come in to his aid. Whereupon they were both presently apprehended, and the young fellow executed, and the friar condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This also happening so opportunely, to represent the danger to the king's estate from the Earl of Warwick, and thereby to colour the king's severity that followed; together with the madness of the friar so vainly and desperately to divulge a treason before it had gotten any manner of strength; and the saving of the friar's life, which nevertheless was, indeed, but the privilege of his order; and the pity in the common people, which if it run in a strong stream, doth ever cast up scandal and envy, made it generally rather talked than believed that all was but the king's device. But howsoever it were, hereupon Perkin, that had offended against grace now the third time, was at the last proceeded with,

and by commissioners of oyer and determiner, arraigned at Westminster, upon divers treasons committed and perpetrated after his coming on land within this kingdom, for so the judges advised, for that he was a foreigner, and condemned, and a few days after executed at Tyburn; where he did again openly read his confession, and take it upon his death to be true. This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first. It was one of the longest plays of that kind that had been in memory, and might perhaps have had another end, if he had not met with a king both wise, stout, and fortunate.

## 10.—THE ANCIENT MANSION.

CRABBE.

[CRABBE has been called the Teniers of poetry; by which title it is meant to be conveyed that he painted the minute details of low life with a brilliant fidelity. There is something more in Crabbe than we find in the Dutch painter. He exhibits, indeed, the coarse pleasures of the poor—he has scenes of boisterous merriment and sottish degradation;—but he is also the painter of the strong passions and deep feelings that belong to the common nature of the humble and the great. If he had sufficiently kept his power of delineating character within the limits of pleasurable effects—the greatest test of all high art—if he had not too frequently revelled in descriptions that only excite unmixed disgust—he would have been the Wilkie of poetry—a much higher order of artist than the whole race of Tenierses, and Ostades, and Jan Steens. Crabbe will always be a popular poet, to a certain extent;—although the chances are that as real poetry comes to be better understood, a great deal that he has written will be forgotten and neglected. It was said in his praise, by Mr. Jeffrey, (whose recent death we have to deplore) in 1810, "His characters and incidents are as common as the elements out of which they are compounded are humble; and not only has he nothing prodigious or astonishing in any of his representations, but he has not even attempted to impart any of the ordinary colours of poetry to these vulgar materials. He has no moralizing swains or sentimental tradesmen." This is a sarcasm against the poetry of Wordsworth, which it was then the fashion to sneer at. It would not be difficult to show that the "moralizing swains and sentimental tradesmen" are really as true to our higher nature—that nature with which poetry has especially to deal—as "the depraved, abject, diseased, and neglected poor—creatures in whom every thing amiable or respectable has been extinguished by sordid passions or brutal debauchery"—are revolting accidents which poetry ought to avoid. Indeed, if Crabbe had not higher delineations than such as these (which are too common in his writings), he would not take the rank which he deservedly holds amongst English poets. It is where he does approach to the despised moralists and sentimentalists of another school, that he has the best assurance of an undying fame.

George Crabbe was the son of a humble tradesman at Aldborough, in Suffolk. He was born in 1754. He was apprenticed to a surgeon: but his father was unable to afford the means of completing his professional education. In 1780, he went to London, a literary adventurer; sustained many hardships and mortifications; was finally rescued from poverty by the kindness of Edmund Burke; entered the Church; and enjoyed competence and universal esteem till his death in 1832. His collected works, with a life by his son, in eight volumes, were published in 1834.]

"Come lead me, lassie, to the shado  
Where willows grow beside the brook;  
For well I know the sound it made,  
When dashing o'er the stony rill,  
It murmur'd to St. Osyth's Mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are fled,  
They've cut the brook a straighter bed;  
No shades the present lords allow,  
The miller only murmurs now;  
The waters now his mill forsake,  
And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,  
And to the holy water bring;  
A cup is fastened to the stone,  
And I would taste the healing spring,  
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,  
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,  
The arch is gone, the stream is dried;  
The plough has levell'd all around,  
And here is now no holy ground."

"Then, lass, thy grandsire's footsteps guide,  
To Bulmer's Tree, the giant oak,  
Whose boughs the keeper's cottage hide,  
And part the church-way lane o'erlook.  
A boy, I climbed the topmost bough,  
And I would feel its shadow now.

"Or, lassie, lead me to the west,  
Where grew the elm trees thick and tall,  
Where rooks unnumber'd build their nest—  
Deliberate birds, and prudent all;  
Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,  
But they're a social multitude."

"The rooks are shot, the trees are fell'd,  
And nest and nursery all expell'd;  
With better fate the giant-tree,  
Old Bulmer's Oak, is gone to sea.  
The church-way walk is now no more,  
And men must other ways explore:  
Though this indeed promotion gains,  
For this the park's new wall contains:  
And here I fear we shall not meet  
A shade—although, perchance, a seat."

"O then, my lassie, lead the way  
To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn:  
That something holds, if we can pay—  
Old David is our living kin;  
A servant once, he still preserves  
His name, and in his office serves!"

"Alas! that mine should be the fate  
Old David's sorrows to relate:  
But they were brief; not long before  
He died, his office was no more,  
The kennel stands up in the ground,  
With something of the former sound!"

"O then," the grieving M<sup>r</sup>. replied,  
"No farther, lassie, let me stray;  
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,  
Of what was grand, of what was gay:  
But all is changed, is lost, is sold,  
All, all that's left, is chilling cold,  
I seek for comfort here in vain,  
Then lead me to my cot again!"

## 17.—THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

SWIFT.

[The following extract will give some notion of the vein of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's. But no adequate notion can be afforded by extracts. 'Gulliver's Travels,' offensive as it is in many respects, may be in the hands of every reader for a shilling or two;—and there, and perhaps better even in 'The Tale of a Tub,' may be fitly learnt the great powers of Swift as a satirist, and his almost unequalled mastery of a clear, vigorous, and idiomatic style. 'The Battle of the Books,' from which our extract is taken, was one of Swift's earlier performances. It had reference to the great contest which was then going on between the advocates of Ancient Learning and Modern Learning. The bee represents the Ancients—the spider the Moderns. Such contests are as harmless and as absurd as the more recent disputes amongst our French neighbours, about the comparative merits of the Classic and the Romantic schools. Real criticism can find enough to admire in whatever form genius works. The apologue of the Spider and the Bee was not unjustly applied, some dozen years ago, to a coterie of self-applauding writers, "furnished with a native stock," who, despising accuracy and careful investigation, turned up their noses at those who were labouring to make knowledge the common possession of all.

Jonathan Swift was born in 1667, and died in 1745. An excellent edition of his works, in nineteen volumes, was edited by Sir Walter Scott. There is a cheap edition, in two large octavo volumes, published in 1841.]

Upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisades, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating awhile, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal

weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution ; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects \* whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end, he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy, is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here ? could you not look before you ? do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you ?"—"Good words, friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll) : "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more, I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born."—"Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters."—"By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest ; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry ; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite ; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance ? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature ; a freebooter over fields and gardens ; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice ; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music ; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden ; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say : in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough ; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught ; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself ; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful

\* Beelzebub, in the Hebrew, signifies lord of flies.



store of dirt and poison in your breast ; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below ; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this ; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb ; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

#### 18.—OF THE JEALOUSY OF TRADE.

DAVID HUME.

[DAVID HUME was born in 1711 ;—died in 1776. His first publication was a 'Treatise of Human Nature,' which appeared in 1738. According to his own account it "fell dead-born from the press." In 1742 he published a volume of 'Essays,' which was better received. Hume's philosophical works were the subject of much controversy in his day. They display great acuteness, but leave no convictions. As a thinker on questions which we now class under the head of political economy, he was before his age, and far in advance of its prejudices. In reading these productions we must not forget that they were written a century ago. The following is one of the Essays in which he asserts principles that have still to seek that universal acceptance to which they are entitled. Every one is familiar with Hume's 'History of England'—a work which, in spite of manifold defects, has a charm which few historians had been able to command, until one arose in our own day,—Macaulay,—who has made History as attractive as romance.]

Nothing is more usual among states which have made some advances in commerce, than to look on the progress of their neighbours with a suspicious eye, to consider all trading states as their rivals, and to suppose that it is impossible for any of them to flourish, but at their expense. In opposition to this narrow and malignant opinion, I will venture to assert, that the increase of riches and commerce in any one nation, instead of hurting, commonly promotes the riches and commerce of all its neighbours ; and that a state can scarcely carry its trade and industry very far, where all the surrounding states are buried in ignorance, sloth, and barbarism.

It is obvious, that the domestic industry of a people cannot be hurt by the greatest prosperity of their neighbours ; and as this branch of commerce is undoubtedly the most important in any extensive kingdom, we are so far removed from all reason of jealousy. But I go farther and observe, that when an open communication is preserved among nations, it is impossible but the domestic industry of every one must receive an increase from the improvements of the others. Compare the situation of Great Britain at present with what it was two centuries ago. All the arts, both of agriculture and manufactures, were then extremely rude and imperfect. Every improvement, which we have since made, has arisen from our imitation of foreigners ; and we ought so far to esteem it happy, that they had previously made advances in arts and ingenuity. But this intercourse is still upheld to our great advantage ; notwithstanding the advanced state of our manufactures, we daily adopt, in every art, the inventions and improvements of our neighbours. The commodity is first imported from abroad, to our great discontent, while we imagine that it drains us of our money ; afterwards, the art itself is gradually imported, to our visible advantage ; yet we continue still to repine, that our neighbours should possess any art, industry, and invention ; forgetting that, had they not first instructed us, we should have been at present barbarians ; and did they not still continue their instructions, the arts must fall into a state of languor, and lose that emulation and novelty which contribute so much to their advancement.

The increase of domestic industry lays the foundation of foreign commerce. Where a great number of commodities are raised and perfected for the home-market there will always be found some which can be exported with advantage. But if our neighbours have no art or cultivation, they cannot take them; because they will have nothing to give in exchange. In this respect states are in the same condition as individuals. A single man can scarcely be industrious, where all his fellow-citizens are idle. The riches of the several members of a community contribute to increase my riches, whatever profession I may follow. They consume the produce of my industry, and afford me the produce of theirs in return.

Nor need any state entertain apprehensions that their neighbours will improve to such a degree in every art and manufacture as to have no demand from them. Nature, by giving a diversity of geniuses, climates, and soils, to different nations, has secured their mutual intercourse and commerce, as long as they all remain industrious and civilised. Nay, the more the arts increase in any state, the more will be its demands from its industrious neighbours. The inhabitants, having become opulent and skilful, desire to have every commodity in the utmost perfection; and as they have plenty of commodities to give in exchange, they make large importations from every foreign country. The industry of the nations, from whom they import, receives encouragement; their own is also increased, by the sale of the commodities which they give in exchange.

But what if a nation has any staple commodity, such as the woollen manufacture is in England? Must not the interfering of our neighbours in that manufacture be a loss to us? I answer, that when any commodity is denominated the staple of a kingdom, it is supposed that this kingdom has some peculiar and natural advantages for raising the commodity; and if, notwithstanding these advantages, they lose such a manufacture, they ought to blame their own idleness, or bad government, not the industry of their neighbours. It ought also to be considered, that by the increase of industry among the neighbouring nations, the consumption of every particular species of commodity is also increased; and though foreign manufactures interfere with them in the market, the demand for their product may still continue, or even increase; and should it diminish, ought the consequence to be esteemed so fatal? If the spirit of industry be preserved, it may easily be diverted from one branch to another; and the manufacturers of wool, for instance, be employed in linen, silk, iron, or any other commodities, for which there appears to be a demand. We need not apprehend, that all the objects of industry will be exhausted, or that our manufacturers, while they remain on an equal footing with those of our neighbours, will be in danger of wanting employment. The emulation among rival nations serves rather to keep industry alive in all of them; and any people is happier who possess a variety of manufactures, than if they enjoyed one single great manufacture, in which they are all employed. Their situation is less precarious; and they will feel less sensibly those revolutions and uncertainties to which every particular branch of commerce will always be exposed.

The only commercial state that ought to dread the improvements and industry of their neighbours, is such a one as the Dutch, who, enjoying no extent of land, nor possessing any number of native commodities, flourish only by their being the brokers and factors, and carriers of others. Such a people may naturally apprehend, that as soon as the neighbouring states come to know and pursue their interest, they will take into their own hands the management of their affairs, and deprive their brokers of that profit which they formerly reaped from it. But though this consequence may naturally be dreaded, it is very long before it takes place; and by art and industry it may be warded off for many generations, if not wholly eluded. The advantage of superior stocks and correspondence is so great, that it is not easily

overcome; and as all the transactions increase by the increase of industry in the neighbouring states, even a people whose commerce stands on this precarious basis, may at first reap a considerable profit from the flourishing condition of their neighbours. The Dutch, having mortgaged all their revenues, make not such a figure in political transactions as formerly; but their commerce is surely equal to what it was in the middle of the last century, when they were reckoned among the great powers of Europe.

Were our narrow and malignant politics to meet with success, we should reduce all our neighbouring nations to the same state of sloth and ignorance that prevails in Morocco and the coast of Barbary. But what would be the consequence? They could send us no commodities: they could take none from us: our domestic commerce itself would languish for want of emulation, example, and instruction; and we ourselves should soon fall into the same abject condition to which we had reduced them. I shall therefore venture to acknowledge, that, not only as a man, but as a British subject, I pray for the flourishing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy, and even France itself. I am at least certain, that Great Britain, and all those nations, would flourish more, did their sovereigns and ministers adopt such enlarged and benevolent sentiments towards each other.

#### 10.—A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS.

C. LAMB.

[CHARLES LAMB—what shall we say of the most original, most quaint, most simple, most touching, of all modern essayists? No critical line and level can measure the sinuosities of his rich and overflowing runlet of thought; no plummet can gauge the depth of his quiet but most genial humour. Few are his writings;—but there are, in their way, not many higher things in any language. They are finished works of art. How did he form his style? It is the revelation of his own nature. It lets us into the innermost depths of the man as completely as Montaigne shows us himself in all his nakedness; but there are no painful exposures of gross desires and unlawful imaginings. He has as keen a sense of the hiding-places of vice and meanness as Swift; but he has no truculent abuse or withering sarcasm for what he dislikes. He has a large toleration of all human infirmity, and a cordial love of all human excellence. He deposits no offerings on the altars of conventional opinions; he mouths no common-places about goodness and greatness; he blindly worships neither purple nor rags. He delights in queer books and queer men and women. He sees in what is called a character some rich fruit under a rough rind; and he gets at the juice through the husk in a way which is, to say the least, real philosophy. If any man thoroughly believed in the humanizing principle that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," it was Charles Lamb. He was born in London in 1775; educated at Christ's Hospital; laboured as a clerk in London till 1825; and died in the neighbourhood of London in 1834. There he drew the materials for his Essays. In one of his letters he says, "I often shed tears in the motley Strand, for feeling of joy at so much life." His prose works have been published in three volumes: his poems in one volume.]

The all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with manyhanded sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear Mendicency from the metropolis. Scripts, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity, with all their baggage, are fast posting out of the purlicus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting genius of beggary is "with sighing sent."

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado or *bellum ad exterminationem* proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates univindious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel any thing towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggerel rhymes and alchouse signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lusty spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his boggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure, doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the first antipode to your King. The poets and romancical writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them), when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer “mere nature,” and Cressid, fallen from a prince’s love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating Lazar alms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and, with a converse policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! Yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the “true ballad”, where king Cophetua woos the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its “neighbour grice.” Its poor routs and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedence. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a

led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion or limpet awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quakers'. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuation of agricultural or commercial prosperity toucheth him not, or at worst, but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her rights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry;

———"Look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there."

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? Immured between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt halfpenny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs! Have the overseers of St. L—— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild rector of ——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time most English of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or *Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Panperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,  
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columnque senectæ,  
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,  
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum  
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila acutus,  
Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta  
Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile  
In nudo nactus saxo, quæ præterountium  
Unda frequens confluit, ibi miserisque tenebras  
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.  
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,  
Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.

Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,  
 Vel mediis vigil in somnis ; ad herilia jussa  
 Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicæ  
 Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei  
 Tædia perpressus, reditum sub nocte parabat.

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,  
 Dum neque languebam mórbus, neo inerte senectâ ;  
 Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum  
 Orbavit dominum : prisci sed gratia facti  
 No tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,  
 Exiguum hunc Irus tumultum de cespito fecit,  
 Etsi inopia, non ingrata, munuscula dextræ ;  
 Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque  
 Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,  
 That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,  
 His guide and guard ; nor, while my service lasted,  
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which  
 He now goes picking out his path in fear  
 O'er the highways and crossings ; but would plant,  
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,  
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd  
 His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide  
 Of passers by in thickest confluence flow'd :  
 To whom with loud and passionate laments  
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd,  
 Nor wail'd to all in vain ; some here and there,  
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.  
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept ;  
 Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear  
 Prick'd up at his least motion ; to receive  
 At his kind hands my customary crumbs,  
 And common portion in his feast of scraps  
 Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent  
 With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,  
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,  
 And sever'd from my sightless master's side.  
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,  
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,  
 This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,  
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,  
 And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,  
 In long and lasting union to attest,  
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood ; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to

the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident, which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapiethan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two-years had he driven this out of doo-trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Nature*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured? Whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their *sight* for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow-cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?

There was a Yorick once, whom it would not have shamed to have sat down at the cripples' feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his half-penny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the wayside in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to pursue up people's hearts, and

pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun.

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions*. “Cast thy bread upon the waters.” Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the “seven small children,” in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

## 20.—THE FIRST MAN.

BUFFON.

[THE Comte de Buffon, the most eloquent if not the most accurate of naturalists, was born in 1707, and died in 1788. More than two thirds of his fourscore years were passed in unremitting literary labour. He was rich, luxurious, fond of display—yet he went to bed every night at nine o'clock, and began his appointed task every morning at six. In his latter years, when asked how he could have done so much, he replied, “I have I not spent fifty years at my desk?” The passage which we translate from his chapter on “Man” will give a notion of the fertility of his imagination, under the guidance of science.]

The first man describes his first movements, his first sensations, and his first ideas, after the creation.

I recollect that moment full of joy and perplexity, when, for the first time, I was aware of my singular existence; I did not know what I was, where I was, or where I came from. I opened my eyes: how my sensations increased! the light, the vault of heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, every thing interested me, animated me, and gave me an inexpressible sentiment of pleasure. I thought at first that all these objects were in me, and made a part of myself. I was confirming myself in this idea, when I turned my eyes towards the sun: its brilliancy distressed me; I involuntarily closed my eyelids, and I felt a slight sensation of grief. In this moment of darkness I thought I had lost my entire being.

• Afflicted and astonished, I was thinking of this great change, when suddenly I heard sound: the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the air, formed a concert the sweet influence of which touched my very soul; I listened for a long time, and I soon felt convinced that this harmony was myself. Intent upon and entirely occupied with this new part of my existence, I had already forgotten light, that other portion of my being, the first with which I had become acquainted, when I reopened my eyes. What happiness to possess once more so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed what I had felt the first time, and for awhile suspended the charming effect of sound.

I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects; I soon discovered that I might

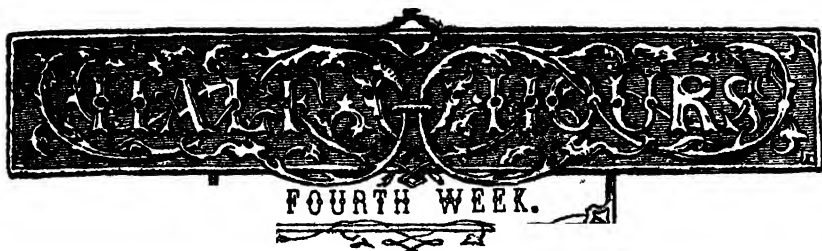


disquisitions there are passages that are truly sublime. It is difficult in an extract to furnish an adequate notion of the comprehensiveness of his argument. We give a passage from his first book, 'Concerning Laws, and their several kinds in general.' The concluding sentence of Walton's Life of Hooker is a just tribute to his personal character: "Bless, O Lord, Lord bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with ardent desires, and effectual endeavours, to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation: for these are praiseworthy; these bring peace at the last."]

I am not ignorant that by Law eternal, the learned for the most part do understand the order, not which God hath eternally purposed himself in all his works to observe, but rather that, which with himself he hath set down as expedient to be kept by all his creatures, according to the several conditions wherewith he hath endued them. They who thus are accustomed to speak apply the name of Law unto that only rule of working which superior authority imposeth; whereas we, somewhat more enlarging the sense thereof, term any kind of rule or canon, whereby actions are framed, a law. Now that Law, which, as it is laid up in the bosom of God, they call eternal, receiveth, according unto the different kind of things which are subject unto it, different and sundry kinds of names. That part of it which ordereth natural agents, we call usually Nature's Law; that which angels do clearly behold, and without any swerving observe, is a Law celestial and heavenly; the Law of Reason, that which bindeth creatures reasonable in this world, and with which by reason they most plainly perceive themselves bound; that which bindeth them, and is not known but by special revelation from God, Divine Law: Human Law, that which out of the law, either of reason or of God, men probably gathering to be expedient, they make it a law. All things therefore, which are as they ought to be, are conformed unto this second Law Eternal; and even those things, which to this Eternal Law are not conformable, are notwithstanding in some sort ordered by the First Eternal Law. For what good or evil is there under the sun; what action correspondent or repugnant unto the law which God hath imposed upon his creatures, but in, or upon it, God doth work according to the law, which himself hath eternally purposed to keep; that is to say, the first Eternal Law? So that a twofold law eternal being thus made, it is not hard to conceive how they both take place in all things. Wherefore to come to the Law of Nature, albeit thereby we sometimes mean that manner of working which God hath set for each created thing to keep; yet forasmuch as those things are termed most properly natural agents, which keep the law of their kind unwittingly, as the heavens and elements of the world, which can do no otherwise than they do; and forasmuch as we give unto intellectual natures the name of voluntary agents, that so we may distinguish them from the other, expedient it will be, that we sever the Law of Nature observed by the one, from that which the other is tied unto. Touching the former, their strict keeping of one tenure, statute, and law is spoken of by all, but hath in it more than men have as yet attained to know, or perhaps ever shall attain, seeing the travel of wading herein is given of God to the sons of men; that perceiving how much the least thing in the world hath in it, more than the wisest are able to reach unto, they may by this means learn humility. Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: *God said, let there be light: let there be a firmament: let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place: let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven.* Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power, by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travel, pain, or labour? Surely, it seemeth that Moses had herein, besides this, a further purpose, namely, first, to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand, and decreeing with himself, that which did outwardly proceed from him. Secondly, to show that God did

then institute a law naturally to be observed by creatures, and therefore according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course, which they do, importeth the establishment of Nature's Law. The world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it, but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will: *He made a law for the rain; he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.* Now, if Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for awhile, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother-elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have: if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixtures, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures unto the Law of Nature is the stay of the whole world? Notwithstanding, with nature it cometh sometimes to pass as with art. Let Phidias have rude and obstinate stuff to carve, though his art do that it should, his work will lack that beauty which otherwise in fitter matter it might have had. He that striketh an instrument with skill, may cause notwithstanding a very unpleasant sound, if the string whereon he striketh chance to be incapable of harmony. In the matter whereof things natural consist, that of Theophrastus takes place, Πολὺ τὸ οὐχ ἱπακοῦν οὐδὲ δεχόμενον τὸ εἶ. *Much of it is oftentimes such, as will by no means yield to receive that impression which were best and most perfect.* Which defect in the matter of things natural, they who gave themselves to the contemplation of nature amongst the heathen, observed often; but the true original cause thereof, divine malediction, laid for the sin of man upon these creatures, which God had made for the use of man, this being an article of that saving truth which God hath revealed unto his church, was above the reach of their merely natural capacity and understanding. But howsoever, these swervings are now and then incident into the course of nature; nevertheless, so constantly the laws of nature are by natural agents observed, that no man denieth but those things which nature worketh are wrought either always, or for the most part, after one and the same manner. If here it be demanded, what this is which keepeth Nature in obedience to her own law, we must have recourse to that higher law, whereof we have already spoken; and because all other laws do thereon depend, from thence we must borrow so much as shall need for brief resolution in this point. Although we are not of opinion therefore, as some are, that Nature in working hath before her certain exemplary draughts or patterns, which subsisting in the bosom of the Highest, and being thence discovered, she fixeth her eye upon them, as travellers by sea upon the pole star of the world, and that accord-

ing thereunto she guideth her hand to work by imitation : although we rather embrace the oracle of Hippocrates, *That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down.* And concerning the manner of executing and fulfilling the same, *What they do, they know not, yet is it in show and appearance as though they did know what they do ; and the truth is, they do not discern the things which they look on :* nevertheless, for as much as the works of Nature are no less exact, than if she did both behold and study how to express some absolute shape or mirror always present before her ; yea, such her dexterity and skill appeareth, that no intellectual creature in the world were able by capacity to do that which Nature doth without capacity and knowledgo ; it cannot be, but Nature hath some director of infinite knowledge to guide her in all her ways. Who is the guide of Nature, but only the God of Nature ? *In him we live, move, and are.* Those things which Nature is said to do, are by divine art performed, using Nature as an instrument ; nor is there any such art or knowledgo divine in Nature herself working, but in the guide of Nature's work. Whereas therefore things natural, which are not in the number of voluntary agents, (for of such only we now speak, and of no other,) do so necessarily observe their certain laws, that as long as they keep those forms which give them their being, they cannot possibly be apt or inclinable to do otherwise than they do ; seeing the kinds of their operations are both constantly and exactly-framed, according to the several ends for which they serve, they themselves in the mean while, though doing that which is fit, yet knowing neither what they do, nor why ; it followeth, that all which they do in this sort, proceedeth originally from some such agent, as knoweth, appointeth, holdeth up, and even actually frameth the same. The manner of this divine efficiency being far above us, we are no more able to conceive by our reason, than creatures unreasonable by their sense are able to apprehend after what manner we dispose and order the course of our affairs. Only thus much is discerned, that the natural generation and process of all things receiveth order of proceeding from the settled stability of divine understanding. This appointeth unto them their kinds of working ; the disposition whereof, in the purity of God's own knowledge and will, is rightly termed by the name of Providence. The same being referred unto the things themselves, here disposed by it, was wont by the Ancients to be called Natural Destiny. That law, the performance whereof we behold in things natural, is as it were an authentical, or an original draught, written in the bosom of God himself ; whose Spirit being to execute the same, useth every particular nature, every mere natural agent, only as an instrument created at the beginning and ever since the beginning used to work his own will and pleasure withal. Nature therefore is nothing else but God's instrument. In the course whereof, Dionysius, perceiving some sudden disturbance, is said to have cried out, *Aut Deus naturæ putitur, aut mundi machina dissolvitur ;* either God doth suffer impediment, and is by a greater than himself hindered ; or if that be impossible, then hath he determined to make a present dissolution of the world ; the execution of that law beginning now to stand still, without which the world cannot stand. This workman, whose servitor Nature is, being in truth but only one, the Heathens imagining to be more, gave him in the sky the name of Jupiter ; in the air, the name of Juno ; in the water, the name of Neptune ; in the earth, the name of Vesta, and sometimes of Ceres ; the name of Apollo in the sun ; in the moon, the name of Diana ; the name of Aeolus, and divers other, in the winds ; and to conclude, even so many guides of Nature they dreamed of as they saw there were kinds of things natural in the world. These they honoured, as having power to work or cease accordingly as men deserved of them. but unto us, there is one only guide of all agents natural, and he both the Creator and the worker of all in all, alone to be blessed, adored, and honoured by all for ever.



## 22.—THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD.

WORDSWORTH.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE, UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

[THE greatest name in the literature of our own age is William Wordsworth. Twenty years ago we should have been sneered at for this opinion; no one now ventures to doubt its truth, who has outlived the poetical creed of the first Edinburgh Reviewers. Hazlitt, a critic in many respects before his age, writes thus of Wordsworth:—"He is the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared, for they have no substitute elsewhere. The vulgar do not read them; the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them; the great despise, the fashionable may ridicule them; but the author has created himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student which can never die." The tastes of the retired and lonely student have triumphed over the pedantry of the learned and the coldness of the great and fashionable; and by dint of better education, and a familiarity with good models, the class whom Hazlitt calls "the vulgar" do read the poems of the secluded-thinker, who has made the earnest cultivation of the highest poetry the one business of his life. We will not say that he has lived to see his reward;—his reward, his own "exceeding great reward," has been in the tranquil but satisfying course of his contemplative life. Content with competence of worldly goods, he has lived apart from the world;—and has at last influenced the world more enduringly than any of his contemporaries, although his power has been slowly won. The secret of Wordsworth's success is his universality—a secret only known to the very highest of human intellects—the secret of Shakspeare.]

Mr. Wordsworth was born in 1770. The poet of eighty is still strong in his intellectual and bodily vigour. He is one, that with "blind Mæonides," and with Milton, might be apostrophized in his own beautiful lines:—

"Brothers in soul! though distant times  
Produced you, nursed in various climes,  
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,  
A plenitude of love retained;  
Hence, while in you each sad regret  
By corresponding hope was met,  
Ye lingered among human kind,  
Sweet voices for the passing wind;  
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
Though smiling on the last hill-top.]"

High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal strain that hath been silent long.

"From town to town, from tower to tower,  
The red rose is a gladsome flower.  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last;

She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming  
Both roses flourish, Red and White.  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.  
Joy! Joy to both! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster!  
Behold her how she smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array.

Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the Hall;  
But, chiefly, from above the board  
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored!

"They came with banner, spear, and shield;  
And it was proved in Bosworth field.  
Not long the Avenger was withstood—  
Earth helped him with the cry of blood :  
St. George was with us, and the might  
Of blessed angels crowned the right.  
Loud voice the land has uttered forth,  
We loudest in the faithful north :  
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,  
Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
Our strong abodes and castles see  
The glory of their loyalty. .

"How glad is Skipton at this hour—  
Though she is but a lonely tower !  
To vacancy and silence left ;  
Of all her guardian sons bereft—  
Knight, squire, or yeoman, page or groom ;  
We have them at the Feast of Brougham.  
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
Of years be on her!—She shall reap .  
Taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
As in a dream her own renewing.  
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
Beside her little humble stream ;  
And she that keepeth watch and ward  
Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;  
They both are happy at this hour,  
Though each is but a lonely tower :—  
But here is perfect joy and pride  
For one fair House by Emont's side,  
This day, distinguished without peer,  
To see her Master, and to cheer  
Him and his Lady Mother dear !

"Oh ! it was a time forlorn,  
When the fatherless was born—  
Give her wings that she may fly,  
Or she sees her infant die !  
Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the mother and the child.  
Who will take them from the light ?  
—Yonder is a man in sight—  
Yonder is a house—but where ?  
No, they must not enter there.  
To the caves, and to the brooks,  
To the clouds of heaven she looks .  
She is speechless, but her eyes  
Pray in ghostly agonies.  
Blissful Mary, mother mild,  
Maid and mother undefiled,  
Save a mother and her child !

"Now who is he that bounds with joy  
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd Boy ?

No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
Light as the wind along the grass.  
Can this be he who hither came  
In secret, like a smothered flame ?  
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
For shelter, and a poor man's bread !  
God loves the child ; and God hath willed  
That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
The lady's words, when forced away,  
The last she to her babe did say,  
'My own, my own, thy fellow-guest  
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,  
For lowly shepherd's life is best !'

"Alas ! when evil men are strong  
No life is good, no pleasure long.  
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves  
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,  
And quit the flowers that summer brings  
To Glendergakin's lofty springs ;  
Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !  
Hear it, good man, old in days !  
Thou free of covert and of rest  
For this young bird, that is distress ;  
Among the branches safe he lay,  
And he was free to sport and play  
When falcons were abroad for prey.

"A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
I said, when evil men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long.  
A week and cowardly untruth !  
Our Clifford was a happy youth,  
And thankful through a weary time  
That brought him up to manhood's prime.  
—Again he wanders forth at will  
And tends a flock from hill to hill :  
His garb is humble : ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien :  
Among the Shepherd-grooms no mate  
Hath he, a child of strength and state !  
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
And a cheerful company,  
That learned of him submissive ways ;  
And comforted his private days.  
To his side the fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear ;  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;  
And both the undying fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-Tarn did wait on him,  
The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality ;  
They moved about in open sight,  
To and fro, for his delight.  
He knew the rocks which angels haunt  
On the mountains visitant ;

He hath kenned them taking wing :  
 And the caves where faeries sing  
 He hath entered ;—and been told  
 Illy voices how men lived of old.  
 Among the heavens his eye can see  
 Face of thing that is to be ;  
 And, if men report him right,  
 He could whisper words of night.  
 —Now another day is come,  
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom :  
 He hath thrown aside his crook,  
 And hath buried deep his book ;  
 Armour rusting in his halls  
 On the blood of Clifford calls :—  
 ‘ Quell the Scot,’ exclaims the lance—  
 Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the shield—  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling field  
 Field of death, where’er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory !  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd, in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his ancestors restored,

“ Like a reappearing star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the flock of war !”

Alas ! the fervent harper did not know  
 That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,  
 Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,  
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;  
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
 The silence that is in the starry sky,  
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,  
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead :  
 Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place  
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth ;  
 The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and  
 more :

And ages after he was laid in earth,  
 “ The good Lord Clifford ” was the name he  
 bore.

Mr. Southey, describing the mountain scenery of the Lake region, says, “ The story of the Shepherd Lord Clifford, which was known only to a few antiquarians till it was told so beautifully in verse by Wordsworth, gives a romantic interest to Blencathara.” Henry Lord Clifford was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton, which battle placed the House of York upon the throne. His family could expect no mercy from the conqueror ; for he was the man who slew the younger brother of Edward IV. in the battle of Wakefield—a deed of cruelty in a cruel age. The hero of this poem fled from his paternal home, and lived for twenty-four years as a shepherd. He was restored to his rank and estates by Henry VII. The following narrative is from an old MS. quoted by Mr. Southey :

“ So in the condition of a shepherd’s boy at Lonsborrow, where his mother then lived for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth, till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time his mother’s father, Henry Bromflett, Lord Vesey, deceased. But a little after his death it came to be rumoured, at the court, that his daughter’s two sons were alive ; about which their mother was examined : but her answer was, that she had given directions to send them both beyond seas, to be bred there ; and she did not know whether they were dead or alive.

“ And as this Henry Lord Clifford did grow to more years, he was still the more capable of his danger, if he had been discovered. And therefore presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said rumour of his being alive, being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother, by the means of her second husband Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives into Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd there, sometimes at Threlkeld, and amongst his father-in-law’s kindred, and sometimes upon the borders of Scotland, where they took lands, purposely for these shepherds that had the custody of him ; where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly. By which mean kind of breeding this inconvenience befel him, that he could neither write nor read ; for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning lest by it his birth should be discovered. Yet, after he came to his lands and honours, he learnt to write his name only.

“ Notwithstanding which disadvantage, after he came to be possessed again, and restored to the enjoyment of his father’s estate, he came to be a very wise man, and a very good manager of his estate and fortunes.

“ This Henry Lord Clifford, after he came to be possessed of his said estate, was a great builder and repairer of all his castles in the north, which had gone to decay when he came to enjoy them ; for they had been in strangers’ hands about twenty-four or twenty-five years.

Skipton Castle, and the lands about it, had been given to William Stanley, by King Edward IV., which William Stanley's head was cut off about the tenth year of King Henry VII.; and Westmorland was given by Edward IV. to his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was afterwards King of England, and was slain in battle, the 22nd of August, 1485.

"This Henry Lord Clifford did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy, and the contemplation of the course of the stars, which it was likely he was seasoned in during the course of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden Tower (which is now much decayed), and there he lived much; which it is thought he did the rather because in that place he had furnished himself with instruments for that study.

"He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the Court or London, but when he was called thither to sit in them as a peer of the realm, in which parliament, it is reported, he behaved himself wisely, and nobly, and like a good Englishman."

### 23.—STRUGGLING WITH ADVERSITY.

● BASIL HALL.

[THERE is only one book of biography in our language, that, in our view, can compare with Boswell's Life of Johnson, and that book is, Lockhart's Life of Scott. The life of the great novelist is more artistically put together than the life of the great moralist and critic; but they each, in their several modes, place you in the most intimate companionship with the heroes of their respective stories. There is more of varied incident in the narrative of Scott's career than in that of Johnson. When Scott falls from his splendid position as regards wealth into comparative poverty, with a load of debt upon his shoulders that might have sunk him to the earth, we trace the gradual approach and consummation of his ruin with an interest that no writer of fiction could ever hope to excite and sustain. And when, again, we see the brave man bearing his load gallantly through years of labour, and gradually casting it off, bit by bit, and winning universal love and admiration by his wondrous exertions of talent and industry, that he may work out his emancipation by the strength of his own hand alone—the world can hardly show another such example of the sublime spectacle of will overmastering fate. We offer these obvious remarks upon the career of Scott, as an introduction to a most interesting narrative extracted from Captain Basil Hall's Diary, and published in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Scott. Captain Hall was a most accomplished naval officer—one of that class now happily so common, who unite a taste for science and literature with their professional knowledge. He has described some of his travels and adventures with remarkable spirit, in various popular works. He was born in 1788, and died in 1844.]

A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old classical authorities, it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday the 10th of June, 1826—five months after the total ruin of his pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife.

In the days of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 in North Castle Street, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door, I found the plate on it covered with rust (so soon is glory obscured), the windows shuttered up, dusty, and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board, with this inscription, 'To Sell;' the stairs were unwashed, and not a foot-mark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization; and, *vice versa*, those persons who decline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in St. David Street, No. 6.

I was rather glad to recognise my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door—the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one's recollection on such occasions; and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray,

with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner. Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved, his headquarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and like the recorded honours of Lord Chatham, 'thickened over him.' Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbours both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists, who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended, I had almost said overpowered, by company. His wife is now dead—his son-in-law and favourite daughter gone to London, and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which, perhaps, is the securest refuge for him—his eldest son is married, and at a distance, and report speaks of no probability of the title descending; in short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those 'curiosos impertinentes,' drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile, not to mince the matter, the great man had, somehow or other, managed to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gasmakers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufacturers, land jobbers, and so on, till, at a season of distrust in money-matters, the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the unthrifty virgins, had no oil in his lamp, all his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back. But like that able navigator, he is not cast away upon a barren rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach, but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard indeed with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them, of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me, that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict, that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven amongst the breakers.

Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur*,—one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of wo, but his countenance, though certainly a little wo-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore, and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upwards, and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose, that among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even



possible to hide those finer emotions deep in the heart. He immediately began conversing in his usual style—the chief topic being Captain Denham (whom I had recently seen in London) and his book of *African Travels*, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. \* \* \* \* After sitting a quarter of an hour, we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit—and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline—better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion—and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous.

---

#### 24.—OMENS.

D.

[SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, the great chemist, may fairly take his place amongst "the best authors." The qualities by which he raised himself to his professional eminence were the very qualities that make a great writer—a vivid imagination subjected to the discipline of accurate reasoning, and both working with unwearying industry. Davy took the largest views of science; but he worked them out by the most diligent examination of the minutest facts. We trace the same genius in his lighter writings. The extract which we are about to give is from his little book on fly-fishing, entitled '*Salmonia*'—a book full of the most charming pictures of external nature, seen through the brilliant atmosphere of a poetical philosophy. Davy was born in Penzance, in 1778. His father was a carver in wood; and, while an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary, the future president of the Royal Society was laying up materials for his career in diligent study. In 1801 he came to London, and became a Lecturer at the Royal Institution; from this time his life was one continued series of brilliant discoveries and beautiful exposition. The Miner's Safety Lamp is one of the most signal examples of the practical benefit of the highest theoretical science. He died, in the maturity of his fame, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one.]

*Poet.* I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.

*Phys.* I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

*Hal.* Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

*Phys.* The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making, rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have observed generally a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and, consequently, the more ready to fall.

*Hal.* I have often observed that the old proverb is correct—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning

A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight,

Can you explain this omen?

*Phys.* A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains, in this climate, are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

*Poet.* I have often observed that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?

*Hal.* Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air,

when the warm strata of air are higher, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

*Poict.* I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

*Orn.* No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea birds to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food, as we agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome, a great flight appeared on the 3rd of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

*Poict.* The singular connections of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea coast was referred to a spirit or goblin, called Bucca, and was supposed to foretel a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast, without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.

*Phys.* All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man, of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a riband, which he thought ensured him good luck.

*Poict.* These, as well as the omens of death watches, dreams, &c., are for the most part founded upon some accidental coincidence; but spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom; and persons, dispirited by bad omens, sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of ensuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia,

probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency which was the principal cause of his losing the battle : and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now, was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after one of his dispiriting omens.

*Hal.* I have in life met with a few things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connections : and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them—persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.

*Phys.* In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason ; and it is the pert superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other ; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and the referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

## 25.—THE PRESENT AGE.

CHANNING.

[It is our intention, from time to time, to give specimens of those writers of the United States, who have added something to the glories of "the tongue which Shakspeare spake." Amongst those, one of the most celebrated is William Ellery Channing, D.D. He was born in 1780 or 1781 ; was educated at Harvard College ; became a member of the Unitarian communion ; and spent his life as pastor of a congregation at Boston. He died in 1842. Dr. Channing's reputation is very high in this country ; chiefly from the republication of his *Essays* on Milton and on Napoleon Bonaparte. He is a great master of words, which he pours forth with fluency, elegance, and even splendour ; but there appears sometimes a want of solidity. This is, no doubt, a consequence of the diffuseness of his style ; which has the flow of the orator, rather than the condensation of the writer. But without doubt Channing may be advantageously read. Passing over his controversial works, there is great benevolence in all his tendencies. He sees the conditions of human progress very clearly. He aims to banish vice and ignorance from the world by the general elevation of the great masses of the people. His efforts for the abolition of negro slavery were unremitting.]

In looking at our age, I am struck, immediately, with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency in all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this, I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now of the many ; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them ; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it, has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be ; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it

has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all; these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.

If we look at the various movements of our age, we shall see in them this tendency to universality and diffusion. Look, first, at science and literature. Where is science now? Locked up in a few colleges, or royal societies, or inaccessible volumes? Are its experiments mysteries for a few privileged eyes? Are its portals guarded by a dark phraseology, which, to the multitude, is a foreign tongue? No; science has now left her retreats, her shades, her selected company of votaries, and with familiar tone begun the work of instructing the race. Through the press, discoveries and theories, once the monopoly of philosophers, have become the property of the multitude. Its professors, heard, not long ago, in the university or some narrow school, now speak in the Mechanics' Institute. The doctrine that the labourer should understand the principles of his art, should be able to explain the laws and processes which he turns to account; that instead of working as a machine, he should join intelligence to his toil, is no longer listened to as a dream. Science, once the greatest of distinctions, is becoming popular. A lady gives us conversations on chemistry, revealing to the minds of our youth vast laws of the universe, which, fifty years ago, had not dawned on the greatest minds. 'The school-books of our children contain grand views of the creation. There are parts of our country (the United States) in which lyceums spring up in almost every village, for the purpose of mutual aid in the study of natural science. The characteristic of our age, then, is not the improvement of science, rapid as this is, so much as its extension to all men.

The same characteristic will appear, if we inquire into the use now made of science. Is it simply a matter of speculation? a topic of discourse? an employment of the intellect? In this case, the multitude, with all their means of instruction, would find in it only a hurried gratification. But one of the distinctions of our time is, that science has passed from speculation into life. Indeed it is not pursued enough for its intellectual and contemplative uses. It is sought as a mighty power, by which nature is not only to be opened to thought, but to be subjected to our needs. It is conferring on us that dominion over earth, sea, and air, which was prophesied in the first command given to man by his Maker; and this dominion is now employed, not to exalt a few, but to multiply the comforts and ornaments of life for the multitude of men. Science has become an inexhaustible mechanician; and by her forges, and mills, and steam cars, and printers' presses, is bestowing on millions not only comforts, but luxuries which were once the distinction of a few.

Another illustration of the tendency of science to expansion and universality may be found in its aims and objects. Science has burst all bonds, and is aiming to comprehend the universe, and thus it multiplies fields of inquiry for all orders of minds. There is no province of nature which it does not invade. Not content with exploring the darkest periods of human history, it goes behind the birth of the human race, and studies the stupendous changes which our globe experienced for hundreds of centuries, to become prepared for man's abode. Not content with researches into visible nature, it is putting forth all its energies to detect the laws of invisible and imponderable matter. Difficulties only provoke it to new efforts. It would lay

open the secrets of the polar ocean, and of untrodden barbarous lands. Above all, it investigates the laws of social progress, of arts, and institutions of government, and political economy, proposing as its great end the alleviation of all human burdens, the weal of all the members of the human race. In truth, nothing is more characteristic of our age than the vast range of inquiry which is opening more and more to the multitude of men. Thought frees the old bounds to which men used to confine themselves. It holds nothing too sacred for investigation. It calls the past to account; and treats hoary opinions as if they were of yesterday's growth. No reverence drives it back. No great name terrifies it. The foundations of what seems most settled must be explored. Undoubtedly this is a perilous tendency. Men forget the limits of their powers. They question the infinite, the unsearchable, with an audacious self-reliance. They shock pious and revering minds, and rush into an extravagance of doubt, more unphilosophical and foolish than the weakest credulity. Still, in this dangerous wildness, we see what I am stating, the tendency to expansion in the movements of thought.

I have hitherto spoken of science, and what is true of science is still more true of literature. Books are now placed within reach of all. Works, once too costly except for the opulent, are now to be found on the labourer's shelf. Genius sends its light into cottages. The great names of literature are become household words among the crowd. Every party, religious or political, scatters its sheets on all the winds. We may lament, and too justly, the small comparative benefit as yet accomplished by this agency; but this ought not to surprise or discourage us. In our present stage of improvement, books of little worth, deficient in taste and judgment, and ministering to men's prejudices and passions, will almost certainly be circulated too freely. Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power. Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance. It is an undoubted fact, that, silently, books of a higher order are taking place of the worthless. Happily, the instability of the human mind works sometimes for good, as well as evil, men grow tired at length even of amusements. Works of fiction cease to interest them, and they turn from novels to books, which, having their origin in deep principles of our nature, retain their hold of the human mind for ages. At any rate, we see in the present diffusion of literature the tendency to universality of which I have spoken.

\* \* \* \* \*

The remarks now made on literature, might be extended to the fine arts. In these we see, too, the tendency to universality. It is said, that the spirit of the great artists has died out; but the taste for their works is spreading. By the improvements of engraving, and the invention of casts, the genius of the great masters is going abroad. Their conceptions are no longer pent up in galleries open to but few, but meet us in our homes, and are the household pleasures of millions. Works, designed for the halls and eyes of emperors, popes, and nobles, find their way, in no poor representations, into humble dwellings, and sometimes give a consciousness of kindred powers to the child of poverty. The art of drawing, which lies at the foundation of most of the fine arts, and is the best education of the eye for nature, is becoming a branch of common education, and in some countries is taught in schools to which all classes are admitted.

I am reminded, by this remark, of the most striking feature of our times, and showing its tendency to universality, and that is, the unparalleled and constantly accelerated diffusion of education. This greatest of arts, as yet little understood, is making sure progress, because its principles are more and more sought in the common nature of man; and the great truth is spreading, that every man has a right to its aid. Accordingly, education is becoming the work of nations. Even in

the despotic governments of Europe, schools are open for every child without distinction; and not only the elements of reading and writing, but music and drawing are taught, and a foundation is laid for future progress in history, geography, and physical science. The greatest minds are at work on popular education. The revenges of states are applied most liberally, not to the universities for the few, but to the common schools. Undoubtedly, much remains to be done; especially a new rank in society is to be given to the teacher; but even in this respect a revolution has commenced, and we are beginning to look on the guides of the young as the chief benefactors of mankind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, we see in the intellectual movements of our times, the tendency to expansion, to universality; and this must continue. It is not an accident, or an inexplicable result, or a violence on nature; it is founded in eternal truth. Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against, when it is doomed to ignorance. The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labour, than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of Nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending: and without this, all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

## 26.—CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

ARNOLD.

[THE opinions of so eminent a man as the late Dr. Arnold on Classical Education must always command the attention of every candid inquirer. Those who advocate the general education of the People are somewhat too apt to say that Latin and Greek are useless things. There cannot, in our view, be a greater instance of narrow-mindedness. It is the abuse of the study of Latin and Greek that alone is to be condemned. Arnold was the model of a sensible teacher: and the following extract from an account of his own school at Rugby, which he published in the 'Quarterly Journal of Education,' in 1834, puts this question of Classical Education on the surest footing. Thomas Arnold was born at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795; he died of spasm of the heart in 1842; having devoted the greater part of his useful life to the instruction of the young. As an author he is best known by his 'Roman History.' But the great beauty of his character was never generally understood till the publication of his 'Life and Correspondence.' The following account of his mode of living at Laleham, where he received private pupils from 1810 to 1828, is from the pen of one of those pupils:—and it eminently shows the great cause of Arnold's unrivalled success as the Head Master of a Public School, in which capacity he closed his too short career:—

"The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle was, the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Every thing about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence, an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feelings about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his ownself, and his work and mission in this world. All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the

sense he had of its value both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and perfection of the individual. Thus, pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated: none felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honourable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and in awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth; he possessed it eminently at Rugby; but, if I may trust my own vivid recollections, he had it quite as remarkably at Laleham. His hold over all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence which stirred within them; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work which was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too in their measure could go and do likewise.

"In all this there was no excitement, no predilection for one class of work above another; no enthusiasm for any one-sided object; but an humble, profound, and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth, the end for which his various faculties were given, the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance towards heaven is to lie. Hence, each pupil felt assured of Arnold's sympathy in his own particular growth and character of talent; in striving to cultivate his own gifts, in whatever direction they might lead him, he infallibly found Arnold not only approving, but positively and sincerely valuing for themselves the results he had arrived at; and that approbation and esteem gave a dignity and a worth both to himself and his labour."]

A reader unacquainted with the real nature of a classical education, will be in danger of undervaluing it, when he sees that so large a portion of time at so important a period of human life is devoted to the study of a few ancient writers, whose works seem to have no direct bearing on the studies and duties of our own generation. For instance, although some provision is undoubtedly made at Rugby for acquiring a knowledge of modern history, yet the History of Greece and Rome is more studied than that of France and England; and Homer and Virgil are certainly much more attended to than Shakspeare and Milton. This appears to many persons a great absurdity; while others who are so far swayed by authority as to believe the system to be right, are yet unable to understand how it can be so. A Journal of Education may not be an unfit place for a few remarks on this subject.

It may be freely confessed that the first origin of classical education affords in itself no reasons for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilized man, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. The question therefore is wholly changed, since the growth of a complete literature in other languages; since France, and Italy, and Germany, and England, have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome.

But although there is not the *same* reason now which existed three or four centuries ago for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1600. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced on the public mind would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our oriental scholars; it would not spread beyond themselves, and men in general after a few generations would know as little of Greece

and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connection and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and of the Roman is in all the essential points of its constitution our own; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam engines, no printing presses, no mariner's compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder; yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which most determine human character, there is a perfect resemblance in these respects. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Tacitus, are most untruly called ancient writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men; and that having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilized man.

Now when it is said, that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also all that he had ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions.

All this supposes, indeed, that classical instruction should be sensibly conducted; it requires that a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern history and modern literature, no less than with those of Greece and Rome. What is, or perhaps what used to be, called a mere scholar, cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main advantages of a classical education. The knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it our knowledge of the present and of the future must be scanty, but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself, if, instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension as to appear incapable of illustrating them, then indeed it becomes little better than laborious trifling, and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.

#### 27.—SIR ALEXANDER BALL.

COLERIDGE.

[The following most interesting account of an eminent naval commander is from Mr. Coleridge's Collection of Essays, 'The Friend.' There are few better specimens of genuine English prose, employed to do honour to a genuine English character.]

Sir Alexander Ball was a gentleman by birth: a younger brother of an old and respectable family in Gloucestershire. He went into the navy at an early age from his choice; and, as he himself told me, in consequence of the deep impression and vivid images left on his mind by the perusal of Robinson Crusoe. It is not my intention to detail the steps of his promotion, or the services in which he was engaged



as a subaltern. I recollect many particulars indeed, but not the dates with such distinctness as would enable me to state them (as it would be necessary to do if I stated them at all) in the order of time. These dates might perhaps have been procured from other sources; but incidents that are neither characteristic nor instructive, even such as would be expected with reason in a regular life, are no part of my plan; while those which are both interesting and illustrative I have been precluded from mentioning, some from motives which have been already explained, and others from still higher considerations. The most important of these may be deduced from a reflection with which he himself once concluded a long and affecting narration; namely, that no body of men can for any length of time be safely treated otherwise than as rational beings; and that, therefore, the education of the lower classes was of the utmost consequence to the permanent security of the empire, even for the sake of our navy. The dangers, apprehended from the education of the lower classes, arose (he said) entirely from its not being universal, and from the unusualness in the lowest classes of those accomplishments, which he, like Dr. Bell, regarded as one of the means of education, and not as education itself. If, he observed, the lower classes in general possessed but one eye or one arm, the few who were so fortunate as to possess two would naturally become vain and restless, and consider themselves as entitled to a higher situation. He illustrated this by the faults attributed to learned women, and that the same objections were formerly made to educating women at all; namely, that their knowledge made them vain, affected, and neglectful of their proper duties. Now that all women of condition are well educated, we hear no more of these apprehensions, or observe any instances to justify them. Yet if a lady understood the Greek one-tenth part as well as the whole circle of her acquaintances understood the French language, it would not surprise us to find her less pleasing from the consciousness of her superiority in the possession of an unusual advantage. Sir Alexander Ball quoted the speech of an old admiral, one of whose two great wishes was to have a ship's crew composed altogether of serious Scotchmen. He spoke with great reprobation of the vulgar notion, the worse man, the better sailor. Courage, he said, was the natural product of familiarity with danger, which thoughtlessness would oftentimes turn into foolhardiness; and that he had always found the most usefully brave sailors the gravest and most rational of his crew. The best sailor he had ever had, first attracted his notice by the anxiety which he expressed concerning the means of remitting some money which he had received in the West Indies to his sister in England; and this man, without any tinge of Methodism, was never heard to swear an oath, and was remarkable for the firmness with which he devoted a part of every Sunday to the reading of his Bible. I record this with satisfaction as a testimony of great weight, and in all respects unexceptionable: for Sir Alexander Ball's opinions throughout life remained unworped by zealotry, and were those of a mind seeking after truth in calmness and complete self-possession. He was much pleased with an unsuspicious testimony furnished by Dampier. "I have particularly observed," writes this famous old navigator, "there and in other places, that such as had been well-bred, were generally most careful to improve their time, and would be very industrious and frugal where there was any probability of considerable gain; but on the contrary, such as had been bred up in ignorance and hard labour, when they came to have plenty would extravagantly squander away their time and money in drinking and making a bluster." Indeed it is a melancholy proof how strangely power warps the minds of ordinary men, that there can be a doubt on this subject among persons who have been themselves educated. It tempts a suspicion, that unknown to themselves they find a comfort in the thought that their inferiors are something less than men; or that they have an uneasy half-consciousness that, if this were not the case,

they would themselves have no claim to be their superiors. For a sober education naturally inspires self-respect. But he who respects himself will respect others ; and he who respects himself and others, must of necessity be a brave man. The great importance of this subject, and the increasing interest which good men of all denominations feel in the bringing about of a national education, must be my excuse for having entered so minutely into Sir Alexander Ball's opinions on this head, in which, however, I am the more excusable, being now on that part of his life which I am obliged to leave almost a blank.

During his lieutenancy, and after he had perfected himself in the knowledge and duties of a practical sailor, he was compelled by the state of his health to remain in England for a considerable length of time. Of this he industriously availed himself for the acquirement of substantial knowledge from books ; and during his whole life afterwards, he considered those as his happiest hours, which, without any neglect of official or professional duty, he could devote to reading. He preferred, indeed he almost confined himself to, history, political economy, voyages and travels, natural history, and latterly agricultural works : in short, to such books as contain specific facts, or practical principles capable of specific application. His active life, and the particular objects of immediate utility, some one of which he had always in his view, precluded a taste for works of pure speculation and abstract science, though he highly honoured those who were eminent in these respects, and considered them as the benefactors of mankind, no less than those who afterwards discovered the mode of applying their principles, or who realized them in practice. Works of amusement, as novels, plays, and the like, did not appear even to amuse him ; and the only poetical composition, of which I have ever heard him speak, was a manuscript poem, written by one of my friends, which I read to his lady in his presence. To my surprise he afterwards spoke of this with warm interest ; but it was evident to me, that it was not so much the poetic merit of the composition that had interested him, as the truth and psychological insight with which it represented the practicability of reforming the most hardened minds, and the various accidents which may awaken the most brutalized person to a recognition of his nobler being. I will add one remark of his on knowledge acquired from books, which appears to me both just and valuable. The prejudice against such knowledge, he said, and the custom of opposing it to that which is learnt by practice, originated in those times when books were almost confined to theology and to logical and metaphysical subtleties ; but that at present there is scarcely any practical knowledge, which is not to be found in books : the press is the means by which intelligent men now converse with each other, and persons of all classes and all pursuits convey, each the contribution of his individual experience. It was therefore, he said, as absurd to hold book-knowledge at present in contempt, as it would be for a man to avail himself only of his own eyes and ears, and to aim at nothing which could not be performed exclusively by his own arms. The use and necessity of personal experience, consisted in the power of choosing and applying what had been read, and of discriminating by the light of analogy the practicable, and probability from mere plausibility. Without a judgment matured and steadied by actual experience, a man would read to little or perhaps to bad purpose ; but yet that experience, which in exclusion of all other knowledge has been derived from one man's life, is in the present day scarcely worthy of the name—at least for those who are to act in the higher and wider spheres of duty. An ignorant general, he said, inspired him with terror : for if he were too proud to take advice he would ruin himself by his own blunders ; and if he were not, by adopting the worst that was offered. A great genius may indeed form an exception ; but we do not lay down rules in expectation of wonders. A similar remark I remember to have heard from an officer, who to eminence in professional

science and the gallantry of a tried soldier adds all the accomplishments of a sound scholar and the powers of a man of genius.

One incident, which happened at this period of Sir Alexander's life, is so illustrative of his character, and furnishes so strong a presumption that the thoughtful humanity by which he was distinguished was not wholly the growth of his latter years, that, though it may appear to some trifling in itself, I will insert it in this place, with the occasion on which it was communicated to me. In a large party at the Grand Master's palace, I had observed a naval officer of distinguished merit listening to Sir Alexander Ball, whenever he joined in the conversation, with so marked a pleasure, that it seemed as if his very voice, independently of what he said, had been delightful to him : and once as he fixed his eyes on Sir Alexander Ball, I could not but notice the mixed expression of awe and affection, which gave a more than common interest to so manly a countenance. During his stay in the island, this officer honoured me not unfrequently with his visits ; and at the conclusion of my last conversation with him, in which I had dwelt on the wisdom of the governor's conduct in a recent and difficult emergency, he told me that he considered himself as indebted to the same excellent person for that which was dearer to him than his life. "Sir Alexander Ball," said he, "has (I dare say) forgotten the circumstances ; but when he was Lieutenant Ball, he was the officer whom I accompanied in my first boat expedition, being then a midshipman and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered by fear, my knees trembled under me, and I seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed toward the enemy, took hold of my hand, and pressing it in the most friendly manner, said in a low voice, 'Courage, my dear boy ! don't be afraid of yourself ! you will recover in a minute or so—I was just the same when I first went out in this way.' "Sir," added the officer to me, "it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling that I was not yet dishonoured, the whole burden of agony was removed ; and from that moment I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew, and on our return the lieutenant spoke highly of me to our captain. I am scarcely less convinced of my own being, than that I should have been what I tremble to think of, if instead of his humane encouragement, he had at that moment scoffed, threatened, or reviled me. And this was the more kind in him, because, as I afterwards understood, his own conduct in his first trial had evinced to all appearances the greatest fearlessness, and that he said this therefore only to give me heart, and restore me to my own good opinion." This anecdote, I trust, will have some weight with those who may have lent an ear to any of those vague calumnies from which no naval commander can secure his good name, who, knowing the paramount necessity of regularity and strict discipline in a ship of war, adopts an appropriate plan for the attainment of these objects, and remains constant and immutable in the execution. To an Athenian, who in praising a public functionary had said that every one either applauded him, or left him without censure, a philosopher replied—"How seldom then must he have done his duty !"

Of Sir Alexander Ball's character, as Captain Ball, of his measures as a disciplinarian, I have now to speak.\* On assuming the command of a man-of-war, he found a mutinous crew, more than one-half of them uneducated Irishmen, and of the remainder no small portion had become sailors by compromise of punishment. What terror could effect by severity and frequency of acts of discipline, had been

\* This part of Mr. Coleridge's narrative is taken from a previous Section of 'The Friend,' and in this place he requests the reader to re-peruse that passage.

already effected. And what was this effect? Something like that of a polar winter on a flask of brandy. The furious spirit concentrated itself with tenfold strength at the heart; open violence was changed into secret plots and conspiracies; and the consequent orderliness of the crew, as far as they were orderly, was but the brooding of a tempest. The new commander instantly commenced a system of discipline as near as possible to that of ordinary law;—as much as possible, he avoided, in his own person, the appearance of any will or arbitrary power to vary, or to remit, punishment. The rules to be observed were affixed to a conspicuous part of the ship, with the particular penalties for the breach of each particular rule: and care was taken that every individual of the ship should know and understand this code. With a single exception in the case of mutinous behaviour, a space of twenty-four hours was appointed between the first charge and the second hearing of the cause, at which time the accused person was permitted and required to bring forward whatever he thought conducive to his defence or palliation. If, as was commonly the case—for the officers well knew that the commander would seriously resent in them all caprice of will, and by no means permit to others what he denied to himself,—no answer could be returned to the three questions—Did you not commit the act? Did you not know that it was in contempt of such a rule, and in defiance of such a punishment? And was it not wholly in your own power to have obeyed the one and avoided the other?—the sentence was then passed with the greatest solemnity, and another, but shorter, space of time was again interposed between it and its actual execution. During this space the feelings of the commander, as a man, were so well blended with his inflexibility, as the organ of the law; and how much he suffered previously to and during the execution of the sentence was so well known to the crew, that it became a common saying with them, when a sailor was about to be punished, the captain takes it more to heart than the fellow himself. But whenever the commander perceived any trait of pride in the offender, or the germs of any noble feeling, he lost no opportunity of saying, "It is not the pain that you are about to suffer which grieves me. You are none of you, I trust, such cowards as to turn faint-hearted at the thought of that! but that, being a man, and one who is to fight for his king and country, you should have made it necessary to treat you as a vicious beast—it is this that grieves me."

I have been assured, both by a gentleman who was a lieutenant on board that ship at the time when the heroism of its captain, aided by his characteristic calmness and foresight, greatly influenced the decision of the most glorious battle recorded in the annals of our naval history; and very recently by a gray-headed sailor, who did not even know my name, or could have suspected that I was previously acquainted with the circumstances—I have been assured, I say, that the success of this plan was such as astonished the oldest officers, and convinced the most incredulous. Ruffians, who like the old Buccaneers, had been used to inflict torture on themselves for sport, or in order to harden themselves beforehand, were tamed and overpowered, how or why they themselves knew not. From the fiercest spirits were heard the most earnest entreaties for the forgiveness of their commander: not before the punishment, for it was too well known that then they would have been to no purpose, but days after it, when the bodily pain was remembered but as a dream. An invisible power it was, that quelled them, a power, which was therefore irresistible, because it took away the very will of resisting. It was the awful power of law, acting on natures preconfigured to its influences. A faculty was appealed to in the offender's own being; a faculty and a presence, of which he had not been previously made aware—but it answered to the appeal; its real existence therefore could not be doubted, or its reply rendered inaudible; and the very struggle of the wilder passions to keep uppermost, counteracted their own purpose, by wasting in internal contest that energy which

before had acted in its entirety on external resistance or provocation. Strength may be met with strength; the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; the eye of rage may be answered by the stare of defiance, or the downcast look of dark and revengeful resolve, and with all this there is an outward and determined object to which the mind can attach its passions and purposes, and bury its own disquietudes in the full occupation of the senses. But who dares struggle with an invisible combatant—with an enemy which exists and makes us know its existence—but where it is, we ask in vain?—No space contains it—time promises no control over it—it has no ear for my threats—it has no substance, that my hands can grasp, or my weapons find vulnerable—it commands and cannot be commanded—it acts and is insusceptible of my reaction—the more I strive to subdue it, the more am I compelled to think of it—and the more I think of it, the more do I find it to possess a reality out of myself, and not to be a phantom of my own imagination; that all, but the most abandoned men, acknowledge its authority, and that the whole strength and majesty of my country are pledged to support it; and yet that for me its power is the same with that of my own permanent self, and that all the choice which is permitted to me, consists in having it for my guardian angel or my avenging fiend! This is the spirit of law! the lute of Amphion, the harp of Orpheus! This is the true necessity, which compels man into the social state, now and always, by a still-beginning, never-ceasing, force of moral cohesion.

Shortly after the general peace was established, Captain Ball, who was now a married man, passed some time with his lady in France, and, if I mistake not, at Nantes. At the same time, and in the same town, among the other English visitors, Lord (then Captain) Nelson happened to be one. In consequence of some punctilia as to whose business it was to pay the compliment of the first call, they never met, and this trifling affair occasioned a coldness between the two naval commanders, or in truth a mutual prejudice against each other. Some years after, both their ships being together close off Minorca, and near Port Mahon, a violent storm nearly disabled Nelson's vessel, and in addition to the fury of the wind, it was night-time and the thickest darkness. Captain Ball, however, brought his vessel at length to Nelson's assistance, took his ship in tow, and used his best endeavours to bring her and his own vessel into Port Mahon. The difficulties and the dangers increased. Nelson considered the case of his own ship as desperate, and that unless she was immediately left to her own fate, both vessels would be inevitably lost. He, therefore, with the generosity natural to him, repeatedly requested Captain Ball to let him loose; and on Ball's refusal he became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Ball, then himself took the speaking trumpet, which the fury of the wind and waves rendered necessary, and with great solemnity and without the least disturbance of temper called out in reply, "I feel confident that I can bring you in safe; I therefore must not, and, by the help of Almighty God, I will not leave you!" What he promised he performed; and after they were safely anchored, Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with all the ardour of acknowledgment, exclaimed—"a friend in need is a friend indeed!" At this time and on this occasion commenced that firm and perfect friendship between these two great men, which was interrupted only by the death of the former. The two men, whom Lord Nelson especially honoured, were Sir Thomas Troubridge, and Sir Alexander Ball; and once, when they were both present, on some allusion made to the loss of his arm, he replied, "Who shall dare tell me that I want an arm, when I have three right arms—this (putting forward his own left one) and Ball and Troubridge?"

In the plan of the battle of the Nile it was Lord Nelson's design that Captains Troubridge and Ball should have led up the attack. The former was stranded; and the latter, by accident of the wind, could not bring his ship into the line of battle

till some time after the engagement had become general. With his characteristic forecast and activity of (what may not improperly be called) practical imagination, he had made arrangements to meet every probable contingency. All the shrouds and sails of the ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders of wood; every sailor had his appropriate place and function, and a certain number were appointed as the firemen, whose sole duty it was to be on the watch if any part of the vessel should take fire: and to these men exclusively the charge of extinguishing it was committed. It was already dark when he brought his ship into action, and laid her alongside the French *L'Orient*. One particular only I shall add to the known account of the memorable engagement between these ships, and this I received from Sir Alexander Ball himself. He had previously made a combustible preparation, but which, from the nature of the engagement to be expected, he had purposed to reserve for the last emergency. But just at the time when, from several symptoms, he had every reason to believe that the enemy would soon strike to him, one of the lieutenants, without his knowledge, threw in the combustible matter; and this it was that occasioned the tremendous explosion of that vessel, which, with the deep silence and interruption of the engagement which succeeded to it, has been justly deemed the sublimest war incident recorded in history. Yet the incident which followed, and which has not, I believe, been publicly made known, is scarcely less impressive, though its sublimity is of a different character. At the renewal of the battle, Captain Ball, though his ship was then on fire in three different parts, laid her alongside a French eighty-four; and a second longer obstinate contest began. The firing on the part of the French ship having at length for some time slackened, and then altogether ceased, and yet no sign given of surrender, the first lieutenant came to Captain Ball and informed him that the hearts of his men were as good as ever, but that they were so completely exhausted, that they were scarcely capable of lifting an arm. He asked, therefore, whether, as the enemy had now ceased firing, the men might be permitted to lie down by their guns for a short time. After some reflection, Sir Alexander acceded to the proposal, taking of course the proper precautions to rouse them again at the moment he thought requisite. Accordingly, with the exception of himself, his officers, and the appointed watch, the ship's crew lay down, each in the place to which he was stationed; and slept for twenty minutes. They were then roused; and started up, as Sir Alexander expressed it, more like men out of an ambush than from sleep, so co-instantaneously did they all obey the summons! They recommenced their fire, and in a few minutes the enemy surrendered; and it was soon after discovered that during that interval, and almost immediately after the French ship had first ceased firing, the crew had sunk down by their guns, and there slept, almost by the side, as it were, of their sleeping enemy.

[Mr. Coleridge continues his interesting narrative through the remainder of Sir Alexander Ball's life. He dwells upon the noble services he performed in the two years' siege of Valetta, in the island of Malta, his amazing kindness to the Maltese; his wisdom as the governor of the island when it became a British possession; and the unexampled confidence which he enjoyed from the Maltese, who looked upon him as a father.]

## 28.—THE MEASURES AND OFFICES OF FRIENDSHIP.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

[JEREMY TAYLOR, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore—one of the most eloquent of the great Divines of the Church of England—was the son of a barber at Cambridge. He was born in 1613. He says himself that he was "solely grounded in grammar and mathematics by his father." In his thirteenth year he was admitted a sizar of Caius College, Cambridge. By a sizar was then understood a poor student, who performed humble offices in the college. Out of this rank have come some of the most eminent of our scholars. Very early he ob-

tained the patronage of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury; who placed him at All Souls' College, Oxford, and nominated him, by a stretch of authority, Fellow of that College. In 1637 he was appointed to the Rectory of Uppingham; but his living was sequestered in the Civil Wars. For some years he suffered poverty and imprisonment; he kept a school; he was a dependant upon private bounty. But he laboured unremittingly; he preached and he published. Upon the Restoration, in 1660, he was nominated by the king to his Irish Bishopric. Here he resided for seven years, discharging his duties with the most exemplary industry, and endeavouring to win all men to his fold by unremitting love. His period of prosperity was not of long duration. He died of a fever in 1687, in his fifty-fifth year. The character of Taylor's writings which was given by his successor, Dr. Rust, in his funeral sermon, is not an exaggeration:—They "will be famous to all succeeding generations for their greatness of wit, and profoundness of judgment, and richness of fancy, and clearness of expression, and copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian." Reginald Heber, the admirable Bishop of Calcutta, has prefixed an excellent biography of Jeremy Taylor to the valuable edition of his works in 15 vols. There is also a complete edition sold at a moderate price, in three large volumes, printed by Mr. Childs of Bungay.

You first inquire, how far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity?

To this, I answer; that the word "friendship," in the sense we commonly mean by it, is not so much as named in the New Testament; and our religion takes no notice of it. You think it strange; but read on before you spend so much as the beginning of a passion or a wonder upon it. There is mention of "friendship with the world," and it is said to be "enmity with God;" but the word is nowhere else named, or to any other purpose, in all the New Testament. It speaks of friends often; but by friends are meant our acquaintance, or our kindred, the relatives of our family, or our fortune, or our sect; something of society, or something of kindness, there is in it; a tenderness of appellation and civility, a relation made by gifts, or by duty, by services and subjection; and I think I have reason to be confident, that the word "friend" (speaking of human intercourse) is no otherwise used in the Gospels, or Epistles, or Acts of the Apostles: and the reason of it is, the word friend is of a large signification; and means all relations and societies, and whatsoever is not enemy. But by friendships, I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. But then I must tell you that Christianity hath new christened it, and calls this charity. The Christian knows no enemy he hath; that is, though persons may be injurious to him, and unworthy in themselves, yet he knows none whom he is not first bound to forgive, which is indeed to make them on his part to be no enemies, that is, to make that the word enemy shall not be perfectly contrary to friend, it shall not be a relative term, and signify something on each hand, a relative and a correlation; and then he knows none whom he is not bound to love and pray for, to treat kindly and justly, liberally and obligingly. Christian charity is friendship to all the world; and when friendships were the noblest things in the world, charity was little, like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a burning-glass; but Christian charity is friendship expanded like the face of the sun when it mounts above the eastern hills: and I was strangely pleased when I saw something of this in Cicero; for I have been so pushed at by herds and flocks of people that follow any body that whistles to them, or drives them to pasture, that I am grown afraid of any truth that seems chargeable with singularity: but therefore I say, glad I was when I saw Lælius in Cicero discourse thus:—"Amicitia ex infinitate generis humani quam conciliavit ipsa natura, contracta res est, et adducta in angustum; ut omnis charitas, aut inter duos, aut inter paucos jungeretur." Nature hath made friendships

and societies, relations and endearments ; and by something or other we relate to all the world ; there is enough in every man that is willing to make him become our friend ; but when men contract friendships, they inclose the commons ; and what nature intended should be every man's, we make proper to two or three. Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air—common to all the world ; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar. But when Christianity came to renew our nature, and to restore our laws, and to increase our privileges, and to make our aptness to become religion, then it was declared that our friendships were to be as universal as our conversation ; that is, *actual* to all with whom we converse, and *potentially* extended unto those with whom we did not. For he who was to treat his enemies with forgiveness and prayers, and love and beneficence, was indeed to have no enemies, and to have all friends.

So that to your question, “how far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity,” the answer is ready and easy : it is warranted to extend to all mankind ; and the more we love, the better we are ; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let them be as dear, and let them be as perfect, and let them be as many as you can ; there is no danger in it ; only where the restraint begins, there begins our imperfection. It is not ill that you entertain brave friendships and worthy societies ; it were well if you could love and if you could benefit all mankind ; for I conceive that is the sum of all friendship.

I confess this is not to be expected of us in this world ; but as all our graces here are but imperfect, that is, at the best they are but tendencies to glory, so our friendships are imperfect too, and but beginnings of a celestial friendship by which we shall love every one as much as they can be loved. But then so we must here in our proportion ; and indeed that is it that can make the difference ; we must be friends to all, that is, apt to do good, loving them really, and doing to them all the benefits which we can, and which they are capable of. The friendship is equal to all the world, and of itself hath no difference ; but is differenced only by accidents, and by the capacity or incapacity of them that receive it.

Nature and religion are the bands of friendships ; excellency and usefulness are its great endearments : society and neighbourhood, that is, the possibilities and the circumstances of converse, are the determinations and actualities of it. Now when men either are unnatural or irreligious, they will not be friends : when they are neither excellent nor useful, they are not worthy to be friends ; when they are strangers or unknown, they cannot be friends actually and practically ; but yet, as any man hath any thing of the good, contrary to those evils, so he can have and must have his share of friendship.

For thus the sun is the eye of the world ; and he is indifferent to the negro, or the cold Russian, to them that dwell under the line and them that stand near the tropics, the scalded Indian, or the poor boy that shakes at the foot of the Riphean hills. But the fluxures of the heaven and the earth, the conveniency of abode, and the approaches to the north or south respectively, change the emanations of his beams ; not that they do not pass always from him, but that they are not equally received below, but by periods and changes, by little inlets and reflections, they receive what they can. And some have only a dark day and a long night from him, snows and white cattle, a miserable life, and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies. But some have splendid fires and aromatic spices, rich wines and well-digested fruits, great wit and great courage ; because they dwell in his eye, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the east. Just so is it in friendships ; some are worthy, and some are necessary ; some dwell hard by, and are fitted for converse ;



nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others ; society and accidents, parity of fortune, and equal dispositions, do actuate our friendships : which of themselves and in their prime disposition, are prepared for all mankind according as any one can receive them. We see this best exemplified by two instances and expressions of friendships and charity : viz., alms and prayers ; every one that needs relief is equally the object of our charity ; but though to all mankind in equal needs we ought to be alike in charity, yet we signify this severally and by limits and distinct measures : the poor man that is near me, he whom I meet, he whom I love, he whom I fancy, he who did me benefit, he who relates to my family, he rather than another : because my expressions, being finite and narrow, and cannot extend to all in equal significations, must be appropriate to those whose circumstances best fit me : and yet even to all I give my alms, to all the world that needs them ; I pray for all mankind, I am grieved at every sad story I hear ; I am troubled when I hear of a pretty bride murdered in her bridechamber by an ambitious and enraged rival ; I shed a tear when I am told that a brave king was misunderstood, then slandered, then imprisoned, and then put to death by evil men : and I can never read the story of the Parisian massacre, or the Sicilian vespers, but my blood curdles, and I am disordered by two or three affections. A good man is a friend to all the world ; and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well, and do good to all mankind in what he can. But though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children.

The effect of this consideration is, that the universal friendship of which I speak must be limited, because we are so. In those things where we stand next to immensity and infinity, as in good wishes and prayers, and a readiness to benefit all mankind, in these our friendships must not be limited ; but in other things which pass under our hand and eye, our voices and our material exchanges ; our hands can reach no further but to our arm's end, and our voices can but sound till the next air be quiet, and therefore they can have intercourse but within the sphere of their own activity ; our needs and our conversations are served by a few, and they cannot reach at all ; where they can, they must, but where it is impossible, it cannot be necessary. It must therefore follow, that our friendships to mankind may admit variety as does our conversation ; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly : but as all cannot actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship. Of some intercourses all men are capable, but not of all ; men can pray for one another, and abstain from doing injuries to all the world, and be desirous to do all mankind good, and love all men : now this friendship we must pay to all, because we can ; but if we can do no more to all, we must show our readiness to do more good to all, by actually doing more good to all them to whom we can.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained ; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.

For the good man is a profitable, useful person, and that is the band of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces, and make dialogues of news and prettinesses, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the ally of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the charity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do me no good ; I do not speak of accidental hinderances

and misfortunes by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child; but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend, who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent. For (mistake not) no man can be loved for himself; our perfections in this world cannot reach so high; it is well if we would love God at that rate; and I very much fear that if God did us no good we might admire his beauties, but we should have but a small proportion of love towards him; all his other greatnesses are objects of fear and wonder, it is his goodness that makes him lovely. And so it is in friendships. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel, or defend my cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can and will, when I need it, do me good: only this I add, into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon, loving me, for it is a pleasure to be beloved; but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no further, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people who are (it may be) loads to their families, but can never ease any loads; but my friend is a worthy person when he can become to me, instead of God, a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule.

\* \* \* \* \*

Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, I choose this man to be my friend, because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to me in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? For what else should I choose? For being a fool and useless? for a pretty face and a smooth chin? I confess it is possible to be a friend to one that is ignorant, and pitiable, handsome and good for nothing, that eats well, and drinks deep, but he cannot be a friend to me; and I love him with a fondness or a pity, but it cannot be a noble friendship.

Plutarch calls such friendships "the idols and images of friendship." True and brave friendships are between worthy persons; and there is in mankind no degree of worthiness, but is also a degree of usefulness, and by every thing by which a man is excellent I may be profited: and because those are the bravest friends which can best serve the ends of friendships, either we must suppose that friendships are not the greatest comforts in the world, or else we must say, he chooses his friend best, that chooses such a one by whom he can receive the greatest comforts and assistances.

This being the measure of all friendships; they all partake of excellency, according as they are fitted to this measure: a friend may be counselled well enough, though his friend be not the wisest man in the world; and he may be pleased in his society, though he be not the best natured man in the world; but still it must be, that something excellent is, or is apprehended, or else it can be no worthy friendship; because the choice is imprudent and foolish. Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenuous and honest; and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty; but in such things which consist in an indivisible point make no abatements; that is, you must not choose him to be your friend that is not honest and secret, just and true to a tittle; but if he be wise at all, and useful in any degree, and as good as you can have him, you need not be ashamed to own your own friendships; though sometimes you may be ashamed of some imperfections of your friend.

But if you yet inquire, further, whether fancy may be an ingredient in your choice? I answer, that fancy may minister to this as to all other actions in which there is a liberty and variety. And we shall find that there may be peculiarities, and little partialities, a friendship improperly so called, entering upon accounts of an innocent passion and a pleased fancy; even our blessed Saviour himself loved St. John and Lazarus by a special love, which was signified by special treatments; and of the young man that spake well and wisely to Christ it is affirmed, Jesus loved him, that

is, he fancied the man, and his soul had a certain cognation and similitude of temper and inclination. For in all things where there is a latitude, every faculty will endeavour to be pleased, and sometimes the meanest persons in a house have a festival : even sympathies and natural inclinations to some persons, and a conformity of humours, and proportionable loves, and the beauty of the face, and a witty answer, may first strike the flint and kindle a spark, which if it falls upon tender and compliant natures may grow into a flame ; but this will never be maintained at the rate of friendship unless it be fed by pure materials, by worthinesses which are the food of friendship : where these are not, men and women may be pleased with one another's company, and lie under the same roof, and make themselves companions of equal prosperities, and humour their friend ; but if you call this friendship, you give a sacred name to humour or fancy ; for there is a Platonic friendship, as well as a Platonic love : but they being but the images of more noble bodies, are but like tinsel dressings, which will show bravely by candle-light, and do excellently in a mask, but are not fit for conversation and the material intercourses of our life. These are the prettinesses of prosperity and good-natured wit ; but when we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing ; and they that build castles in the air, and look upon friendship as upon a fine romance, a thing that pleases the fancy but is good for nothing else, will do well when they are asleep, or when they are come to Elysium ; and for aught I know in the meantime may be as much in love with Mandana in the Grand Cyrus, as with the Infanta of Spain, or any of the most perfect beauties and real excellencies of the world : and by dreaming of perfect and abstracted friendships, make them so immaterial that they perish in the handling and become good for nothing.

But I know not whither I am going : I did only mean to say that because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons, that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other. And though in equal worthiness I may choose by my eye, or ear, that is, into the consideration of the essential, I may take in also the accidental and extrinsic worthinesses ; yet I ought to give every one their just value : when the internal beauties are equal, these shall help to weigh down the scale, and I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more : but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat ; but when I am to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. I had rather see thyme and roses, marjoram and July flowers, that are fair and sweet and medicinal, than the prettiest tulips that are good for nothing : and my sheep and kine are better servants than race-horses and greyhounds. And I shall rather furnish my study with Plutarch and Cicero, with Livy and Polybius, than with Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa ; and if I do give an hour to these for divertisement or pleasure, yet I will dwell with them that can instruct me, and make me wise and eloquent, severe and useful to myself and others. I end this with the saying of Lælius in Cicero : "*Amicitia non debet consequi utilitatem, sed amicitiam utilitas.*" When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness : but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them : but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better : that is, I will, when I choose my friend, choose him that is the bravest, the worthiest, and the most excellent person ; and then your first question is soon answered. To love such a person, and to contract such friendships, is just so authorised by the principles of Christianity, as it is warranted to love wisdom and virtue, goodness and beneficence, and all the impresses of God upon the spirits of brave men.



## 29.—THE BRITISH HIRUNDINES.

GILBERT WHITE.

[Who has not heard of 'The Natural History of Selborne,'—one of the most delightful books in the English language! The author was the Reverend Gilbert White, who for forty years lived in the retirement of his beautiful native village, Selborne, in Hampshire, diligently observing the appearances of nature, and recording them in letters to his friends. He was the first to take Natural History out of the hands of the mere classifiers, and to show how full of interest is the commonest object of creation, when carefully examined, and diligently watched through its course of growth, of maturity, and of decay. Mr. White was born in 1720, and died in 1793.]

**THE HOUSE-MARTIN.**—In obedience to your injunctions I sit down to give you some account of the house-martin, or martlet; and, if my monography of this little domestic and familiar bird should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my inquiries to the rest of the *British hirundines*—the swallow, the swift, and the bank-martin.

A few house-martins begin to appear about the sixteenth of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear, the hirundines in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and, thus stoadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen when they build mud-walls (informed at first perhaps by this little bird) raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method in about ten or twelve days is formed an hemispheric nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm; and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then nothing is more common than for the house-sparrow, as soon as the shell is

finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labour is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as nature seldom works in vain, martins will breed on for several years together in the same nest, where it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of weather. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic work full of knobs and protuberances on the outside : nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all ; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers ; and sometimes by a bed of moss interwoven with wool.

As the young of small birds presently arrive at their full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents ; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a sleight, that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions, before he would be able to perceive it. As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood ; while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering on sunny mornings and evenings round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregations usually begin to take place about the first week in August ; and therefore we may conclude that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes all together ; but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These, approaching the eaves of buildings and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished ; but, when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready-finished house get the start, in hatching, of those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning : when they fix their materials they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed that martins usually build to a north-east or north-west aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests : but instances are also remembered where they breed for many years in vast abundance in a hot stifed inn-yard, against a wall facing to the south.

Martins are by far the least agile of the four species ; their wings and tails are short, and therefore they are not capable of such surprising turns and quick and glancing evolutions as the swallow. Accordingly they make use of a placid easy motion in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping long together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all the swallow kind : in 1772 they had nestlings on to October the twenty-first, and are never without undegedged young as late as Michaelmas.

As the summer declines the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily by the constant accession of the second broods, till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the sits of that river, where they roost. They retire, the bulk of them, I mean, in vast flocks together about the beginning of October : but have appeared of late years in a considerable flight in this neighbourhood, for one day or two, as late as November the third and sixth, after they were supposed to have been gone for

more than a fortnight. They therefore withdrew with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very short-lived indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow, and somewhere; for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.

**THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW.**—The house-swallow, or chimney swallow, is, undoubtedly, the first comer of all the *British hirundines*, and appears in general on or about the thirteenth of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now and then a straggler is seen much earlier; and, in particular, when I was a boy I observed a swallow for a whole day together, on a sunny warm Shrove Tuesday; which day could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February.

It was worth remarking that these birds are seen first about lakes and mill-ponds; and it is also very particular, that if these early visitors happen to find frost and snow, as was the case of the two dreadful springs of 1770 and 1771, they immediately withdraw for a time,—a circumstance this, much more in favour of hiding than migration; since it is much more probable that a bird should retire to its hybernaculum just at hand, than return for a week or two only to warmer latitudes.

The swallow, though called the chimney-swallow, by no means builds altogether in chimneys, but often within barns and outhouses against the rafters, and so she did in Virgil's time.

————— “Ante

Garrula quàm tignis nidum suspendat hirundo.”

In Sweden she builds in barns, and is called *ladu swala*, the barn swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe, there are no chimneys to houses, except they are *English-built*: in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd peculiar place; as we have known a swallow build down the shaft of an old well, through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure: but in general with us the *hirundo* breeds in chimneys, and loves to haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire, no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire; but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six or more feet down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest about the middle of May, which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw, to render it tough and permanent; with this difference, that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the top, and like half a deep dish: this nest is lined with fine grasses and feathers, which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all day long in ascending and descending with security through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibrations of her wings acting on the confined air occasion a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds, and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks, and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing: first they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the

rooms below: for a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called *perchers*. In a day or two more they become *flyers*, but are still unable to take their own food; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies; and when a mouthful is collected at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from the first; which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins; and with them congregates clustering on sunny roofs, towers and trees. This *hirundo* brings out her second brood towards the middle and end of August.

All the summer long is the swallow a most instructive pattern of unwearyed industry and affection; for, from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues and long walks under hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed; because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case; but the motion of the mandibles is too quick for the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins, and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey. For, as soon as a hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him; who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village, darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird also will sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nests. Each species of *hirundo* drinks as it flies along, sipping the surface of the water; but the swallow alone, in general, *washes* on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together: in very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney tops: is also a bold flyer, ranging to distant downs and commons, even in windy weather, which the other species seem much to dislike; nay, even frequenting exposed seaport towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which play before and behind them, sweeping around, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet; when the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey.

This species feed much on little *coleoptera*, as well as on gnats and flies; and often settles on dug ground, or paths, for gravels to grind and digest its food. Before they depart, for some weeks, to a bird, they forsake houses and chimneys, and roost in trees, and usually withdraw about the beginning of October; though some few stragglers may appear on, at times, till the first week in November.

THE SAND-MARTIN.—The sand-martin, or bank-martin, is by much the least of any of the *British hirundines*; and, as far as we have seen, the smallest known *hirundo*: though Brisson asserts that there is one much smaller, and that is the *hirundo esculenta*.

But it is much to be regretted that it is scarce possible for any observer to be so full and exact as he could wish in reciting the circumstances attending the life and conversation of this little bird, since it is *feru naturæ*, at least in this part of the kingdom, disclaiming all domestic attachments, and haunting wild heaths and commons where there are large lakes; while the other species, especially the swallow and house-martin, are remarkably gentle and domesticated, and never seem to think themselves safe but under the protection of man.

It is curious to observe with what different degrees of architectonic skill Providence has endowed birds of the same genus, and so nearly correspondent in their general mode of life! for, while the swallow and the house-martin discover the greatest address in raising and securely fixing crusts or shells of loam as cunabula for their young, the bank-martin terebrates a round and regular hole in the sand or earth, which is serpentine, horizontal, and about two feet deep. At the inner end of this burrow does this bird deposit, in a good degree of safety, her rude nest, consisting of fine grasses and feathers, usually goose feathers, very inartificially laid together.

Perseverance will accomplish any thing; though at first one would be disinclined to believe that this weak bird, with her soft and tender bill and claws, should ever be able to bore the stubborn sand-bank without entirely disabling herself; yet with these feeble instruments have I seen a pair of them make great despatch, and could remark how much they had scooped that day by the fresh sand which ran down the bank, and was a different colour from that which lay loose and bleached in the sun.

The sand-martin arrives much about the same time with the swallow, and lays, as she does, from four to six white eggs. But as this species is *cryptogame*, carrying on the business of nidification, incubation, and the support of its young in the dark, it would not be so easy to ascertain the time of breeding, were it not for the coming forth of the broods, which appear much about the time, or rather somewhat earlier than those of the swallow. The nestlings are supported in common like those of their congeners, with gnats and other small insects; and sometimes they are fed with *libellule*, (dragon flies,) almost as long as themselves. In the last week in June we have seen a row of these sitting on a rail near a great pool as *perchers*, and so young and helpless as easily to be taken by hand; but whether the dams ever feed them on the wing, as swallows and house-martins do, we have never yet been able to determine: nor do we know whether they pursue and attack birds of prey.

When they happen to breed near hedges and inclosures, they are dispossessed of their breeding holes by the house-sparrow, which is on the same account a fell adversary to house-martins.

These *hirundines* are no songsters, but rather mute, making only a little harsh noise when a person approaches their nests. They seem not to be of a sociable turn, never with us congregating with their congeners in the autumn. Undoubtedly they breed a second time, like the house-martin and swallow: and withdraw about Michaelmas.

Though in some particular districts they may happen to abound, yet in the whole, in the south of England at least, is this much the rarest species. For there are few towns or large villages but what abound with house-martins; few churches, towers or steeples, but what are haunted by some swifts; scarce a hamlet or single cottage-chimney that has not its swallow; while the bank-martins, scattered here and there, live a sequestered life among some abrupt sandhills, and in the banks of some few rivers.

THE SWIFT.—As the swift or black-martin is the largest of the *British hirundines*, so is it undoubtedly the latest comer. For I remember but one instance of its



appearing before the last week in April ; and in some of our late frosty harsh springs, it has not been seen till the beginning of May. This species usually arrives in pairs.

The swift, like the sand-martin, is very defective in architecture, making no crust, or shell, for its nest ; but forming it of dry grasses and feathers, very rudely and artificially put together.

Swifts, like the sand-martins, carry on the business of nidification quite in the dark, in crannies of castles, and towers, and steeples, and upon the tops of the walls of churches under the roof ; and therefore cannot be so narrowly watched as those species that build more openly ; but, from what I could ever observe, they begin nesting about the middle of May ; and I have remarked, from eggs taken, that they have sat hard by the ninth of June.

This *hirundo* differs widely from its congeners in laying invariably but *two* eggs at a time, which are milk white, long, and peaked at the small end ; whereas the other species lay at each brood from *four* to *six*. It is a most alert bird, rising very early, and retiring to roost very late ; and is on the wing in the height of summer at least sixteen hours. In the longest days it does not withdraw to rest till a quarter before nine in the evening, being the latest of all day birds. Just before they retire, whole groups of them assemble high in the air, and squeak and shoot about with wonderful rapidity. But this bird is never so much alive as in sultry thundery weather, when it expresses great alacrity, and calls forth all its powers. In hot mornings several, getting together in little parties, dash round the steeples and churches, squaking as they go in a very clamorous manner ; these, by nice observers, are supposed to be males serenading their setting hens ; and not without reason, since they seldom squeak till they come close to the walls or eaves, and since those within utter at the same time a little inward note of complacency.

When the hen has sat hard all day she rushes forth just as it is almost dark, and stretches and relieves her weary limbs, and snatches a scanty meal for a few minutes, and then returns to her duty of incubation. Swifts, when wantonly and cruelly shot while they have young, discover a little lump of insects in their mouths, which they pouch and hold under their tongue. In general they feed in a much higher district than the other species ; a proof that gnats and other insects do also abound to a considerable height in the air ; they also range to vast distances, since locomotion is no labour to them who are endowed with such wonderful powers of wing. Their powers seem to be in proportion to their levers ; and their wings are longer in proportion than those of almost any other bird.

At some certain times in the summer I had remarked that swifts were hawking very low for hours together over pools and streams, and could not help inquiring into the object of their pursuit that induced them to descend so much below their usual range. After some trouble, I found that they were taking *phryganea*, *ephemera*, and *libellula*, (caddow-flies, may-flies, and dragon flies,) that were just emerged out of their aurolia state. I then no longer wondered that they should be so willing to stoop for a prey that afforded them such plentiful and succulent nourishment.

They bring out their young about the middle or latter end of July ; but as these never become perchers, nor, that ever I could discern, are fed on their wing by their dams, the coming of the young is not so notorious as in the other species.

On the thirtieth of last June I untiled the eaves of a house where many pairs build, and found in each nest only *two* squab, naked *pulii* : on the eighth of July I repeated the same inquiry, and found they had made very little progress towards a fledged state, but were still naked and helpless. From whence we may conclude that birds whose way of life keeps them perpetually on the wing, would not be able

to quit their nest till the end of the month. Swallows and martins, that have numerous families, are continually feeding them every two or three minutes; while swifts, that have but two young to maintain, are much at their leisure, and do not attend on their nests for hours together.

There is a circumstance respecting the *colour* of swifts, which seems not to be unworthy our attention. When they arrive in the spring, they are all over of a glossy, dark soot colour, except their chins, which are white; but, by being all day long in the sun and air, they become quite weather-beaten and bleached before they depart, and yet they return glossy again in the spring. Now, if they pursue the sun into lower latitudes, as some suppose, in order to enjoy a perpetual summer, why do they not return bleached? Do they not rather perhaps retire to rest for a season, and at that juncture moult and change their feathers, since all other birds are known to moult soon after the season of breeding?

Swifts are very anomalous in many particulars, dissenting from all their congeners not only in the number of their young, but in breeding but *once* in a summer; whereas all the other *British hirundines* breed invariably *twice*. It is past all doubt that swifts can breed but once, since they withdraw in a short time after the flight of their young, and some time before their congeners bring out their second broods. We may here remark, that as swifts breed but *once* in a summer, and only *two* at a time, and the other *hirundines twice*, the latter, who lay from four to six eggs, increase at an average five times as fast as the former.

But in nothing are swifts more singular than in their early retreat. They retire, as to the main body of them, by the tenth of August, and sometimes a few days sooner; and every straggler invariably withdraws by the twentieth, while their congeners, all of them, stay till the beginning of October; many of them all through the month, and some occasionally to the beginning of November. This early retreat is mysterious and wonderful, since that time is often the sweetest season in the year. But, what is most extraordinary, they begin to retire still earlier in the most southern parts of Andalusia, where they can be nowise influenced by any defect of heat; or, as one might suppose, defect of food. Are they regulated in their motions with us by a failure of food, or by a propensity to moulting, or by a disposition to rest after so rapid a life, or by what? This is one of those incidents in natural history that not only baffles our researches, but almost eludes our guesses!

On the fifth of July, 1775, I again untiled part of a roof over the nest of a swift. The dam sat in the nest; but so strongly was she affected by natural love for her brood, which she supposed to be in danger, that, regardless of her own safety, she would not stir, but lay sullenly by them, permitting herself to be taken in hand. The squab young we brought down and placed on the grass-plot, where they tumbled about, and were as helpless as a new-born child. While we contemplated their naked bodies, their unwieldy disproportioned abdomina, and their heads, too heavy for their necks to support, we could not but wonder when we reflected that these shiftless beings, in a little more than a fortnight, would be able to dash through the air almost with the inconceivable swiftness of a meteor; and perhaps, in their emigration, must traverse vast continents and oceans as distant as the equator.

### 30.—THE VOLUBLE LADY.

JANE AUSTEN.

[Of the hundreds of Novels that have been published since the beginning of the present century, who can remember even the names of a twentieth part? The larger number are quietly sleeping on the shelves of the circulating libraries of the country towns, destined only to see the light when some voracious spinster has exhausted all that is new of a teeming press, and in desperation plunges into the antiquities of a past generation. But there are six novels

that can never be old—the works of the inimitable Jane Austen. No dust will ever settle on them, even in the libraries of the least tasteful of communities. Old and young, learned and unlearned, equally delight in the productions of the marvellous young woman, who drew the commonest incidents and characters of the most ordinary domestic life, with a skillfulness that manifests, more than anything we know, the surpassing power of that Art which makes realities more true than the thing itself beheld through a common medium. This is, indeed, genius. Jane Austen, the daughter, of the rector of Steventon, in Hampshire, was born in 1775; died in 1817.]

Miss Bates and Miss Fairfax, escorted by the two gentlemen, walked into the room. Everybody's words were soon lost under the incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking, and had not finished her speech under many minutes after her being admitted into the circle at the fire. As the door opened she was heard,—

"So very obliging of you!—No rain at all. Nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares—Well! (as soon as she was within the door), well! This is brilliant indeed! This is admirable. Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up! Jane, Jane, look! did you ever see anything? Oh! Mr. Weston, you must really have had Aladdin's lamp. Good Mrs. Stokes would not know her own room again. I saw her as I came in; she was standing in the entrance. 'Oh! Mrs. Stokes,' said I—but I had not time for more." She was now met by Mrs. Weston. "Very well, I thank you, ma'am. I hope you are quite well. Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache! seeing you pass by so often, and knowing how much trouble you must have. Delighted to hear it indeed. —Ah! dear Mrs. Elton, so obliged to you for the carriage; excellent time; Jane and I quite ready. Did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage. Oh! and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Weston, on that score. Mrs. Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have been. But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbours. I said to my mother, 'Upon my word, ma'am.' Thank you, my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr. Woodhouse's. I made her take her shawl,—for the evenings are not warm,—her large new shawl, Mrs. Dixon's wedding-present. So kind of her to think of my mother! Bought at Weymouth, you know; Mr. Dixon's choice. There were three others, Jane says, which they hesitated about some time. Colonel Campbell rather preferred an olive.—My dear Jane, are you sure you did not wet your feet? It was but a drop or two, but I am so afraid: but Mr. Frank Churchill was so extremely—and there was a mat to step upon. I shall never forget his extreme politeness. Oh! Mr. Frank Churchill, I must tell you my mother's spectacles have never been in fault since; the rivet never came out again. My mother often talks of your good-nature: does not she, Jane? Do not we often talk of Mr. Frank Churchill? Ah! here's Miss Woodhouse. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how do you do? Very well, I thank you, quite well. This is meeting quite in fairy-land. Such a transformation! Must not compliment, I know (eyeing Emma most complacently)—that would be rude; but upon my word, Miss Woodhouse, you do look—how do you like Jane's hair? You are a judge. She did it all herself. Quite wonderful how she does her hair! No hairdresser from London, I think, could.—Ah! Dr. Hughes, I declare—and Mrs. Hughes. Must go and speak to Dr. and Mrs. Hughes for a moment. How do you do? How do you do? Very well, I thank you. This is delightful, is it not? Where's dear Mr. Richard? Oh! there he is. Don't disturb him. Much better employed talking to the young ladies. How do you do, Mr. Richard? I saw you the other day as you rode through the town. Mrs. Otway, I protest! and good Mr. Otway, and Miss Otway, and Miss Caroline. Such a host of friends! and Mr. George and Mr. Arthur! How do you do? How do you all do? Quite

well, I am much obliged to you. Never better. Don't I hear another carriage? Who can this be?—very likely the worthy Coles. Upon my word, this is charming, to be standing among such friends! And such a noble fire! I am quite roasted. No coffee, I thank you, for me; never take coffee. A little tea if you please, sir, by and by; no hurry. Oh! here it comes. Everything so good!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Supper was announced. The move began; and Miss Bates might be heard from that moment without interruption, till her being seated at table and taking up her spoon.

"Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you? Here is your tippet. Mrs. Weston begs you to put on your tippet. She says she is afraid there will be draughts in the passage, though every thing has been done—one door nailed up—quantities of matting—my dear Jane, indeed you must. Mr. Churchill, oh! you are too obliging!—How well you put it on!—so gratified! Excellent dancing indeed! Yes, my dear, I ran home as I said I should, to help grandmamma to bed, and got back again, and nobody missed me. I set off without saying a word, just as I told you. Grandmamma was quite well, had a charming evening with Mr. Woodhouse, a vast deal of chat, and backgammon. Tea was made down stairs, biscuits and baked apples and wine before she came away: amazing luck in some of her throws: and she inquired a great deal about you, how you were amused, and who were your partners. 'Oh!' said I, 'I shall not forestall Jane; I left her dancing with Mr. George Otway; she will love to tell you all about it herself to-morrow: her first partner was Mr. Elton; I do not know who will ask her next, perhaps Mr. William Cox.' My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there nobody you would not rather?—I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm, and me on the other! Stop, stop, let us stand a little back, Mrs. Elton is going; dear Mrs. Elton, how elegant she looks—beautiful lace!—Now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening!—Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps, Jane, take care of the two steps. Oh! no, there is but one. Well, I was persuaded there were two. How very odd! I was convinced there were two, and there is but one. I never saw anything equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. I was telling you of your grandmamma, Jane,—there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits, excellent in their way, you know; but there was a delicate fricassee of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it all out again. Now there is nothing grandmamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus—so she was rather disappointed; but we agreed we would not speak of it to anybody, for fear of its getting round to dear Miss Woodhouse, who would be so very much concerned!—Well, this is brilliant! I am all amazement!—could not have supposed anything!—such elegance and profusion! I have seen nothing like it since. Well, where shall we sit? Where shall we sit? Anywhere, so that Jane is not in a draught. Where I sit is of no consequence. Oh! do you recommend this side? Well, I am sure, Mr. Churchill—only it seems too good—but just as you please. What you direct in this house cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma? Soup too! Bless me! I should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent, and I cannot help beginning."

### 31.—MAY.

THE May of the Poets is a beautiful generalization, which sometimes looks like a mockery of the keen east winds, the leafless trees, the hedges without a blossom, of late springs. In an ungenial season we feel the truth of one poetical image,—

Winter lingering chills the lap of May;"

but we are apt to believe that those who talk of halcyon skies, of odorous gales, of leafy thickets filled with the chorus of nature's songsters,—to say nothing of Ladies of the May, and morrice-dancers in the sunshine,—have drawn their images from the Southern poets.

In such a season,—which makes us linger over our fires, when we ought to be strolling in the shade of bright green lanes, or loitering by a gushing rivulet to watch the trout rise at the sailing fly,—some nameless writer has seen a single feeble swallow, and has fancied the poor bird was a thing to moralize upon:—

#### THE FIRST SWALLOW.

He has come before the daffodils,

The foolish and impatient bird :

The sunniest noon hath yet its chills,

The cuckoo's voice not yet is heard,

The lamb is shivering on the lea,

The cowering lark forbears to sing,—

And *he* has come across the sea

To find a winter in the spring.

Oh! he has left his mother's home :

He thought there was a genial clime

Where happy birds might safely roam,

And he would seek that land in time,

Presumptuous one ! his elders know

The dangers of those fickle skies ;

Away the pleasure-seeker flew—

Nipp'd by untimely frosts he dies.

There is a land in Youth's first dreams

Whose year is one delicious May,

And Life, beneath the brightest beams,

Flows on, a gladsome holiday ;

Rush to the world, unguided youth,

Prove its false joys, its friendships hollow,

Its bitter scorn,—then turn to truth,

And find a lesson in the unwise swallow.

Away with these wintry images. There is a south wind rising; the cold grey clouds open, the sun breaks out. Then comes a warm sunny shower. A day or two of such showers and sunshine, and the branches of the trees that looked so bare

“Thrust out their little hands into the ray.”\*

The May of the Poets is come;—at any rate we will believe that it is come. WORDSWORTH shall welcome it in a glorious song:—

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief;

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong :

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;

I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,

The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday ;—

Thou Child of Joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy

Shepherd Boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make ; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

\* We quote Leigh Hunt from memory ; for he has not printed the poem in which this line occurs, in the recent edition of his works.

Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While the Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the children are pulling,  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

WORDSWORTH.

SPENSER shall paint "fair May" and her train, in noble words—

Then come fair May, the fairest maid on ground,  
 Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,  
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around :  
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,  
 The twins of Leda, which on either side  
 Supported her like to their sovereign queen :  
 Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they spied,  
 And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,  
 And Cupid self about her flutter'd all in green.

SPENSER.

JAMES I. welcomes the May, as if Scotland had no cutting winds to shame his song o.  
 "Away, winter, away !" —

Now was there made, fast by the Toure's wall,  
 A garden fair, and in the corners set  
 Ane herber green, with wandes long and small  
 Railed about ; and so with trees set,  
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,  
 That life was none walking there forby  
 That might within scarco any wight espy

So thick the bewes and the leaves green  
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,  
 And middes every herber might be seen  
 The sharpe, greene, sweete juniper,  
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,  
 That, as it seemed to a life without,  
 The bewes spread the herber all about.

And on the smale greene twistes sate  
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung  
 So loud and clear the hymnes consecrate  
 Of love's use, now soft now loud among,  
 That of the gardens and the walles rung  
 Right out their song and on the couple next  
 Of their sweet harmony ; and lo the text :—

Worshippe, ye that lovers bear, this May,  
 For of your bliss the kalends are beguie,  
 And sing with us, Away, winter, away !  
 Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun ;  
 Awake, for shame ! that have your heavens won,  
 And amorously lift up your heades all ;  
 Hark, Love, that list you to his mercy call.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

A poet of the Shakspercan age has the same lesson, 'Rejoice in May':  
 When May is in his prime,  
 Then may each heart rejoice:  
 When May bedecks each branch with green,  
 Each bird strains forth his voice.  
 The lively sap creeps up  
 Into the blooming thorn:  
 The flowers, which cold in prison kept,  
 Now laugh the frost to scorn.  
 All Nature's imps triumph  
 Whiles joyful May doth last;  
 When May is gone, of all the year  
 The pleasant time is past.  
 May makes the cheerful hue,  
 May breeds and brings new blood,  
 May marcheth throughout every limb,  
 May makes the merry mood.  
 May pricketh tender hearts  
 Their warbling notes to tune.

Full strange it is, yet some, we see,  
 Do make their May in June.  
 Thus things are strangely wrought,  
 Whiles joyful May doth last.  
 Take May in time: when May is gone,  
 The pleasant time is past.  
 All ye that live on earth,  
 And have your May at will,  
 Rejoice in May, as I do now,  
 And use your May with skill.  
 Use May, while that you may,  
 For May hath but his time;  
 When all the fruit is gone, it is  
 Too late the tree to climb.  
 Your liking and your lust  
 Is fresh whiles May doth last:  
 When May is gone, of all the year  
 The pleasant time is past.

EDWARDS.

After this old English Epicurean philosophy of "Take May in time," the Transatlantic child of our native muse can scarcely be called original:—

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,  
 The darting swallows soar and sing,  
 And from the stately elms I hear  
 The blue-bird prophesying spring.  
 So blue yon winding river flows,  
 It seems an outlet from the sky,  
 Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
 The freighted clouds at anchor lie.  
 All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,  
 That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,  
 And even the nest beneath the eaves;—  
 There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
 The fulness of their first delight!  
 And learn from the soft heavens above  
 The melting tenderness of night.  
 Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
 Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;  
 Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
 For, oh it is not always May!  
 Enjoy the spring of love and youth,  
 To some good angel leave the rest;  
 For time will teach thee soon the truth,  
 There are no birds in last year's nest!

LONGFELLOW.

But who can be original with a theme upon which poets in all ages have written? We forgot the ditty which Master Touchstone calls "a foolish song":—

It was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, no  
 nec no,  
 And a hey no nec no ni no,  
 That o'er the green corn-fields did pass,  
 In spring time, the only pretty ring-time  
 When birds do sing, hey ding, a ding, a ding;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.  
 In spring time, the only pretty ring-time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding, a ding, a  
 ding;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nec no, &c.  
 These pretty country fools did lie,  
 In spring time, &c.  
 This carol they begun that hour  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nec no, &c.  
 How that life was but a flower,  
 In spring time, &c.  
 Then pretty lovers take the time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nec no, &c.  
 For love is crowned with the prime,  
 In spring time, &c.\*

\* We print this, as it is given in Mr. Chappell's excellent collection of old English Songs, from an ancient MS. The reader may compare it with the version in 'As You Like it.'

## 32.—PROGRESS OF THE MECHANICAL ARTS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[The following is extracted from a Lecture delivered before the Boston Mechanics' Institution, in 1828. Mr. Webster is one of the most distinguished living orators of the United States, and, what is higher praise a man of benevolent and pacific views.]

Human sagacity, stimulated by human wants, seizes first on the nearest natural assistant. The power of his own arm is an early lesson among the studies of primitive man. This is animal strength; and from this he rises to the conception of employing, for his own use, the strength of other animals. A stone, impelled by the power of his arm, he finds will produce a greater effect than the arm itself; this is a species of mechanical power. The effect results from a combination of the moving force with the gravity of a heavy body. The limb of a tree is a rude but powerful instrument; it is a lever. And the mechanical powers being all discovered, like other natural qualities, by induction, (I use the word as Bacon used it,) or experience, and not by any reasoning *à priori*, their progress has kept pace with the general civilization and education of nations. The history of mechanical philosophy, while it strongly illustrates, in its general results, the force of the human mind, exhibits, in its details, most interesting pictures of ingenuity struggling with the conception of new combinations, and of deep, intense, and powerful thought, stretched to its utmost to find out, or deduce, the general principle from the indications of particular facts. We are now so far advanced beyond the age when the principal, leading, important mathematical discoveries were made, and they have become so much matter of common knowledge, that it is not easy to feel their importance, or be justly sensible what an epoch in the history of science each constituted. The half frantic exultation of Archimedes, when he had solved the problem respecting the crown of Hiero, was on an occasion and for a cause certainly well allowing very high joy. And so also was the duplication of the cube.

The altar of Apollo, at Athens, was a square block or cube, and to double it required the duplication of the cube. This was a process involving an unascertained mathematical principle. It was quite natural, therefore, that it should be a traditional story, that by way of atoning for some affront to that god, the oracle commanded the Athenians to *double his altar*; an injunction, we know, which occupied the keen sagacity of the Greek geometricians for more than half a century before they were able to obey it. It is to the great honour, however, of this inimitable people, the Greeks, a people whose genius seems to have been equally fitted for the investigations of science and the works of imagination, that the immortal Euclid, centuries before our era, composed his Elements of Geometry; a work which, for two thousand years, has been, and still continues to be, a text book for instruction in that science.

A history of mechanical philosophy, however, would not begin with Greece. There is a wonder beyond Greece. Higher up in the annals of mankind, nearer, far nearer, to the origin of our race, out of all reach of letters, beyond the sources of tradition, beyond all history except what remains in the monuments of her own art, stands Egypt, the mother of nations! Egypt! Thebes! the Labyrinth the Pyramids! Who shall explain the mysteries which these names suggest. The Pyramids! Who can inform us whether it was by mere numbers, and patience, and labour, aided perhaps by the simple lever; or if not, by what forgotten combinations of power, by what now unknown machines, mass was thus aggregated to mass, and quarry piled on quarry, till solid granite seemed to cover the earth and reach the skies?

The ancients discovered many things, but they left many things also to be dis-



covered ; and this, as a general truth, is what our posterity, a thousand years hence, will be able to say, doubtless, when we and our generation shall be recorded also among the ancients. For, indeed, God seems to have proposed his material universe as a standing perpetual study to his intelligent creatures ; where, ever learning, they can yet never learn all ; and if that material universe shall last till man shall have discovered all that is unknown, but which, by the progressive improvement of his faculties, he is capable of knowing, it will remain through a duration beyond human measurement, and beyond human comprehension.

The ancients know nothing of our present system of arithmetical notation ; nothing of algebra, and, of course, nothing of the important application of algebra to geometry. They had not learned the use of logarithms, and were ignorant of fluxions. They had not attained to any just method for the mensuration of the earth, a matter of great moment to astronomy, navigation, and other branches of useful knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they were ignorant of the great results which have followed the development of the principle of gravitation.

In the useful and practical arts, many inventions and contrivances, to the production of which the degree of ancient knowledge would appear to us to have been adequate, and which seem quite obvious, are yet of late origin. The application of water, for example, to turn a mill, is a thing not known to have been accomplished at all in Greece, and is not supposed to have been attempted at Rome till in or near the age of Augustus. The production of the same effect by wind, is a still later invention. It dates only in the seventh century of our era. The propulsion of the saw by any other power than that of the arm is treated as a novelty in England so late as in the middle of the sixteenth century. The Bishop of Fly, ambassador from the Queen of England to the Pope, says he saw, " at Lyons, a saw-mill driven with an upright wheel, and the water that makes it go is gathered into a narrow trough, which delivereth the same water to the wheels. This wheel hath a piece of timber put to the axletree end, like the handle of a *brock* (a hand organ), and fastened to the end of the saw, which being turned with the force of water, hoisteth up the saw, that it continually eateth in, and the handle of the same is kept in a rigall of wood from severing. Also the timber lieth, as it were, upon a ladder, which is brought by little and little to the saw by another vice." From this description of the primitive power-saw, it would seem that it was probably fast only at one end, and that the *brock* and rigall performed the part of the arm in the common use of the hand-saw.

It must always have been a very considerable object for men to possess, or obtain, the power of raising water otherwise than by mere manual labour. Yet nothing like the common suction-pump has been found among rude nations. It has arrived at its present state only by slow and doubtful steps of improvement ; and, indeed, in that present state, however obvious and unattractive, it is something of an abstruse and refined invention. It was unknown in China until Europeans visited the " Celestial Empire ;" and is still unknown in other parts of Asia, beyond the pale of European settlements, or the reach of European communication. The Greeks and Romans are supposed to have been ignorant of it, in the early times of their history ; and it is usually said to have come from Alexandria, where physical science was much cultivated by the Greek school under the patronage of the Ptolemies.

These few and scattered historical notices of important inventions have been introduced only for the purpose of suggesting that there is much which is both curious and instructive in the history of mechanics : and that many things, which to us in our state of knowledge seem so obvious that we should think they would at once force themselves on men's adoption, have, nevertheless, been accomplished slowly and by painful efforts.

But if the history of the progress of the mechanical arts be interesting, still more so, doubtless, would be the exhibition of their present state, and a full display of the extent to which they are now carried. The slightest glance must convince us that mechanical power and mechanical skill, as they are now exhibited in Europe and America, mark an epoch in human history worthy of all admiration. Machinery is made to perform what has formerly been the toil of human hands, to an extent that astonishes the most sanguine, with a degree of power to which no number of human arms is equal, and with such precision and exactness as almost to suggest the notion of reason and intelligence in the machines themselves. Every natural agent is put unrelentingly to the task. The winds work, the waters work, the elasticity of metals work; gravity is solicited into a thousand new forms of action: levers are multiplied upon levers; wheels revolve on the peripheries of other wheels. The saw and the plane are tortured into an accommodation to new uses; and, last of all, with inimitable power, and "with whirlwind sound," comes the potent agency of steam. In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised in the short compass of fifty years! Everywhere practicable, everywhere efficient, it has an arm a thousand times stronger than that of Hercules, and to which human ingenuity is capable of fitting a thousand times as many heads as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found in triumphant operation on the seas; and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship,

"Against the wind, against the tide,  
Still *steadies* with an upright keel."

It is on the rivers, and the boatman may repose on his oars; it is in highways, and exerts itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, "Leave off your manual labour, give over your bodily toil; bestow but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will bear the toil,—with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness." What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated, if we were to miss it on the water and in the mills, it would seem as if we were going back to rude ages.

### 33.—DECISION OF CHARACTER.

JOHN FOSTER.

[JOHN FOSTER, born in 1770, was a native of Yorkshire. He was educated for the Baptist ministry; but subsequently devoted himself to literary occupation, residing at Stapleton, near Bristol, where he died in 1843. His 'Essays' was first published in 1805—a remarkable book, that will live as long as the language. His other chief work is 'Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance.']

I have repeatedly remarked to you, in conversation, the effect of what has been called a Ruling Passion. When its object is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active ardent constancy, which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character. The Subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but

the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favourite Cause by this passion, which sweeps away, as it advances, all the trivial objections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open a way through impossibilities. This spirit comes on him in the morning as soon as he recovers his consciousness, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he could not emancipate himself if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes invincible, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it nearly as certain that such a man will persist in his course as that in the morning the sun will rise.

A persisting untameable efficacy of soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs compels a sentiment of deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality, What a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny ! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion like this, has not been experienced by each reader of *Paradise Lost*, relative to the Leader of the infernal spirits ; a proof, if such were the fact, that a very serious error has been committed by the greatest poet. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to doubt and fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious spirit which reached the true sublime, in the reply of Pompey to his friends who dissuaded him from venturing on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion : " It is necessary for me to go, it is not necessary for me to live."

Revenge has produced wonderful examples of this unremitting constancy to a purpose. Zanga is a well-supported illustration. And you may have read a real instance of a Spaniard, who, being injured by another inhabitant of the same town, resolved to destroy him : the other was apprized of this, and removed with the utmost secrecy, as he thought, to another town at a considerable distance, where however he had not been more than a day or two, before he found that his enemy was arrived there. He removed in the same manner to several parts of the kingdom, remote from each other ; but in every place quickly perceived that his deadly pursuer was near him. At last he went to South America, where he had enjoyed his security but a very short time, before his unrelenting enemy came up with him and effected his purpose.

You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man, who wasted in two or three years a large patrimony in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates who called themselves his friends, and who, when his last means were exhausted, treated him of course with neglect, or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life ; but wandering awhile almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was, that all these estates should be his again : he had formed his plan too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to

shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labour ; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer, and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments, in different places, of longer and shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized *every* opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily but cautiously turned his first gains into second advantages ; retained without a single deviation his extreme parsimony ; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life ; but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions and died an inveterate miser, worth 60,000*l*. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary *effect*, which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.

But not less decision has been displayed by men of virtue. In this distinction no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard.

The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity ; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds : as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity, was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed ; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds, to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard ; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings ; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge ; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to

refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred everything he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made, the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent: and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.

Unless the eternal happiness of mankind be an insignificant concern, and the passion to promote it an inglorious distinction, I may cite George Whitefield, as a noble instance of this attribute of the decisive character, this intense necessity of action. The great cause which was so laudible a thing in the hands of many of its advocates, assumed in his administrations an unmitigable urgency.

Many of the Christian missionaries among the heathens, such as Brainerd, Elliot, and Schwartz, have displayed memorable examples of this dedication of their whole \*being to their office, this eternal abjuration of all the quiescent feelings.

This would be the proper place for introducing (if I did not hesitate to introduce in any connection with merely human instances) the example of him who said, "I must be about my Father's business. My meat and drink is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished."

#### 34.—DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

Hood.

[THOMAS HOOD, born in London in 1798, was the son of a respectable publisher, of the firm of Verner, Hood, and Sharpe. He was brought up an engraver;—he became a writer of 'Whims and Oddities,'—and he grew into a poet of great and original power. The slight partition which divides humour and pathos was remarkably exemplified in Hood. Misfortune and feeble health made him doubly sensitive to the ills of his fellow-creatures. The sorrows which he has delineated are not unreal things. He died in 1845, his great merits having been previously recognised by Sir Robert Peel, who bestowed on him a pension, to be continued to his wife. That wife soon followed him to the grave. The pension has been continued to their children.]

"Twas in the prime of summer time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school:  
There were some that ran, and some  
that leapt,  
Like troutlets in a stream.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
And souls untouched by sin;  
To a level mead they came, and  
there  
They drave the wickets in:  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran—  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can :  
But the usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease :  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside ;  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide :  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp :  
" O God, could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took ;  
Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook :  
And lo ! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book !

" My gentle lad, what is 't you read—  
Romance or fairy fable ?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable ?  
The young boy gave an upward glance—  
" It is the death of Abel . "

The usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain ;  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again :  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves ;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves ;  
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod—  
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod ;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walked the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain—  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain :  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain !

" And well," quoth he, " I know, for truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme—  
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—  
Who spill life's sacred stream !  
For why ? Methought last night I wrought  
A murder in a dream !

" One that had never done me wrong—  
A feeble man, and old ;  
I led him to a lonely field,  
The moon shone clear and cold :  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold !

" Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—  
And then the deed was done :  
There was nothing lying at my foot,  
But lifeless flesh and bone !

" Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill ;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still :  
There was a manhood in his look,  
That murder could not kill !

" And lo ! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame :  
I took the dead man by the hand,  
And called upon his name ;

" Oh, God ! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain !  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out again !  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain !

"My head was like an ardent coal,  
 My heart as solid ice ;  
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
 Was at the devil's price :  
 A dozen times I groaned, the dead  
 Had never grounced but twice ;

"And now from forth the frowning sky,  
 From the heaven's topmost height,  
 I heard a voice—the awful voice,  
 Of the blood avenging sprite :  
 'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,  
 And hide it from my sight

"I took the dreary body up,  
 And cast it in a stream—  
 A sluggish water black as ink,  
 The depth was so extreme.  
 My gentle boy, remember this  
 Is nothing but a dream !

"Down went the corpse with a hollow  
 plunge,  
 And vanished in the pool ;  
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
 And washed my forehead cool,  
 And sat among the urchins young  
 That evening in the school !

"Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,  
 And mine so black and grim !  
 I could not share in childish prayer,  
 Nor join in evening hymn :  
 Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
 'Mid holy cherubim !

"And peace went with them one and all,  
 And each calm pillow spread ;  
 But Guilt was my grim chamberlain  
 That lighted me to bed,  
 And drew my midnight curtains round,  
 With fingers bloody red !

"All night I lay in agony,  
 In anguish dark and deep ;  
 My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
 But stared aghast at sleep ;  
 For sin had rendered unto her  
 The keys of hell to keep !

"All night I lay in agony,  
 From weary chime to chime,  
 With one besetting horrid hint,  
 That racked me all the time—  
 A mighty yearning, like the first  
 Pierce impulse unto crime !

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made  
 All other thoughts its slave ;  
 Stronger and stronger every pulse  
 Did that temptation crave—  
 Still urging me to go and see  
 The dead man in his grave !

"Heavily I rose up—as soon  
 As light was in the sky—  
 And sought the black accursed pool  
 With a wild misgiving eye ;  
 And I saw the dead in the river bed,  
 For the faithless stream was dry !

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
 The dewdrop from its wing ;  
 But I never marked its morning flight,  
 I never heard it sing :  
 For I was stooping once again  
 Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in  
 chase,  
 I took him up and ran—  
 There was no time to dig a grave  
 Before the day began ;  
 In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
 I hid the murdered man !

"And all that day I read in school,  
 But my thought was other where !  
 As soon as the mid-day task was done,  
 In secret I was there :  
 And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
 And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,  
 And first began to weep,  
 For I knew my secret then was one  
 That earth refused to keep ;  
 Or land or sea, though he should be  
 Ten thousand fathoms deep !

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
 Till blood for blood atones !  
 Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
 And trodden down with stones,  
 And years have rotted off his flesh—  
 The world shall see his bones !

"Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream  
 Besets me now awake !  
 Again—again, with a dizzy brain  
 The human life I take ;  
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
 Like Crammer's at the stake.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| "And still no peace for the restless clay | That very night, while gentle sleep    |
| Will wave or mould allow :                | The urchin's eyelids kissed,           |
| The horrid thing pursues my soul—         | Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn, |
| It stands before me now !"                | Through the cold and heavy mist ;      |
| The fearful boy looked up, and saw        | And Eugene Aram walked between         |
| Huge drops upon his brow !                | With gyves upon his wrists.            |

### 35.—THE STRANGE CONTRARIETIES DISCOVERABLE IN HUMAN NATURE.

PASCAL.

[BLAISE PASCAL was characterized by Bayle as "one of the sublimest spirits in the world." He was born in 1623 ; he died in 1662. His genius led him to the strictest inquiries of human reason ; his piety compelled him to the most complete submission of his reasoning faculty to the truths of revelation. Up to his twenty-fifth year he devoted himself to the pursuits of science ; thenceforward, to the time of his early death, his mind was dedicated to religious contemplation. His '*Pensées*' furnish a monument of the elevation and purity of his devotional feeling ; his '*Lettres à un Provincial*,' in which he assailed the morality of the Jesuits, with a power of logic and of wit which have never been surpassed, show how completely his religion could be separated from the enthusiasm of his temperament, and the ascetic practices of his life. It has been said of him that he knew exactly how to distinguish between the rights of faith and of reason. The passage which we select from his '*Pensées*' is thus noticed by Dr. Arnold :—"The necessity of faith, arising from the absurdity of scepticism on the one hand, and of dogmatism on the other, is shown with great power and eloquence in the first article of the second part of Pascal's '*Pensées*,' a book of which there is an English translation by no means difficult to meet with."]

Nothing can be more astonishing in the nature of man than the contrarieties which we there observe, with regard to all things. He is made for the knowledge of truth : this is what he most ardently desires, and most eagerly pursues ; yet when he endeavours to lay hold on it, he is so dazzled and confounded as never to be secure of actual possession. Hence the two sects of the Pyrrhonians and the dogmatists took their rise ; of which the one would utterly deprive men of all truth, the other would infallibly insure their inquiries after it : but each with reasons so improbable, as only to increase our confusion and perplexity, while we are guided by no other lights than those which we find in our own bosom.

The principal arguments of the Pyrrhonians, or sceptics, are as follow :—If we accept faith and revelation, we can have no other certainty to the truth of principles, than that we naturally feel and perceive them within ourselves. But now this inward perception is no convictive evidence of their truth ; because, since without faith we have no assurance whether we were made by a good God, or by some evil demon, nay, whether we have not existed from eternity, or been the offspring of chance. It may be doubted whether these principles within us are true or false, or uncertain in correspondence to our original. Indeed, it is by faith alone that we can distinguish whether we are asleep or awake ;—because in our sleep we as strongly fancy ourselves to be waking as when we really are so : we imagine that we see space, figure, and motion : we perceive the time pass away, we measure it as it runs. In fine, we act, to all intents, as in our most wakeful hours. Since then, by our own confession, one-half of our life is spent in sleep, during which, whatever we may suppose, we have really no idea of truth, all that then passes within us being mere illusion, who can tell but that the other moiety of our life, in which we fancy ourselves to be awake, is no more than a second sleep, little differing from the former ; and that we only rouse ourselves from our sleep by day when we enter into that at night ; as it is usual with us to dream that we dream, by heaping one fantastic image upon another.



I waive the whole declamations of the sceptics, against the impressions of custom, education, manners, and climates, and the like prejudices ; which they observe to govern the greatest part of mankind, who are wont to reason on no other than these false foundations.

The main forte of the dogmatists is this, that would we but speak honestly and sincerely, there is no man who can doubt of natural principles. We are capable of truth, say they, not only by reasoning, but by perception, and by a bright and lively act of immediate intelligence. It is by this latter way that we arrive at the knowledge of first principles which the forces of reason would attack in vain, having nothing to do with them. The sceptics who labour to bring all things to their own standard, are under a continual disappointment. We may be very well assured of our being awake, though very unable to demonstrate it by reason. This inability shows indeed the feebleness of our rational powers, but not the general incertitude of our knowledge. We apprehend with no less confidence, that there ~~are~~ such things in the world as space, time, motion, number, and matter, than the most regular and demonstrative conclusions. Nay, it is upon this certainty of perception and consciousness, that reason ought to fix itself, and to found the whole method of its process. I perceive that there are three dimensions in space,—viz. length, breadth, and thickness,—and that number is infinite : hence my reason demonstrates, that there are no two square numbers assignable, one of which shall exactly double the other. We apprehend principles and we conclude propositions ; and both with the like assurance, though by different ways. Nor is it less ridiculous for reason to demand of these perceptive and intellective faculties a proof of their maxims before it consents to them, than it would be for the said faculties to demand of reason a clear perception and intuition of all the problems it demonstrates. This defect, therefore, may serve to the humbling of reason, which pretends to be the judge of all things, but not to invalidate our assurance, as if reason were alone able to inform our judgment. On the contrary, it were to be wished that we had less occasion for rational deductions ; and that we knew all things by instinct and immediate view. But nature has denied us this favour, and allows us but few notices of so easy a kind, leaving us to work out the rest by laborious consequences, and a continued series of argument.

We see here an universal war proclaimed against mankind. We must of necessity list ourselves on one side or on the other ; for he that pretends to stand neuter is most effectually of the sceptical party : this neutrality constitutes the very essence of scepticism ; and he that is not against sceptics, must be in a superlative manner for them. What shall a man do under these circumstances ? Shall he question everything ? shall he doubt whether he is awake ? whether another pinches him, or burns him ? shall he doubt whether he doubts ? shall he doubt whether he exists ? It seems impossible to come to this ; and therefore, I believe, there never was a finished sceptic, a Pyrrhonian in perfection. (There is a secret force in nature which sustains the weakness of reason, and hinders it from losing itself in such a degree of extravagance.) Well but shall a man join himself to the opposite faction ? Shall he boast that he is in sure possession of truth, when, if we press him never so little, he can produce no title, and must be obliged to quit his hold ?

Who shall extricate us from this dilemma ? (The sceptics we see are confounded by nature, and the dogmatists by reason.) To what a distracting misery will that man, therefore, be reduced, who shall seek the knowledge of his own condition by the bare light and guidance of his own powers : it being alike impossible for him to avoid both these sects, for he cannot repose himself on either.

Such is the portrait of man, with regard to truth. Let us now behold him in respect of felicity, which he prosecutes with so much warmth through his whole

course of action ; for all desire to be happy : this general rule is without exception. Whatever variety there may be in the means employed, there is but one end universally pursued. The reason why our man embraceth the hazard of war, and why another declines it, is but the same desire, attended in each with different views. This is the sole motive to every action of every person ; and even of such as most unnaturally become their own executioners.

And yet, after the course of so many ages, no person without faith has ever arrived at this point, towards which all continually tend. The whole world is busy in complaining : princes and subjects, nobles and commons, old and young, the strong and the feeble, the learned and the ignorant, the healthy and the diseased, of all countries, all times, all ages, and all conditions.

So long, so constant, so regular, and uniform a proof ought fully to convince us of our utter inability to acquire happiness by our own efforts. But example will not serve for our instruction in this case ; because there being no resemblance so exact as not to admit some nicer difference, we are hence disposed to think that our expectation is not so liable to be deceived on one occasion as on another. Thus the present never satisfying us, the future decoys and allures us on, till, from one misfortune to another, it leads us into death, the sum and consummation of eternal misery.

This is next to a miracle, that there should not be any one thing in nature which has not been some time fixed as the last end and happiness of man ; neither stars, nor elements, nor plants, nor animals, nor insects, nor diseases, nor war, nor vice, nor sin. Man being fallen from his natural estate, there is no object so extravagant as not to be capable of attracting his desire. Ever since he lost his real good, everything cheats him with the appearance of it ; even his own destruction, though contrary as this seems both to reason and nature.

Some have sought after felicity in honour and authority, others in curiosity and knowledge, and a third tribe in the pleasures and enjoyments of sense. These three leading pursuits have constituted as many factions ; and those whom we compliment with the name of philosophers, have really done nothing else but resigned themselves up to one of the three. Such amongst them as made the nearest approaches to truth and happiness, well considered that it was necessary the universal good which all desire, and in which each man ought to be allowed his portion, should not consist in any of the private blessings of this world, which can be properly enjoyed but by one alone, and which, if divided, do more grieve and afflict each possessor, for want of the part which he has not, than they oblige and gratify him with the part which he has. They rightly apprehend that the true good ought to be such as all may possess at once, without diminution, and without contention ; and such as no man can be deprived of against his will. They apprehended this ; but they were unable to attain and execute it ; and instead of a solid, substantial happiness, took up at last with the empty shadow of visionary excellence.

Our instinct suggests to us that we ought to seek our happiness within ourselves. Our passions hurry us abroad, even when there are no objects to engage and incite them. External objects are themselves our tempters, and charm and attract us, while we think not of them. Therefore, the wisest philosophers might weary themselves with crying, "Keep within yourselves, and your felicity is in your own gift and power." The generally never gave them credit, and those who were so easy as to believe them, became only the more unsatisfied and the more ridiculous. For is there anything so vain as the happiness of the stoics, or so groundless as the reasons on which they build it ?

They conclude, that what has been done once may be done always ; and that, because the desire of glory has spurred on its votaries to great and worthy actions,

all others may use it with the same success. But these are the motions of fever and phrenzy, which sound health and judgment can never imitate.

The civil war between reason and passion has occasioned two opposite projects for the restoring of peace to mankind; the one, of those who were for renouncing their passions, and becoming gods; the other, of those who were for renouncing their reason, and becoming beasts. But neither the one nor the other could take effect. Reason ever continues to accuse the baseness and injustice of the passions, and to disturb the repose of those who abandon themselves to their dominion; and on the contrary, the passions remain lively and vigorous in the hearts of those who talk the most of their extirpation.

This is the just account of human nature, and human strength, in respect of truth and happiness. We have an idea of truth not to be effaced by all the wiles of the sceptic; we have an incapacity of argument not to be rectified by all the power of the dogmatist. We wish for truth, and find nothing in ourselves but uncertainty. We seek after happiness, and are presented with nothing but misery. Our double aim is, in effect, a double torture; while we are alike unable to compass either, and to relinquish either. These desires seem to have been left in us, partly as a punishment of our fall, and partly as an indication and remembrance whence we are fallen.

If man was not made for God, why is God alone sufficient for human happiness? If man was made for God, why is the human will, in all things, repugnant to the divine?

Man is at a loss where to fix himself, and to recover his proper station in the world. He is unquestionably out of his way; he feels within himself the small remains of his once happy state, which he is now unable to retrieve. And yet this is what he daily courts and follows after, always with solicitude, and never with success; encompassed with darkness, which he can neither escape nor penetrate.

Hence arose the contest amongst the philosophers; some of whom endeavoured to raise and exalt man, by displaying his greatness; others to depress and abase him, by representing his misery. And what seems more strange, is, that each party borrowed from the other the ground of their own opinion. For the misery of man may be inferred from his greatness, as his greatness is deducible from his misery. Thus the one sect, with more evidence, demonstrated his misery in that they derived it from his greatness; and the other more strongly concluded his greatness, because they founded it on his misery. Whatever was offered to establish his greatness, on one side, served only to evince his misery in behalf of the other; it being more miserable to have fallen from the greater height. And the same proportion holds *vice versa*. So that in this endless circle of dispute, each helped to advance his adversary's cause; for it is certain, that the more degrees of light men enjoy, the more degrees they are able to discern of misery and of greatness. In a word, man knows himself to be miserable; he is therefore exceedingly miserable, because he knows that he is so; but he likewise appears to be eminently great, from this very act of knowing himself to be miserable.

What a chimera then is man! What a surprising novelty! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth; the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere medley of uncertainty; the glory and the scandal of the universe. If he is too aspiring and lofty, we can lower and humble him; if too mean and little, we can exalt him. To conclude, we can bait him with repugnances and contradictions, until, at length, he considers himself to be a monster even beyond conception.



### 36.—ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

EVELYN.

[JOHN EVELYN, of Wotton, Surrey, was a younger son of an ancient family. During a long life, in eventful times, he maintained a character for independence and honesty, without being a violent partisan; and in a profligate age he displayed the decorous virtues of an English gentleman. His 'Memoirs' were found about thirty-five years ago, in a mutilated state, in the old mansion in which he lived and died—Wotton, near Dorking; and they offer some of the most curious pictures we possess of the events and manners of the 17th century. We subjoin his narrative of the great fire of London, in 1666. Mr. Evelyn died in 1706, in his 80th year.]

1666. 2nd Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Street in London.

3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside down to the Three Cranes were now consumed.

The fire having continued all this night, (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward,) Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God

grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more!

4. The burning still rages, and it has now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall; oh the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his majesty to command me among the rest to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across,) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved nearly the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair. It also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his majesty and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board; who, from delicateness, riches, and chary accommodations in stately and well furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the vorages of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in steph and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. I was not able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest, the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour continued so intense that my hair was almost singed and my feet insufferably surheated. The bye lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His majesty and council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we are now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and pöfil grew so excessive that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his majesty's proclamation also invited them.

## 37.—THE RED FISHERMAN.

PRAED.

[WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was the son of Mr. Sergeant Praed. In 1820, while at Eton College, he prepared and brought out, with the aid of other young men, a periodical work entitled 'The Etonian,' which went through four editions. He was subsequently, while at Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the principal contributors to 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine.' Mr. Praed's university career was one of almost unequalled brilliancy. In 1831, having previously been called to the bar, he was returned to Parliament for a Cornish borough. His health was always somewhat feeble; and the promises of his youth were closed by his early death in 1840.]

The Abbot arose, and closed his book,  
 And donned his sandal shoon,  
 And wandered forth alone to look  
 Upon the summer moon :  
 A starlight sky was o'er his head,  
 A quiet breeze around ;  
 And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,  
 And the waves a soothing sound :  
 It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught  
 But love and calm delight ;  
 Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought  
 On his wrinkled brow that night.  
 He gazed on the river that gurgled by,  
 But he thought not of the reeds ;  
 He clasped his gilded rosary,  
 But he did not tell the beads :  
 If he looked to the Heaven, 't was not to  
 invoke  
 The Spirit that dwelleth there ;  
 If he opened his lips, the words they spoke  
 Had never the tone of prayer.  
 A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,  
 He had sway'd the crosier well ;  
 But what was the theme of the Abbot  
 dream,  
 The Abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,  
 He traced the windings of the shore.  
 Oh, beauteous is that river still,  
 As it winds by many a sloping hill,  
 And many a dim o'er-arching grove,  
 And many a flat and sunny cove,  
 And terraced lawns whose bright arcades  
 The honey-suckle sweetly shades,  
 And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,  
 So gay they are with grass and flowers.  
 But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,  
 About as much, in sooth,  
 As a lover thinks of constancy,  
 Or an advocate of truth.  
 He did not mark how the skies in wrath  
 Grow dark above his head ;  
 He did not mark how the mossy path  
 Grew damp beneath his tread ;  
 And nearer he came, and still more near,  
 To a pool, in whose recess  
 The water had slept for many a year,  
 Unchanged, and motionless ;  
 From the river stream it spread away,  
 The space of half a rood ;  
 The surface had the hue of clay,  
 And the scent of human blood ;

The trees and the herbs that round it grew  
 Were venomous and foul;  
 And the birds that through the bushes flew  
 Were the vulture and the owl;  
 The water was as dark and rank  
 As ever a company pumped;  
 And the perch that was netted and laid  
 on the bank,

Grew rotten while it jumped:  
 And bold was he who thither came  
 At midnight, man or boy;  
 For the place was cursed with an evil  
 name,

And that name was 'The Devil's Decoy!'

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,  
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of  
 a tree:

When suddenly rose a dismal tone—  
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?

'Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

Above,—below!—

Lightly and brightly they glide and go:  
 The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,  
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;  
 Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,  
 Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!  
 In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,  
 He looked to the left, and he looked to  
 the right.

And what was the vision close before him,  
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?

'T was a sight to make the hair uprise,  
 And the life-blood colder run:

The startled Priest struck both his thighs,  
 And the Abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,  
 A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,  
 Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,  
 And putting in order his reel and rod.  
 Red were the rags his shoulders wore,  
 And a high rod cap on his head he bore;  
 His arms and his legs were long and bare;  
 And two or three locks of long red hair  
 Were tossing about his scraggy neck,  
 Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.  
 It might be time, or it might be trouble,  
 Had bent that stout back nearly double;  
 Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets  
 That blazing couple of Congreve rockets;  
 And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,  
 Till it hardly covered the bones within.

The line the Abbot saw him throw  
 Had been fashioned and formed long ages  
 ago:

And the hands that worked his foreign  
 vest,

Long ages ago had gone to their rest:  
 You would have sworn, as you looked on  
 them,

He had fished in the flood with Ham and  
 Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking  
 of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—

It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye:  
 Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,  
 And its shape was the shape of a diadem.  
 It was fastened a gleaming hook about,  
 By a chain within, and a chain without;  
 The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,  
 And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,  
 Strange and varied sounds had birth;  
 Now the battle's bursting peal,  
 Neigh of steel, and clang of steel;  
 Now an old man's hollow groan  
 Echoed from the dungeon stone;  
 Now the weak and wailing cry  
 Of a stripling's agony!

Cold, by this, was the midnight air;  
 But the Abbot's blood ran colder,  
 When he saw a gasping knight lie there,  
 With a gash beneath his clotted hair,  
 And a hump upon his shoulder.

And the loyal churchman strove in vain  
 To mutter a Pater Noster:  
 For he who writhed in mortal pain,  
 Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,  
 The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking  
 of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 It was a haunch of princely size,  
 Filling with fragrance earth and skies.  
 The corpulent Abbot knew full well  
 The swelling form and the steaming smell  
 Never a monk that wore a hood  
 Could better have guessed the very wood  
 Where the noble hart had stood at bay,  
 Weary and wounded, at close of day.



Sounded then the noisy glee,  
Of a revelling company ;  
Sprightly story, wickied jest,  
Rated servant, greeted guest,  
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,  
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork :  
But where'er the board was spread,  
Grace, I ween, was never said !

Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sate ;  
And the Priest was ready to vomit,  
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and  
fat,

With a belly as big as a brimming vat,  
And a nose as red as a comet.

' A capital stew,' the Fisherman said,  
' With cinnamon and sherry !'

And the Abbot turned away his head,  
For his brother was lying before him dead,  
The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury !

There was turning of keys, and creaking  
of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
It was a bundle of beautiful things,  
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,  
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,  
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,  
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet  
fold

Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,  
That the Abbot fell on his face, and  
fainted,  
And deemed his spirit was half-way  
sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,  
Stifed whispers, smothered sighs,  
And the breath of vernal gales,  
And the voice of nightingales :  
But the nightingales were mute,  
Envious, when an unsoen lute  
Shaped the music of its chords  
Into passion's thrilling words.

' Smile, lady, smile !—I will not set  
Upon my brow the coronet,  
Till thou wilt gather roses white,  
To wear around its gems of light.  
Smile, lady, smile !—I will not see  
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,  
Till those bewitching lips of thine  
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.  
Smile, lady, smile !—for who would win  
A loveless throne through guilt and sin ?

Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,  
If woman's heart were rebel still ?'

One jerk, and there a lady lay,  
A lady wondrous fair ;  
But the rose of her lip had faded away,  
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,  
And torn was her raven hair.  
' Ah ha !' said the Fisher, in merry guise,  
' Her gallant was hooked before ;'—  
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,  
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,  
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of  
locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Many the cunning sportsman tried,  
Many he flung with a frown aside ;  
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,  
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,  
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,  
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,  
And golden cups of the brightest wine  
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy  
vine.

There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,  
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre !  
From top to toe the Abbot shook .  
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook ;  
And awfully were his features wrought  
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.  
Look how the fearful felon gazes

On the scaffold his country's vengeance  
raises,

When the lips are cracked, and the jaws  
are dry,  
With the thirst which only in death shall  
die :

Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,  
As the swaling wherry settles down,  
When peril has numbed the sense and will,  
Though the hand and the foot may struggle  
still :

Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,  
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance :  
Fixed as a monument, still as air,  
He bent no knee, and he breathed no  
prayer ;

But he signed,—he knew not why or  
how,—  
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| There was turning of keys, and creaking<br>of locks,                 | As ever was heard in the House of Peers<br>Against Emancipation :                               |
| As he stalked away with his iron box.                                | His words had made battalions quake,  |
| ‘Oh ho ! Oh ho !   | Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;  |
| The cock doth crow ;   | Had kept the Court an hour awake,   |
| It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.                            | And the king himself three-quarters :   |
| Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the<br>shrine ;                 | But ever, from that hour, ’tis said,<br>He stammered and he stuttered                           |
| He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line ;                           | As if an axe went through his head,   |
| Let him swim to the north, let him swim<br>to the south,—            | With every word he uttered.   |
| The Abbot will carry my hook in his<br>mouth ;                       | He stuttered o’er blessing, he stuttered<br>o’er ban,   |
| The Abbot had preached for many years,<br>With as clear articulation | He stuttered, drunk or dry,<br>And none but he and the Fisherman<br>Could tell the reason why ! |

### 38.—SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—II.

[The 113th number of the ‘Spectator’ describes Sir Roger de Coverley falling in love with a beautiful widow. The paper is by Steele; and to a reader of the present day it may appear somewhat trite and mawkish. The good old knight looks back upon his unrequited youthful affection with a half-ludicrous solemnity. His mistress was a learned lady, who only gave him the encouragement of declaring that “Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country.” It is scarcely necessary to follow the disconsolate bachelor’s relation of his disappointment. The following description, however, of the sheriff riding in state to the assizes will serve, with a little variation of costume, for a picture of the same scene in our own day: for who amongst our country readers has not heard the barbarous dissonance of the sheriff’s trumpets, and smiled at the awkward pomp of his mighty javelin-men ?]

“I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame ; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county ; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But, when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow’s habit sat in the court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who beheld her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murmur to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby ; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, “Make way for the defendant’s witnesses.” This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon

trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage."

In the 115th and 116th numbers of the *Spectator*, Sir Roger figures as the lover of country sports—obsolete indeed, to a certain extent, and not such as a *fast* man of our own day would relish:

"After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Rogor, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that, in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting-horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

"Sir Roger being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles, and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such a manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. \* He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but at present he only wanted a countertenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read *Shakspeare*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from *Theseus* in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream':—

'My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.  
Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.'

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open

a gate for the good old knight as he passed by ; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

"After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm ; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me and asked me, if puss was gone that way ? Upon my answering yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going on, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion, 'that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying, stole away.'

"This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately throw them above a mile behind her ; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, 'flying the country' as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry ; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of.

"The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five and twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies ; when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours ; yet on the signal before mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

"The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner; and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them, that for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life."

At the time when Addison described the race of fortune-telling gipsies for the edification of the London public, there were few travellers for amusement, and fewer who left the din and smoke of the town to wander through commons and green lanes, the gipsies' haunts. It is remarkable how little change is to be observed in the manners of the vagrant tribe. Addison's description might have been written yesterday.

"As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge; says Sir Roger, they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the field, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it: they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them, and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.

"Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy,

finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried Fish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought: the knight still repeated, she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. Ah, master, says the gipsy, that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache: you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing. The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

"As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked: that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous."

The Spectator, No. 122, is wholly by Addison. We give it entire, as it contains many touches of his delicate humour, as well as a quaint view of bygone manners:—

"A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

"My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking 'the law' of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is now not worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree."

"As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his

two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole ; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot ; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that ' much might be said on both sides.' They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

"The court was sat before Sir Roger came ; but, notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them ; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws ; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

"Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country-people that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it ; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

"I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most ; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that he was not afraid to speak to the judge.

"In our return home we met with a very odd accident ; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family ; and to do honour to his old master, had, some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door ; so that the knight's head hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment ; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke ; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation to the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this

monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, 'that much might be said on both sides.'

"These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels."

## 39.—BALLADS.

## GENTLE HERDSMAN.

[THIS beautiful old ballad, being "A Dialogue between a Pilgrim and a Herdsman," is printed in Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry.' It has evidently suggested Goldsmith's ballad of 'Edwin and Angelina,' and three of the stanzas of the modern poem are paraphrased from the Gentle Herdsman.]

Gentle herdsman, tell to me,  
Of courtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the town of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way?

"Unto the town of Walsingham  
The way is hard for to be gone;  
And very crooked are those paths  
For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thrice,  
And the way never so ill,  
It were not enough for mine offence;  
It is so grievous and so ill.

"Thy years are young, thy face is fair,  
Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green;  
Time hath not given thee leave as yet,  
For to commit so great a sin."

Yes, herdsman, yes, so wouldst thou say,  
If thou knewest so much as I;  
My wits, and thoughts, and all the rest,  
Have well deserved for to die.

I am not what I seem to be,  
My clothes and sex do differ far—  
I am a woman, woe is me!  
Born to grief and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well beloved,  
My wayward cruelty could kill;  
And though my tears will not avail,  
Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,  
None ever more sincere could be;

Of comely mien and shape he was,  
And tenderly he loved me.

When thus I saw he loved me well,  
I grew so proud his pain to see,  
That I, who did not know myself,  
Thought scorn of such a youth as he.

And grew so coy and nice to please,  
As woman's looks are often so,  
He might not kiss nor hand forsooth,  
Unless I willed him so to do.

Thus being wearied with delays  
To see I pitied not his grief,  
He got him to a secret place,  
And there he died without relief.

And for his sake these weeds I wear,  
And sacrifice my tender age;  
And every day I'll beg my bread,  
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,  
And ever will do till I die;  
And get me to some secret place,  
For so did he, and so will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,  
But keep my secrets I thee pray;  
Unto the town of Walsingham  
Show me the right and ready way.

"Now go thy ways, and God before!  
For he must ever guide thee still:  
Turn down that dale, the right hand path,  
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well!"



## SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

[This is the Scotch ballad which Coleridge, in his 'Dejection,' calls "The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence." This is also printed in Percy's 'Reliques.']

The king sits in Dunferling toun,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine;  
O quhar will I get guid sailour,  
To sail this schip of mine?  
Up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's richt knee:  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailour,  
That sails upon the sea.

The king has writt'n a braid letter,  
And sign'd it wi' his hand;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud lauch lauched he:  
The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
The teir blindet his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me;  
To send me out this time o' the year,  
To sail upon the sea?

Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morn.

O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme,  
Late, late yestreen, I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;  
And I feir, I feir, my dear master,  
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith  
To weat their cork-hoild schoone;  
But lang owre a' the play wer play'd,  
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit  
Wi' thair fans into their hand,  
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence  
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,  
Wi' thair gold kemis in thair hair,  
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
For they 'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,  
It's fiftie fadom deep:  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feir.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[This ballad, which Leigh Hunt has truly said "must have suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written," is the production of Lady Anne Barnard, who died in 1825. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott this lady gives the following interesting and curious account of the circumstances under which she composed this most charming poem:—

"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me:—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"Meanwhile, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a

very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerminham, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity."]

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,  
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,  
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;  
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,  
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;  
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—  
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna spin;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,  
Said, 'Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?'

My heart it said Na, and I look'd for Jamie back;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;  
His ship it was a wrack! Why'dna Jamie dee?  
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,  
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;  
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;  
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,  
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';  
A kiss we took, nae mair—I had him gang awa'.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin!  
I carena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.  
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me."

## 40.—AN IRISH VILLAGE.

CARLETON.

[THE following is extracted from 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' published in 1830. In a subsequent edition of that work, the author, William Carleton, tells the story of his own life; and we thence learn how much of his peculiar felicity in delineating character and manners is derived from the experience of his early days. He was born in the parish of Clogher, Tyrone, in 1798. His father, a peasant, was wonderful as a story-teller; his mother, who possessed a voice of exquisite sweetness, was eminently skilled in her native music. Here was the real education of such a writer. Mr. Carleton has published a Second Series of 'Traits and Stories,' and other Irish Tales.]

The village of Findamore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced on its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glaring of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear, deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the playground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river, which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water flags on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen*\* which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green rotten water; and if it happened that a stout looking woman with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came with a chubby urchin on one arm, and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your forefinger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are

\* A little road.

by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink as you pass along, a ‘slip of a pig’ stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau idéal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visago peeping by a short cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin, that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dirt of the road, lest ‘the gentleman’s horse might ride over it,’ and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two on yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gossoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door you may observe a toil-worn man, without coat or waistcoat, his red, muscular, sunburnt shoulder peeping through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterises an Irishman when he labours for *himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable looking farmhouse, with ornamental thatching and well glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard, with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weatherbeaten old hayrick, half cut,—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones, that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the good wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearth-stone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains, peering directly into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park well wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town, which lies

immediately behind that white church, with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side; and, having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well white-washed; then, to the right, you observe a door, apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gossoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as 'the pass' of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an ink-horn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his spurs are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his 'leather crackers,' *videlicet*, breeches, shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you—

"You a gentleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief you!"

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those seated next it notice you.

"Oh, sir, here's a gentleman on a horse!—mather, sir, here's a gentleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us."

"Silence!" exclaims the master; "back from the door—boys, rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Brootians, till the gentleman goes past!"

"I want to go out, if you please, sir."

"No, you don't, Phelim."

"I do, indeed, sir."

"What! is it afther contradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the 'porter's' out, and you can't go."

"Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he's out this half-hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir."

"You want to be idling your time looking at the gentleman, Phelim."

"No, indeed, sir."

"Phelim, I knows you of ould—go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you'll die promoting it."

In the mean time the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a "half bend"—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge-school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge-schoolmaster.

#### 41.—THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

GALT.

[JOHN GALT, a man of decided genius, though very unequal in his efforts, was born in Ayrshire in 1779. He died in 1889. It was late in life before he discovered the proper direction of his talents—that of quiet fiction, founded upon a faithful observation of the domestic characteristics of the humbler classes of his own countrymen. 'The Annals of the Parish,'—the work which at once established his reputation,—was published in 1821.—'Lawrie Todd,' from which the following is an extract, appeared in 1830, after Mr. Galt's return from an official station in Canada. As a picture of the Scotchman in America, there is nothing superior in homely truth and quaint humour.]

About daybreak it began to rain, and continued to pour with increasing violence all the morning ; no one thought of stirring abroad who could keep within shelter. My boys and I had for task only to keep the fire at the door of the shanty brisk and glazing, and to notice that the pools which began to form around us did not become too large ; for sometimes, besides the accumulation of the rain, little streams would suddenly break out, and, rushing towards us, would have extinguished our fire, had we not been vigilant.

The site I had chosen for the shanty was near to a little brook, on the top of the main river's bank. In fine weather, no situation could be more beautiful ; the brook was clear as crystal, and fell in a small cascade into the river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above a mile or two : all beyond was the unknown wilderness. Some vague rumours of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information : save but for the occasional little torrents with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish our fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

The rain still continued to fall incessantly : the pools it formed in the hollows of the ground began, towards noon, to overflow their banks, and to become united. By and by something like a slight current was observed passing from one to another ; but, thinking only of preserving our fire, we no farther noticed this than by occasionally running out of the shanty into the shower, and scraping a channel to let the water run off into the brook or the river.

It was hoped that about noon the rain would slacken ; but in this we were disappointed. It continued to increase, and the ground began to be so flooded, while the brook swelled to a river, that we thought it might become necessary to shift our tent to a higher part of the bank. To do this we were, however, reluctant, for it was impossible to encounter the deluge without being almost instantly soaked to the skin ; and we had put the shanty up with more care and pains than usual, intending it should serve us for a home until our house was comfortably furnished.

About three o'clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was above the horizon, and still the rain continued to descend in cataracts, but at fits and intervals. No man, who had not seen the like, would credit the description.

Suddenly a sharp flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest ; and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened ; anon another flash, and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest was rending over and around us.

I drew my helpless and poor trembling little boys under the skirts of my great coat.

Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the riven trees that fell, cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of splinters. But though the lightning was more terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was still more appalling than either. I have said it was as if the windows of heaven were opened. About sunset, the ground floods were as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up.

I pressed my shivering children to my bosom, but I could not speak. At the common shanty, where there had been for some time an effusion of mirth and ribaldry, there was now silence : at last, as if with one accord, all the inhabitants rushed from below their miserable shed, tore it into pieces, and ran with the fragments to a higher ground, crying wildly, "The river is rising!"

I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream,

that I had no fear it would reach us. Scarcely, however, had the axemen escaped from theirs, and planted themselves on the crown of a rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendous crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream. It was so awful, I had almost said so omnipotent, in the sound, that I started on my feet, and shook my treasures from me. For a moment the Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause—it was but for a moment—for, instantly after, the noise of the rending of weighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the rooted forest, rose around. The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury everything that stood within its scope ;—a lake had burst its banks.

The sudden rise of the waters soon, however, subsided ; I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys. The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreaded sheets of waves which fell upon us as if some vast ocean behind the forest was heaving over its spray, a thick continued small rain came on ; and, about an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave some token that the worst was over ;—it was not, however, so, for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow, between the rising ground to which the axemen had retired, and the little knoll on which our shanty stood ; at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again. There was on this occasion no abrupt and bursting noise ; but the night was fast closing upon us, and a hoarse muttering and angry sound of many waters grew louder and louder on all sides.

The darkness and increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axemen ; but the torrent between us rolled so violently that to pass was impossible, and the waters still continued to rise.

I called aloud to the axemen for assistance ; and, when they heard my desperate cries, they came out of the shed, some with burning brands and others with their axes glittering in the flames ; but they could render no help ; at last, one man, a fearless backwoodsman, happened to observe, by the firelight, a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called for others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire and swept our shanty away.

This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe before I could rouse myself to believe I was not in the fangs of the nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy.

About this time the mizzling rain began to fall softer ; the dawn of the morn appeared through the upper branches of the forest, and here and there the stars looked out from their windows in the clouds. The storm was gone, and the deluge assuaged ; the floods all around us gradually ebbed away, and the insolent and unknown waters which had so swelled the river shrunk within their banks, and, long before the morning, had retired from the scene.

Need I say that anthems of deliverance were heard in our camp that night ? Oh, surely no ! The woods answered to our psalms, and waved their mighty arms ; the green leaves clapped their hands ; and the blessed moon, lifting the veil from her forehead, and looking down upon us through the boughs, gladdened our solemn rejoicing.

## 42.—RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

ROBERT HALL.

[The following 'Half Hour' is from a Sermon entitled 'The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes,' preached (in recommendation of a school) at Leicester by the Reverend Robert Hall, and published by him in 1810. Robert Hall was the son of a minister of the Baptist persuasion, and was himself educated for the same course of usefulness. He was born in 1704, and died in 1831. His various Tracts and Sermons were collected by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, and published in 6 vols. They have recently been reprinted in a cheap form. Some of his works are of a polemical nature; but many of them recommend themselves to all Christians by their fervent piety and their flowing eloquence. He may be considered the most celebrated man, amongst the Dissenters, of modern times,—a man fitted to adorn the Ministry, and elevate humanity, by the holiness of his life, as well as by the splendour of his talents and the force of his character.]

Religion, on account of its intimate relation to a future state, is every man's proper business, and should be his chief care. Of knowledge in general, there are branches which it would be preposterous in the bulk of mankind to attempt to acquire, because they have no immediate connection with their duties, and demand talents which nature has denied, or opportunities which Providence has withheld. But with respect to the primary truths of religion the case is different; they are of such daily use and necessity, that they form not the materials of mental luxury, so properly, as the food of the mind. In improving the character, the influence of general knowledge is often feeble and always indirect; of religious knowledge the tendency to purify the heart is immediate, and forms its professed scope and design. "This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." To ascertain the character of the Supreme Author of all things, to know, as far as we are capable of comprehending such a subject, what is his moral disposition, what the situation we stand in towards him, and the principles by which he conducts his administration, will be allowed by every considerate person to be of the highest consequence. Compared to this, all other speculations and inquiries sink into insignificance; because every event that can befall us is in his hands, and by his sentence our final condition must be fixed. To regard such an inquiry with indifference, is the mark not of a noble but of an abject mind, which, immersed in sensuality or amused with trifles, "deems itself unworthy of eternal life." To be so absorbed in worldly pursuits as to neglect future prospects, is a conduct that can plead no excuse, until it is ascertained beyond all doubt or contradiction that there is no hereafter, and that nothing remains but that we "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Even in that case, to forego the hope of immortality without a sigh; to be gay and sportive on the brink of destruction, in the very moment of relinquishing prospects on which, the wisest and best in every age have delighted to dwell, is the indication of a base and degenerate spirit. If existence be a good, the eternal loss of it must be a great evil; if it be an evil, reason suggests the propriety of inquiring why it is so, of investigating the maladies by which it is oppressed. Amidst the darkness and uncertainty which hang over our future condition, Revelation, by bringing life and immortality to light, affords the only relief. In the Bible alone we learn the real character of the Supreme Being; His holiness, justice, mercy, and truth; the moral condition of man, considered in his relation to Him, is clearly pointed out; the doom of impenitent transgressors denounced; and the method of obtaining mercy, through the interposition of a divine mediator, plainly revealed. There are two considerations which may suffice to evince the indispensable necessity of scriptural knowledge.

1. The scriptures contain an authentic discovery of the way "of salvation." They are the revelation of mercy to a lost world; a reply to that most interesting inquiry, What we must do to be saved. The distinguishing feature of the gospel system is



the economy of redemption, or the gracious provision the Supreme Being has thought fit to make for reconciling the world to himself, by the manifestation in human nature of his own Son. It is this which constitutes it the *Gospel*, by way of eminence, or the glad tidings concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ, on the right reception of which, or its rejection, turns our everlasting weal or woe. It is not from the character of God, as our Creator, it should be remembered, that the hope of the guilty can arise; the fullest development of his essential perfections could afford no relief in this case, and therefore natural religion, were it capable of being carried to the utmost perfection, can never supersede the necessity of revealed. To inspire confidence an express communication from heaven is necessary; since the introduction of sin has produced a peculiarity in our situation, and a perplexity in our prospects, which nothing but an express assurance of mercy can remove.

In what manner the blessed and only Potentate may think fit to dispose of a race of apostates, is a question on which reason can suggest nothing satisfactory, nothing salutary: a question, in the solution of which, there being no data to proceed upon, wisdom and folly fail alike, and every order of intellect is reduced to a level; for "who hath known the mind of the Lord, or being his counsellor, hath taught him?" It is a secret which, had he not been pleased to unfold it, must have for ever remained in the breast of the Deity. This secret, in infinite mercy, he has condescended to disclose: the silence, not that which John witnessed in the Apocalypse, of half an hour, but that of ages, is broken; the darkness is past, and we behold, in the gospel, the astonishing spectacle of "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to them their trespasses," and sending forth his ambassadors to "intreat us in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God." To that strange insensibility with respect to the concerns of a future world, which is at once the indication and consequence of the fall, must we ascribe the languid attention with which this communication is received; instead of producing, as it ought, transports of gratitude and joy in every breast.

This, however we may be disposed to regard it, is unquestionably the grand peculiarity of the gospel, the exclusive boast and treasure of the Scriptures, and most emphatically "the way of salvation," not only as it reveals the gracious intentions of God to a sinful world, but as it lays a solid foundation for the *supernatural* duties of faith and repentance. All the discoveries of the gospel bear a most intimate relation to the character and offices of the Saviour; from him they emanate, in him they centre; nor is any thing we learn from the Old and New Testaments of saving tendency, further than as a part of the truth as it is "in Jesus." The neglect of considering revelation in this light is a fruitful source of infidelity. Viewing it in no higher character than a republication of the law of nature, men are first led to doubt the importance, and next the truth, of the discoveries it contains; an easy and natural transition, since the question of their importance is so complicated with that of their truth, in the Scriptures themselves, that the most refined ingenuity cannot long keep them separate. "It gives the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." While we contemplate it under this, its true character, we view it in its just dimensions, and feel no inclination to extenuate the force of those representations which are expressive of its pre-eminent dignity. There is nothing will be allowed to come into comparison with it, nothing we shall not be ready to sacrifice for a participation of its blessings, and the extension of its influence. The veneration we shall feel for the Bible, as the depository of *saving knowledge*, will be totally distinct, not only from what we attach to any other book, but from that admiration its other properties inspire: and the variety

and antiquity of its history, the light it affords in various researches, its inimitable touches of nature, together with the sublimity and beauty so copiously poured over its pages, will be deemed subsidiary ornaments, the embellishments of the casket which contains the "pearl of great price."

Scriptural knowledge is of inestimable value on account of its supplying an infallible *rule of life*. To the most untutored mind, the information it affords on this subject is far more full and precise than the highest efforts of reason could attain. In the best moral precepts issuing from human wisdom, there is an incurable defect in that want of authority which robs them of their power over the conscience: they are obligatory no farther than their reason is perceived; a deduction of proofs is necessary, more or less intricate and uncertain, and even when clearest it is still but the language of man to man, respectable as sage advice, but wanting the force and authority of law. In a well-attested revelation it is the judge speaking from the tribunal, the Supreme Legislator promulgating and interpreting his own laws. With what force and conviction do those apostles and prophets address us, whose miraculous powers attest them to be the servants of the Most High, the immediate organs of the Deity! As the morality of the gospel is more pure and comprehensive than was ever inculcated before, so the consideration of its divine origination invests it with an energy of which every system not expressly founded upon it is entirely devoid. We turn at our peril from him who speaketh to us from heaven.

Of an accountable creature duty is the concern of every moment, since he is every moment pleasing or displeasing God. It is a universal element, mingling with every action, and qualifying every disposition and pursuit. The moral quality of conduct, as it serves both to ascertain and to form the character, has consequences in a future world so certain and infallible, that it is represented in Scripture as a seed no part of which is lost, "for *whatsoever* a man soweth, that also shall he reap." That rectitude which the inspired writers usually denominate *holiness*, is the health and beauty of the soul, capable of bestowing dignity in the absence of every other accomplishment, while the want of it leaves the possessor of the richest intellectual endowments a painted sepulchre. Hence results the indispensable necessity to every description of persons, of sound religious instruction, and of an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures as its genuine source.

It must be confessed, from melancholy experience, that a speculative acquaintance with the rules of duty is too compatible with the violation of its dictates, and that it is possible for the convictions of conscience to be habitually overpowered by the corrupt suggestions of appetite. To see distinctly the right way, and to pursue it, are not precisely the same thing. Still nothing in the order of means promises so much success as the diligent inculcation of revealed truth. He who is acquainted with the *terrors of the Lord*, cannot live in the neglect of God and religion with present, any more than with future, impunity; the path of disobedience is obstructed if not rendered impassable; and wherever he turns his eyes he beholds the sword of divine justice stretched out to intercept his passage. Guilt will be appalled, conscience alarmed, and the fruits of unlawful gratification embittered to his taste.

It is surely desirable to place as many obstacles as possible in the path of ruin: to take care that the image of death shall meet the offender at every turn; that he shall not be able to persist without treading upon briars and scorpions, without forcing his way through obstructions more formidable than he can expect to meet with in a contrary course. If you can enlist the nobler part of his nature under the banners of virtue, set him at war with himself, and subject him to the necessity, should he persevere, of stifling and overcoming whatever is most characteristic of a reasonable creature, you have done what will probably not be unproductive of advantage. If he be at the same time reminded, by his acquaintance with the word of God, of a better state of mind being attainable, a better destiny reserved (provided

they are willing and obedient) for the children of men, there is room to hope that, "wearied," to speak in the language of the prophet, "in the greatness of his way," he will bethink himself of the true refuge, and implore the Spirit of grace to aid his weakness, and subdue his corruptions. Sound religious instruction is a perpetual counterpoise to the force of depravity. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether."

While we insist on the absolute necessity of an acquaintance with the word of God, we are equally convinced it is but an instrument, which, like every other, requires a hand to wield it; and that, important as it is in the order of means, the Spirit of Christ only can make it effectual, which ought therefore to be earnestly and incessantly implored for that purpose. "Open mine eyes," saith the Psalmist, "and I shall behold wondrous things out of thy law." We trust it will be your care, who have the conduct of the school we are recommending to the patronage of this audience, to impress on these children a deep conviction of their radical corruption, and of the necessity of the agency of the Spirit to render the knowledge they acquire practical and experimental. "In the morning sow your seed, in the evening withhold not your hand; but remember that neither he that soweth, nor he that watereth, is anything; it is God that giveth the increase." Be not satisfied with making them read a lesson, or repeat a prayer. By everything tender and solemn in religion, by a due admixture of the awful considerations drawn from the prospects of death and judgment, with others of a more pleasing nature, aim to fix serious impressions on their hearts. Aim to produce a religious concern, carefully watch its progress, and endeavour to conduct it to a prosperous issue. Lead them to the footstool of the Saviour; teach them to rely, as guilty creatures, on his merits alone, and to commit their eternal interests entirely into his hands. Let the salvation of these children be the object to which every word of your instructions, every exertion of your authority, is directed. Despise the profane clamour which would deter you from attempting to render them serious, from an apprehension of its making them melancholy, not doubting for a moment that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and that the path to true happiness lies through purity, humility, and devotion. Meditate the worth of souls; meditate deeply the lessons the scriptures afford on their inconceivable value and eternal duration. While the philosopher wearies himself with endless speculations on their physical properties and nature, while the politician only contemplates the social arrangements of mankind and the shifting forms of policy, fix your attention on the individual importance of man as the creature of God, and a candidate for immortality. Let it be your highest ambition to train up these children for an unchanging condition of being. Spare no pains to recover them to the image of God; render familiar to their minds, in all its extent, the various branches of that "holiness" without which "none can see the Lord." Inculcate the obligation, and endeavour to inspire the love, of that rectitude, that eternal rectitude, which was with God before time began, was embodied in the person of his Son, and in its lower communications will survive every sublunary change, emerge in the dissolution of all things, and be impressed in refulgent characters on the new heavens, and the new earth, "in which dwelleth righteousness." Pray often with them, and for them, and remind them of the inconceivable advantages attached to that exercise. Ac custom them to a punctual and reverential attendance at the house of God: insist on the sanctification of the Sabbath by such a disposal of time as is suitable to a day of rest and devotion. Survey them with a vigilant and tender eye, checking every appearance of an evil and depraved disposition the moment it springs up, and encouraging the dawn of piety and virtue. By thus "training them up in the way they should go," you may reasonably hope that "when old they will not depart from it."



43.—APOPHTHEGMS.—II.

**DAYS BEFORE BOOKS.**—In the old ignorant times, before women were readers, history was handed down from mother to daughter, &c., and William of Malmesbury picked up his history, from the time of Venerable Bede to his time, out of old songs, for there was no writer in England from Bede to him. So my nurse had the history from the Conquest down to Charles I. in ballad. Before printing, Old Wives' Tales were ingenious; and since printing came in fashion, till a little before the Civil Wars, the ordinary sort of people were not taught to read. Now-a-days, books are common, and most of the poor people understand letters; and the many good books and variety of turns of affairs, have put all the old fables out of doors. And the divine art of printing and gunpowder have frightened away Robin Good-fellow and the fairies.—AUBREY.

**A LESSON FOR PRETENDERS.**—I remember when I was in the Low Countries, and lived with Sir John Ogle at Utrecht, the reply of that valiant gentleman, Colonel Edmunds, to a countryman of his newly come out of Scotland, went current; who desiring entertainment of him, told him—My lord, his father, and such knights and gentlemen, his cousins and kinsmen, were in good health. Quoth Colonel Edmunds, Gentlemen (to his friends by), believe not one word he says; my father is but a poor baker of Edinburgh, and works hard for his living, whom this knave would make a lord, to curry favour with me, and make ye believe I am a great man born.—Peacham. *Complete Gentleman*, 1627

**MR. PITT.**—On his 'Additional Force Bill,' in 1805, Mr. Pitt had a meeting of country gentlemen—militia colonels, we think—to consider the measure. One of these gentlemen objected to a clause for calling out the force, which he insisted should not be done *except in case of actual invasion*. Pitt replied, 'that would be too late;' but the gentleman still insisted on the case of *actual invasion*. By and by, they came to another clause, to render the force more disposable; the same gentleman objected again, and insisted very warmly that he never would consent to its being *sent out of England*—'except, I suppose,' rejoined Pitt, '*in case of actual invasion*.'—*Quarterly Review*.

**TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.**—Thomas Curson, born in Allhallows, Lombard Street, armourer, dwelt without Bishopsgate. It happened that a stage-player borrowed a rusty musket, which had lain long leger in his shop: now though his part were comical, he therewith acted an unexpected tragedy, killing one of the standers by, the gun casually going off on the stage, which he suspected not to be charged. O the difference of divers men in the tenderness of their consciences! some are scarce touched with a wound, whilst others are wounded with a touch therein. This poor armourer was highly afflicted therewith, though done against his will, yea without his knowledge, in his absence, by another, out of mere chance. Hereupon he resolved to give all his estate to pious uses: no sooner had he gotten a round sum, but presently he posted with it in his apron to the Court of Aldermen, and was in  
1ST QUARTER.

pain till by their direction he had settled it for the relief of poor in his own and other parishes, and disposed of some hundreds of pounds accordingly, as I am credibly informed by the then churchwardens of the said parish. Thus as he conceived himself casually (though at a great distance) to have occasioned the death of one, he was the immediate and direct cause of giving a comfortable living to many.

—FULLER.

TRANSLATION.—Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy? "No, faith, Ben (says he), not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolved at last." "I prythee, what?" says he, "I'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen good Latten Spoons, and thou shalt translate them."—L'ESTRANGE. *Anecdotes and Traditions (a volume published by the Camden Society).*

KEEP TO YOUR CALLING.—Bishop Grosteste of Lincoln told his brother, who asked him to make him a great man—"Brother," said he, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay the mending of it; or if an ox is dead, I'll pay for another; but a ploughman I found you, and a ploughman I'll leave you."—AUBREY.

CONSCIENCE.—A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was, indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—"My Father," said he, "was at Hamburg on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort from the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached

**HAMBURGH.** He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace; at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him."—**COLERIDGE.** *Table Talk.*

King James mounted his horse one time, who formerly used to be very sober and quiet, but then began to bound and prance. "The de'il o' my saul, sirrah," says he, "an you be not quiet I'll send you to the five hundred kings in the lower House of Commons; they'll quickly tame you."—**L'ESTRANGE.**

**THE SAFEST LENDERS.**—The Lord Bacon was wont to commend the advice of the plain old man at Buxton, that sold besoms; a proud lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust; to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly; they'll ne'er ask thee again, I shall be dunning thee every day."—**BACON.**

**MEMORY.**—Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate, and frail; it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the rhetorician, confesseth of himself, he had a miraculous one, not only to receive, but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty; since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops; but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed. Nor do I always find presently from it what I seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I laboured for will come: and what I sought with trouble, will offer itself when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last, though but through their own vexation.—**BEN JONSON.**

**TREASON.**—John Thelwall had something very good about him. We were once sitting in a beautiful recess in the Quantocks, when I said to him, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!" "Nay! citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"—**COLERIDGE.** *Table Talk.*

**DANGER.**—A notorious rogue, being brought to the bar, and knowing his case to be desperate, instead of pleading, he took to himself the liberty of jesting, and thus said, "I charge you, in the king's name, to seize and take away that man (meaning the judge) in the red gown, for I go in danger because of him."—**BACON.**

**BEGGING A FOOL.**—[One of the abuses of old times was that the king, who had the custody of lunatics, entrusted the keeping of the rich unfortunates to avaricious courtiers, who thus acquired additional means of private extravagance.]

The Lord North begged old Bladwell for a fool (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custody as a lunatic, he carried him to a gentleman's house one day that was a neighbour. The Lord North and the gentleman retired awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-room, which was hung with a fair hanging. Bladwell walked up and down, and viewing the imagery spied a fool at last in the hanging, and without delay draws his knife, flies at the fool, cuts him clean out, and lays him on the floor. My lord and the gentleman coming in again, and finding the tapestry thus defaced, he asks Bladwell what he meant by such a rude, uncivil act; he answered, "Sir, be content, I have rather done you a courtesy than a wrong, for if ever my Lord North had seen the fool there, he would have begged him, and so you might have lost your whole suit."—L'ESTRANGE. *Anecdotes and Traditions.*

**TOBACCO.**—Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. In our part of North Wilts—Malmesbury hundred—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R. standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz's park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done. Within these thirty-five years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now, the customs of it are the greatest his majesty hath.—AUBREY.

**THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.**—I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of madeira and a glass before him: I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.—JOHNSON, in *Boswell*.

**CANDOUR.**—Marivaux, a celebrated French writer of romances, who flourished in the first half of the last century, having one day met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity of him, he replied, "My good friend, strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah master," said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am." "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see thou art an honest fellow, here is half-a-crown for you."—SEWARD'S *Anecdotes*.

**AMBITION.**—Cineas was an excellent orator and statesman, and principal friend and counsellor to Pyrrhus; and falling in inward talk with him, and discerning the king's endless ambition, Pyrrhus opened himself unto him, that he intended first a war upon Italy, and hoped to achieve it; Cineas asked him, "Sir, what will you do then?" "Then," said he, "we will attempt Sicily." Cineas said, "Well, sir, what then?" Said Pyrrhus, "If the gods favour us, we may conquer Africa and Carthage." "What then, sir?" saith Cineas. "Nay, then," saith Pyrrhus, "we may take our rest, and

sacrifice and feast every day, and make merry with our friends," "Alas, sir," said Cineas, "may we not do so now, without all this ado?"—BACON.

OBSERVATION.—A dervise was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him; "You have lost a camel," said he, to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied, "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervise. "He had," rejoined the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:—"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."—COLTON. *Lucon*.

#### 44.—THE KORAN.

G. CAMPBELL.

[The following illustration of the inferiority in subject-matter and style of the Koran of Mohammed, as compared with the Bible, is not given as a paper for Sunday reading, but as a specimen of a book which contains a number of similar stories, in connection, indeed, with many things that are in a higher spirit. The passage which we subjoin occurs in a note to Dr. George Campbell's 'Dissertation on Miracles.' This learned Scotch divine was Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was the author also of a valuable work, 'The Philosophy of Rhetoric.' George Campbell was born in 1709, and died in 1790.]

I hardly think that we can have a more striking proof of the prejudices of modern infidels, than in their comparing this motley composition, the Koran, to the writings of the Old and New Testament. Let the reader but take the trouble to peruse the history of Joseph by Mahomet, which is the subject of a very long chapter, and to compare it with the account of that patriarch given by Moses, and if he doth not perceive at once the immense inferiority of the former, I shall never, for my part, undertake by argument to convince him of it. To me it appears even almost incredible, that the most beautiful and most affecting passages of Holy Writ should have been so wretchedly disfigured by a writer, whose intention, we are certain, was not to burlesque them. But that every reader may be qualified to form some notion of this miracle of a book, I have subjoined a specimen of it, from the chapter of the *Ant*: where we are informed particularly of the cause of the visit which the queen of Sheba (there called Saba) made to Solomon, and of the occasion of her conversion from idolatry. I have not selected this passage on account of any special



futility to be found in it, for the like absurdities may be observed in every page of the performance; but I have selected it because it is short, and because it contains a distinct story, which bears some relation to a passage of scripture. I use Mr. Salo's version, which is the latest, and the most approved, omitting only, for the sake of brevity, such supplementary expressions as have been, without necessity, inserted by the translator.

"Solomon was David's heir; and he said, 'O men, we have been taught the speech of birds, and have had all things bestowed on us; this is manifest excellence.' And his armies were gathered together to Solomon, consisting of genii, and men, and birds; and they were led in distinct bands, until they came to the valley of ants. An ant said, 'O ants, enter ye into your habitations, lest Solomon and his army tread you under foot, and perceive it not.' And he smiled, laughing at her words, and said, 'O Lord, excite me, that I may be thankful for thy favour, wherewith thou hast favoured me and my parents; and that I may do that which is right and well pleasing to thee; and introduce me, through thy mercy, among thy servants the righteous.' And he viewed the birds, and said, 'What is the reason that I see not the lapwing? Is she absent? Verily I will chastise her with a severe chastisement, or I will put her to death; unless she bring me a just excuse.' And she tarried not long, and said, 'I have viewed that which thou hast not viewed; and I come to thee from Saba, with a certain piece of news. I found a woman to reign over them, who is provided with every thing, and hath a magnificent throne. I found her and her people to worship the sun, besides God: and Satan hath prepared their works for them, and hath turned them aside from the way (wherefore they are not directed), lest they should worship God, who bringeth to light that which is hidden in heaven and earth, and knowing whatever they conceal, and whatever they discover. God! there is no God but he; the lord of the magnificent throne.' He said, 'We shall see whether thou hast spoken the truth, or whether thou art a liar. Go with this my letter, and cast it down to them; then turn aside from them, and wait for their answer.' The queen said, 'O nobles, verily an honourable letter hath been delivered to me; it is from Solomon, and this is the tenour thereof. *In the name of the most merciful God, rise not up against me: but come and surrender yourselves to me.*' She said, 'O nobles, advise me in my business. I will not resolve on any thing, till ye be witnesses hercof.' They answered, 'We are endued with strength, and endued with great prowess in war; but the command appertaineth to thee: see, therefore, what thou wilt command.' She said, 'Verily, kings, when they enter a city, waste the same, and abase the most powerful of the inhabitants thereof; and so will these do. But I will send gifts to them; and will wait for what those who shall be sent shall bring back.' And when the ambassador came to Solomon, the prince said, 'Will ye present me with riches? Verily that which God hath given me is better than what he hath given you: but ye glory in your gifts. Return to your people. We will surely come to them with forces which they shall not be able to withstand; and we will drive them out humbled, and they shall be contemptible.' And Solomon said, 'O nobles, which of you will bring me her throne, before they come and surrender themselves to me?' A terrible genius answered, 'I will bring it thee before thou arise from thy place.' And one, with whom was the knowledge of the Scripture, said, 'I will bring it to thee in the twinkling of an eye.' And when Solomon saw it placed before him, he said, 'This is a favour of my Lord, that he may make trial of me, whether I will be grateful, or whether I will be ungrateful; and he who is grateful, is grateful to his own advantage; but if any shall be ungrateful, verily my Lord is self-sufficient and munificent.' And he said, 'Alter her throne, that she may not know it, to the end we may see whether she be directed, or whether she be of those who are not directed.' And

when she was come, it was said, 'Is thy throne like this?' She answered, as though it were the same. And we have had knowledge bestowed on us before this, and have been resigned. But that which she worshipped besides God, had turned her aside, for she was of an unbelieving people. It was said to her, 'Enter the palace.' And when she saw it, she imagined it to be a great water, and she discovered her legs. Solomon said, 'Verily this is a palace, evenly floored with glass.' She said, 'O Lord, verily I have dealt unjustly with my own soul; and I resign myself, together with Solomon, to God, the Lord of all creatures.'"

Thus poverty of sentiment, monstrosity of invention, which always betokens a distempered not a rich imagination, and, in respect of diction, the most turgid verbosity, so apt to be mistaken by persons of a vitiated taste for true sublimity, are the genuine characteristics of the book. They appear almost in every line. The very titles and epithets assigned to God are not exempt from them. The Lord of the daybreak, the Lord of the magnificent throne, the King of the day of judgment, &c. They are pompous and insignificant. If the language of the Koran, as the Mahometans pretend, is indeed the language of God, the thoughts are but too evidently the thoughts of men. The reverse of this is the character of the Bible. When God speaks to men, it is reasonable to think that he addresses them in their own language. In the Bible you will see nothing inflated, nothing affected in the style. The words are human, but the sentiments are divine. Accordingly, there is perhaps no book in the world, as hath been often justly observed, which suffers less by a literal translation into any other language.

---

#### 45.—DR. JOHNSON AND HIS TIMES.

MACAULAY.

[THE Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, is the son of Mr. Zachary Macaulay, a leader amongst that distinguished band to whom we owe the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Mr. T. B. Macaulay received his collegiate education at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired a great reputation, and upon entering Parliament soon obtained a leading position amongst the orators of the most critical assembly in the world. He was subsequently appointed to a high legal office in India, and, after an absence from England of a few years, returned to take up a distinguished place as a parliamentary speaker. Mr. Macaulay's writings have a wide popularity. His 'Lays of Ancient Rome' are amongst the most brilliant of modern poetical productions; his 'Essays from the Edinburgh Review,' collected in three volumes, from that influential Journal, attained a success far higher than any other contributions to the periodical works of our day; and his 'History' has had a popular reception almost unexampled. His style as a prose writer is distinguished from that of all his contemporaries by its epigrammatic point. It is always clear and uninvolved; every sentence *tells*. But style alone would not command the admiration which these writings excite, if they were not also full of matter. The resources of the most extensive reading are here displayed without ostentation, in the happiest illustrations and analogies. Mr. Macaulay is certainly the most attractive of modern English essayists and historians.]

Johnson grown old—Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune—is better known to us than any other man in history. Every thing about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his grumblings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank,—all are as familiar to us

as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him, not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton, about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton, and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by the Crown had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates, towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow-townsmen.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. The number of readers is at present so great, that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works. In the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George the First, even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement, by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid, at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronised literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his *Hippolytus* and *Phædra* failed, would have been consoled with three hundred a year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only Poet Laureate, but also land-surveyor of the customs in the Port of London, clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was secretary to the Commissioners of the Peace. Ambrose Philips was judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade. Newton was master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk-mercator, became a secretary of legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles the Second, and to the City and Country Mouse, that Montagu owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his Auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a Member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs, and Auditor of the Imprest. Tickell was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent Dorset, almost the only noble versifier in the court of Charles the Second who possessed talents for composition which were independent of the aid of a coronet. Montague owed his elevation to the favour of Dorset, and imitated, through the whole course of his life, the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke in particular, vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters. But soon after the accession of the House of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. The importance of the House of Commons was constantly on the increase. The government was under the necessity of bartering, for Parliamentary support, much of that patronage which had been employed in fostering literary merit; and Walpole was by no means inclined to devote any part of the fund of corruption to purposes which he considered as idle. He had eminent talents for government and for debate. But he had paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. One of the coarse jokes of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was far more pleasing to him than Thomson's Seasons or Richardson's Pamela. He had observed that some of the distinguished writers whom the favour of Halifax had turned into statesmen had been mere incunabres to their party, dawdlers in office, and mutes in Parliament. During the whole course of his administration, therefore, he scarcely befriended a single man of genius. The best writers of the age gave all their support to the opposition, and contributed to excite that discontent which, after plunging the nation into a foolish and unjust war, overthrew the minister to make room for men less able and equally immoral. The opposition could reward its eulogists with little more than promises and caresses. St. James's would give nothing; Leicester house had nothing to give.

Thus, at the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word *Poet*. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scare crow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him; for, if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or the Scriblerus club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the High Allies—who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults,

vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night or a well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping amidst the cinders and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savago, of Boyce, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking champagne and tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste; they knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untameable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken into the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality, and before forty-eight hours had elapsed the poet was again pestering all his acquaintance for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into bagnios and taverns. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress, when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth, both the great political parties had extended to his Homer. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the opposition, Thomson in particular and Mallett, obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop; and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time till he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life.

He emerged at length from cock-lofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Warton, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Bentham, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. Almost all had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependants of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilised beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyce. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things

the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be 'co imitior, quia toleraverat,' that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum: nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that every body ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headach, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith, crying because the Good-natured Man had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh. He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and the wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

A person who troubled himself so little about small or sentimental grievances was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. "My dear doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him *Holofernes*?" "Pooh, ma'am," he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "Who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence-halfpenny a day.

## 40.—IMITATION OF HORACE.

POPE.

[THERE was a controversy going on some twenty years ago whether Pope was a poet. He was not a poet in the sense in which we speak of Spenser, or Dante, or Milton: but, unless we narrow the realms of poetry somewhat strangely, the author of the most pointed and dazzling satire, conveyed in the most harmonious verse, must take his rank amongst the great masters. Are the portraits of Titian or Vandyke not works of art, because they have not the high imagination of the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel or the Cartoons? Alexander Pope was born in 1688; died in 1744.]

What and how great, the virtue and the art  
To live on little with a cheerful heart;  
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)  
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.

Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride  
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;  
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,  
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,  
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)  
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.  
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,  
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),  
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,  
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men  
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen ;  
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,  
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.  
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,  
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)  
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess !  
Because God made these large, the other less.  
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,  
'cries, "Send me, gods ! a whole hog barbecued !"  
Oh, blast it, south winds ! till a stench exhale  
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.  
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,  
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink ?  
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,  
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,  
He calls for something bitter, something sour,  
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :  
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see ;  
Thus much is left of old simplicity !  
The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,  
And children sacred held a martin's nest,  
Till beccaficos sold so dev'lish dear  
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.  
Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,  
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ;  
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend ;  
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.  
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother  
About one vice, and fall into the other :  
Between excess and famine lies a mean—  
Plain, but not sordid ; though not splendid, clean.  
Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,  
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch),  
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,  
And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots :  
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,  
And is at once their vinegar and wine.  
But on some lucky day (as when they found  
A lost bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd),



At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,  
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear ;  
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,  
But souce the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,  
And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;  
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,  
Swears like Albutius, a good cook away,  
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,  
The musty wine, foul cloth, and greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring ;  
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)  
First, Health : the stomach cramm'd, from every dish,  
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,  
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,  
And all the man is one intestine war,  
Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,  
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each worshipful and reverend guest  
Rise from a clergy or a city feast !  
What life in all that ample body, say ?  
What heavenly particle inspires the clay ?  
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines  
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind  
That leaves the load of yesterday behind !  
How easy every labour it pursues !  
How coming to the poet every muse !  
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,  
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme ;  
Ill health some just indulgence may engage ;  
And more the sickness of long life, old age ;  
For fainting ago what cordial drop remains,  
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains ?

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,  
Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.  
Not so : a buck was then a week's repast,  
And 't was their point, I ween, to make it last ;  
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,  
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.  
Why had not I in those good times my birth,  
Ere coxcomb pies or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,  
That sweetest music to an honest ear ;  
(For faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,  
The world's good word is better than a song)  
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham pie  
Are no rewards for want and infamy !  
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,  
Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself :  
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,  
Think how posterity will treat thy name ;

And buy a rope, that future times may toll  
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

"Right," cries his lordship, "for a rogue in need  
To have a taste, is insolence indeed ;

In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,  
My wealth unwieldly, and my heap too great."  
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,  
And shine that superfluity away.

Oh, impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,  
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?  
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?

Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall :

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,

As M \* \* o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,  
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And who stands safest ? tell me, is it he  
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity  
Or blest with little, whose preventing care  
In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,  
And always thinks the very thing he ought :

His equal mind I copy what I can,  
And, as I love, would imitate the man.

In South-Sea days not happier, when surmised  
The lord of thousands, than if now excised ;

In forests planted by a father's hand,  
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here  
On broccoli and mutton, round the year ;

But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)  
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.

'Tis true, no turbot dignify my boards,  
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :

To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down,  
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :

From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall ;

And grapes, long lingering on my only wall ;

And figs from standard and espalier join ;

The devil is in you if you cannot dine :

Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place) ;

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast :

Though double tax'd, how little have I lost !

My life's amusements have been just the same,

Before and after standing armies came.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ;

I'll hire another's ? is not that my own,

And yours, my friends ! through whose free opening gate

None comes too early, none departs too late ;

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)

"Pray Heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;  
 I wish to God this house had been your own:  
 Pity! to build, without a son or wife;  
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life,"  
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,  
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?  
 What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter  
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;  
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;  
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;  
 Or, in pure equity (the case not clear),  
 The Chancery takes your rent for twenty year:  
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,  
 Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."  
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,  
 Become the portion of a booby lord;  
 And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,  
 Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.  
 Let lands and houses have what lords they will,  
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

## 47.—CRITICISM ON DON QUIXOTE.

HALLAM.

[MR. HENRY HALLAM is one of our most distinguished living authors. His 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,' and his 'Constitutional History of England,' have established his eminent rank as an historian. Of his merits as a scholar and a critic, we have only to open his 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' and see the extensive range of his information and the soundness of his judgment.]

The first part of *Don Quixote* was published in 1605. We have no reason, I believe, to suppose it was written long before. It became immediately popular; and the admiration of the world raised up envious competitors, one of whom, Avellaneda, published a continuation in a strain of invective against the author. Cervantes, who cannot be imagined to have ever designed the leaving his romance in so unfinished a state, took time about the second part, which did not appear till 1615.

*Don Quixote* is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of an European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general, what *Ariosto* is to Italy, and *Shakspeare* to England; the one book to which the slightest allusions may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions of them, in every language, bespeak its adaptation to mankind; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration, no reader has ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and old, in every climate, have, age after age, taken delight. They have, doubtless, believed that they understood the author's meaning: and, in giving the reins to the gaiety that his fertile invention and comic humour inspired, never thought of any deeper meaning than he announces, or delayed their enjoyment for any metaphysical investigation of his plan.

A new school of criticism, however, has of late years arisen in Germany, acute, ingenious, and sometimes eminently successful in philosophical, or, as they denominate it, æsthetic analysis of works of taste, but gliding too much into refinement and conjectural hypothesis, and with a tendency to mislead men of inferior capacities

for this kind of investigation into mere paradox and absurdity. An instance is supplied, in my opinion, by some remarks of Bouterwek, still more explicitly developed by Sismondi, on the design of Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, and which have been repeated in other publications. According to these writers, the primary idea is that of a "man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry: nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the absurd passion for reading old romances." "The fundamental idea of *Don Quixote*," says Sismondi, "is the eternal contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of prose. Men of an elevated soul propose to themselves as the object of life to be the defenders of the weak, the support of the oppressed, the champions of justice and innocence. Like *Don Quixote*, they find on every side the image of the virtues they worship; they believe that disinterestedness, nobleness, courage, in short, knight errantry, are still prevalent; and, with no calculation of their own powers, they expose themselves for an ungrateful world, they offer themselves as a sacrifice to the laws and rules of an imaginary state of society."

If this were a true representation of the scheme of *Don Quixote*, we cannot wonder that some persons should, as M. Sismondi tells us they do, consider it as the most melancholy book that has ever been written. They consider it also, no doubt, one of the most immoral, as chilling and pernicious in its influence on the social converse of mankind, as the Prince of Machiavel is on their political intercourse. "Cervantes," he proceeds, "has shown us, in some measure, the vanity of greatness of soul, and the delusion of heroism. He has drawn in *Don Quixote* a perfect man (*un homme accompli*), who is nevertheless the constant object of ridicule. Brave beyond the fabled knights he imitates, disinterested, honourable, generous, the most faithful and respectful of lovers, the best of masters, the most accomplished and well educated of gentlemen, all his enterprizes end in discomfort to himself, and in mischief to others." M. Sismondi descants on the perfections of the Knight of La Mancha with a gravity which is not quite easy for his readers to preserve.

It might be answered by a phlegmatic observer, that a mere enthusiasm for doing good, if excited by vanity, and not accompanied by common sense, will seldom be very serviceable to ourselves or to others; that men who, in their heroism and care for the oppressed, would throw open the cages of lions, and set galley-slaves at liberty, not forgetting to break the limbs of harmless persons whom they mistake for wrong-doers, are a class of whom *Don Quixote* is the real type; and that, the world being much the worse for such heroes, it might not be immoral, notwithstanding their benevolent enthusiasm, to put them out of countenance by a little ridicule. This, however, is not, as I conceive, the primary aim of Cervantes; nor do I think that the exhibition of one great truth, as the predominant, but concealed, moral of a long work, is in the spirit of his age. He possessed a very thoughtful mind and a profound knowledge of humanity; yet the generalization which the hypothesis of Bouterwek and Sismondi requires for the leading conceptions of *Don Quixote*, besides its being a little inconsistent with the valorous and romantic character of its author, belongs to a more advanced period of philosophy than his own. It will, at all events, I presume, be admitted that we cannot reason about *Don Quixote* except from the book, and I think it may be shown in a few words that these ingenious writers have been chiefly misled by some want of consistency which circumstances introduced in the author's delineation of his hero.

In the first chapter of this romance, Cervantes, with a few strokes of a great master, sets before us the pauper gentleman, an early riser and keen sportsman, who when he was idle, which was most part of the year," gave himself up to reading books of chivalry till he lost his wits. The events that follow are in every one's

recollection ; his lunacy consists, no doubt, only in one idea ; but this is so absorbing that it perverts the evidence of his senses, and predominates in all his language. It is to be observed, therefore, in relation to the nobleness of soul ascribed to Don Quixote, that every sentiment he utters is borrowed with a punctilious rigour from the romances of his library : he resorts to them on every occasion for precedents ; if he is intrepidly brave, it is because his madness and vanity have made him believe himself unconquerable ; if he bestows kingdoms, it is because Amadis would have done the same ; if he is honourable, courteous, a redresser of wrongs, it is in pursuance of these prototypes, from whom, except that he seems rather more scrupulous in chastity, it is his only boast not to diverge. Those who talk of the exalted character of Don Quixote seem really to forget that, on these subjects, he has no character at all ; he is the echo of romance ; and to praise him is merely to say, that the tone of chivalry, which these productions studied to keep up, and, in the hands of inferior artists, foolishly exaggerated, was full of moral dignity, and has, in a subdued degree of force, modelled the character of a man of honour in the present day. But throughout the first two volumes of Don Quixote, though in a few unimportant passages he talks rationally, I cannot find more than two in which he displays any other knowledge or strength of mind than the original delineation of the character would lead us to expect.

The case is much altered in the last two volumes. Cervantes had acquired an immense popularity, and perceived the opportunity, of which he had already availed himself, that this romance gave for displaying his own mind. He had become attached to a hero who had made him illustrious, and suffered himself to lose sight of the clear outline he had once traced for Quixote's personality. Hence we find in all this second part, that, although the lunacy as to knights-errant remains unabated, he is, on all other subjects, not only rational in the low sense of the word, but clear, acute, profound, sarcastic, cool-headed. His philosophy is elevated, but not enthusiastic : his imagination is poetical, but it is restrained by strong sense. There are, in fact, two Don Quixotes ; one, whom Cervantes first designed to draw, the foolish gentleman of La Mancha, whose foolishness had made him frantic ; the other a highly gifted, accomplished model of the best chivalry, trained in all the court, the camp, or the college could impart, but scathed in one portion of his mind by an inexplicable visitation of monomania. One is inclined to ask why this Don Quixote, who is Cervantes, should have been more likely to lose his intellects by reading romances, than Cervantes himself. As a matter of bodily disease, such an event is doubtless possible ; but nothing can be conceived more improper for fiction, nothing more incapable of affording a moral lesson than the insanity which arises wholly from disease. Insanity is, in no point of view, a theme for ridicule ; and this is an inherent fault of the romance (for those who have imagined that Cervantes has not rendered Quixote ridiculous have a strange notion of the word) ; but the thoughtlessness of mankind, rather than their insensibility, for they do not connect madness with misery, furnishes some apology for the first two volumes. In proportion as we perceive below the veil of mental delusion a noble intellect, we feel a painful sympathy with its humiliation ; the character becomes more complicated and interesting, but has less truth and naturalness ; an objection which might also be made, comparatively speaking, to the incidents in the latter volumes, wherein I do not find the admirable probability that reigns through the former.

But this contrast of wisdom and virtue with insanity in the same subject, would have been repulsive in the primary delineation, as I think any one may judge by supposing Cervantes had, in the first chapter, drawn such a picture of Quixote as Bouterwek and Sismondi have drawn for him.

I must, therefore, venture to think as, I believe the world has generally thought

for two centuries, that Cervantes had no more profound aim than he proposes to the reader. If the fashion of reading bad romances of chivalry perverted the taste of his contemporaries, and rendered their language ridiculous, it was natural that a zealous lover of good literature should expose this folly to the world by exaggerating its effects on a fictitious personage. It has been said by some modern writer, though I cannot remember by whom, that there was a *prosa side* in the mind of Cervantes. There was indeed a side of calm strong sense, which some take for unpoetical. He thought the tone of those romances extravagant. It might naturally occur how absurd any one must appear who should attempt to realize in actual life the adventures of Amadis. Already a novelist, he perceived the opportunities this idea suggested. It was a necessary consequence that the hero must be represented as literally insane, since his conduct would have been extravagant beyond the probability of fiction on any other hypothesis; and from this happy conception germinated in a very prolific mind the whole history of Don Quixote. • Its simplicity is perfect; no limit could be found save the author's discretion, or sense that he had drawn sufficiently on his imagination; but the death of Quixote, which Cervantes has been said to have determined upon, lest some one else should a second time presume to continue the story, is in fact the only possible termination that could be given, after he had elevated the character to that pitch of mental dignity which we find in the last two volumes.

Few books of moral philosophy display as deep an insight into the mechanism of the mind as Don Quixote. And when we look also at the fertility of invention, the general probability of events, and the great simplicity of the story, wherein no artifices are practised to create suspense, or complicate the action, we shall think Cervantes fully deserving of the glory that attends this monument of his genius. It is not merely that he is superior to all his predecessors and contemporaries. This, though it might account for the European fame of his romance, would be an inadequate testimony to its desert. Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding, to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott indeed he must yield in the variety of his power; but, in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.

#### 48.—CHARACTER OF JAMES WATT.

JEFFREY.

[The following 'Notice and Character,' from the pen of one of the most accomplished critics and writers of the present half century, appeared in the 'Scotsman' Edinburgh Newspaper, in 1810. Francis Jeffrey, whose death, at the beginning of 1850, has left a blank which will not easily be filled up, was born in 1773. He was one of the eminent young men who established the 'Edinburgh Review,' and for many years was its Editor. In 1834 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland; and in that capacity his judicial skill and integrity were as admirable as his earlier merits as an advocate.]

Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, died on the 25th of August, 1819, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the 84th year of his age.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it arrived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away, before it shall have gathered "all its fame." We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *Improver* of the steam engine; but, in truth, to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be ascribed as its *Inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated, to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures,

and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and, in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its production. It was our improved steam-engine, in short, that fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged [1819] with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments; and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing! And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense—and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting—such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it, without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured. But it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of

architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages—and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticizing the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless, or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its proper place among its other rich furniture; and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it, for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened, that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most painful study of the originals—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say, that, with these vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree: but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk—at least in his latter years: but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him; and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select, from his inexhaustible stores, what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity he gave himself no trouble; and indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, too, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity,—and prized accordingly, far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful,—though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonized admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations; and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience,



any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour: and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and indeed never failed to put all such impostures out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and dispositions, he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him; and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gaiety which had illumined his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive—than in his last visit to Scotland in autumn 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary;—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of “a young artist, just entering on his eighty-third year!”

This happy and useful life came, at last, to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer; but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to his friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age; as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle,—and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God.

#### 49.—SAINT PAUL AT ATHENS.

MILMAN.

[The Reverend Henry Hart Milman is the present Dean of Saint Paul's. He is the son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and passed through his university education at Brasenose College, Oxford, with distinguished honours. Mr. Milman's poetical works are full of grace: his tragedy of 'Fazio' is perhaps the most finished dramatic production of our times, though others may have surpassed it in force of character and stage effect. His 'Fall of Jerusalem' is a truly beautiful conception, and some of its lyrical pieces remarkable for tenderness and sublimity. As a prose writer, Mr. Milman may justly take rank amongst "the best Authors." The following extract is from his learned, and unaffectedly pious, 'History of Christianity.']

At Athens, at once the centre and capital of the Greek philosophy and Heathen superstition, takes place the first public and direct conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Up to this time there is no account of any one of the apostles taking his station in the public street or market-place, and addressing the general multitude. Their place of teaching had invariably been the synagogue of their nation, or, as at Philippi, the neighbourhood of their customary place of worship. Here, however,

Paul does not confine himself to the synagogue, or to the society of his countrymen and their proselytes. He takes his stand in the public market-place (probably not the Ceramicus, but the Erettric Forum), which, in the reign of Augustus, had begun to be more frequented, and at the top of which was the famous portico from which the Stoics assumed their name. In Athens, the appearance of a new public teacher, instead of offending the popular feelings, was too familiar to excite astonishment, and was rather welcomed as promising some fresh intellectual excitement. In Athens, hospitable to all religions and all opinions, the foreign and Asiatic appearance, and possibly the less polished tone and dialect of Paul, would only awaken the stronger curiosity. Though they affect at first (probably the philosophic part of his hearers) to treat him as an idle "babbler," and others (the vulgar, alarmed for the honour of their deities) supposed that he was about to introduce some new religious worship which might endanger the supremacy of their own tutelary divinities, he is conveyed, not without respect, to a still more public and commodious place, from whence he may explain his doctrines to a numerous assembly without disturbance. On the Areopagus the Christian leader takes his stand, surrounded on every side with whatever was noble, beautiful, and intellectual in the older world,—temples, of which the materials were only surpassed by the architectural grace and majesty; statues, in which the ideal anthropomorphism of the Greeks had almost elevated the popular notions of the Deity, by embodying it in human forms of such exquisite perfection; public edifices, where the civil interests of man had been discussed with the acuteness and versatility of the highest Grecian intellect, in all the purity of the inimitable Attic dialect, when oratory had obtained its highest triumphs by "wielding at will the fierce democracy;" the walks of the philosophers, who unquestionably, by elevating the human mind to an appetite for new and nobler knowledge, had prepared the way for a loftier and purer religion. It was in the midst of these elevating associations, to which the student of Grecian literature in Tarsus, the reader of Menander and of the Greek philosophical poets, could scarcely be entirely dead or ignorant, that Paul stands forth to proclaim the lowly yet authoritative religion of Jesus of Nazareth. His audience was chiefly formed from the two prevailing sects, the Stoics and Epicureans, with the populace, the worshippers of the established religion. In his discourse, the heads of which are related by St. Luke, Paul, with singular felicity, touches on the peculiar opinions of each class among his hearers; he expands the popular religion into a higher philosophy, he imbues philosophy with a profound sentiment of religion.

It is impossible not to examine with the utmost interest the whole course of this discourse (to consider its remote consequences, and suppose it the first full and public argument for Christianity against the heathen religion and philosophy) perhaps the most extensively and permanently effective oration ever uttered by man. We may contemplate Paul as the representative of Christianity, in the presence, as it were, of the concentrated religion of Greece, and of the spirits, if we may so speak, of Socrates, and Plato, and Zeno. The opening of the apostle's speech is according to those most perfect rules of art which are but the expressions of the general sentiments of nature. It is calm, temperate, conciliatory. It is no fierce denunciation of idolatry, no contemptuous disdain of the prevalent philosophic opinions; it has nothing of the sternness of the ancient Jewish prophet, nor the taunting defiance of the later Christian polemic. "Already the religious people of Athens had, unknowingly indeed, worshipped the universal deity, for they had an altar to the unknown God. The nature, the attributes of this sublimer being, hitherto adored in ignorant and unintelligent homage, he came to unfold. This God rose far above the popular notion; he could not be confined in altar or temple, or represented by any visible image. He was the universal father of mankind, even of the earth-born

Athonians, who boasted that they were of an older race than the other families of man, and coeval with the world itself. He was the fountain of life, which pervaded and sustained the universe; he had assigned their separate dwellings to the separate families of man." Up to a certain point in this higher view of the Supreme Being, the philosopher of the Garden as well as of the Porch might listen with wonder and admiration. It soared, indeed, high above the vulgar religion: but in the lofty and serene Deity, who disdained to dwell in the earthly temple, and needed nothing from the hand of man, the Epicurean might almost suppose that he heard the language of his own teacher. But the next sentence, which asserted the providence of God as the active creative energy,—as the conservative, the ruling, the ordaining principle,—annihilated at once the atomic theory and the government of blind chance, to which Epicurus ascribed the origin and preservation of the universe. "This high and impressive Deity, who dwelt aloof in serene and majestic superiority to all want, was perceptible in some mysterious manner by man & his all-pervading providence comprehended the whole human race; man was in constant union with the Deity, as an offspring with its parent." And still the Stoic might applaud with complacent satisfaction the ardent words of the apostle; he might approve the lofty condemnation of idolatry. "We, thus of divine descent, ought to think more nobly of our Universal Father, than to suppose that the godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art or man's device." But this divine providence was far different from the stern and all-controlling necessity, the inexorable fatalism of the Stoic system. While the moral value of human action was recognised by the solemn retributive judgment to be passed on all mankind, the dignity of Stoic virtue was lowered by the general demand of repentance. The perfect man, the moral king, was deposed, as it were, and abased to the general level; he had to learn new lessons in the school of Christ, lessons of humility and conscious deficiency, the most directly opposed to the principles and the sentiments of his philosophy.

The great Christian doctrine of the resurrection closed the speech of Paul; a doctrine received with mockery perhaps by his Epicurean hearers, with suspension of judgment probably by the Stoic, with whose theory of the final destruction of the world by fire, and his tenet of future retribution, it might appear in some degree to harmonise. Some, however, became declared converts; among whom are particularly named Dionysius, a man of sufficient distinction to be a member of the famous court of the Areopagus, and a woman named Damaris, probably of considerable rank and influence.

At Athens, all this free discussion on topics relating to the religious and moral nature of man, and involving the authority of the existing religion, passed without disturbance. The jealous reverence for the established faith, conspiring with its perpetual ally political faction, had in former times caused the death of Socrates, the exile of Stilpa, and the proscription of Diagoras the Melian, had long died away. With the loss of independence, political animosities had subsided, and the toleration of philosophical and religious indifference allowed the utmost latitude to speculative inquiry, however ultimately dangerous to the whole fabric of the national religion. Yet Polytheism still reigned in Athens in its utmost splendour; the temples were maintained with the highest pomp; the Eleusinian mysteries, in which religion and philosophy had in some degree coalesced, attracted the noblest and the wisest of the Romans, who boasted of their initiation in these sublime secrets. Athens was thus, at once, the head-quarters of Paganism, and at the same time the place where Paganism most clearly betrayed its approaching dissolution.



50.—GIFFORD'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY DAYS.

[THE history of men who have overleaped "poverty's unconquerable bar" is always interesting. It is most interesting when they are their own historians. William Gifford, a friendless orphan, a shoemaker's ill-used apprentice, who came to be looked up to by the learned and the great as a scholar and a critic, has told his own tale with a manly frankness that does the highest honour to his character. Perhaps this little piece of autobiography, which was prefixed to his translation of Juvenal in 1802, will be the most enduring thing he has written. He was a decided political partizan, and as the editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' was too apt to forget that there are higher and better things than the power of satirizing and defaming writers of opposite politics. Mr. Gifford was born in 1757; died in 1826.]

I was not quite thirteen when this happened [the death of his widowed mother]; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of Carlile, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and, as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was that he had amply repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me; but these golden days were over in less than three months. Carlile sickened at the expensæ; and as the people were now indifferent to my fate he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him; but I left it with the resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises adhered to my determination. In this I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backwards, and drawn it after me; its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow, of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question; and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cypher, (as the phrase is,) Carlile next thought of sending me to Newfoundland to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdsworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdsworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed, with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not, however, choose to take me back himself, but sent me in a passage boat to Tolness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats; I resisted, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master whose name was Phil, though a gross and ignorant was not an ill-natured man at least, not to me; and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness, moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my good-will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c., it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the 'Coasting Pilot.'

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropped into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt when I first found myself unable to call out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas Day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton, and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holidays there, and he therefore made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham I had broken off all connection with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother, who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude or kind remembrance. I lived, therefore, in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, railing about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale, often repeated,

awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had brought me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town this would have had, but little effect; but in a place like Aabburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to encounter; he therefore determined to recall me, which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen and was not yet bound.

All this I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments and fairer views.

After the holidays, I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that, by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year when I built these castles; a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to Carlile he treated it with the utmost contempt, and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so, indeed, he had); he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master was the strangest creature. He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility; and, being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph; he was possessed of 'Fenning's Dictionary,' and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the simple term, and, as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black-letter romance, called 'Parimus and Parimenus,' and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. With the Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her had impressed it strongly on my mind: these, then, with the 'Imitation of Thomas à Kempis,' which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it.

and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sank by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign my hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent; and, when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased 'Fenning's Introduction:' this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford), were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamed of poetry—indeed, I scarcely knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never "lisp'd in numbers." I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house; it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse: I liked it; but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I made the experiment, and, by the unanimous suffrage of my shop-mates, was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject: and thus I went on till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly, nothing on earth was ever so deplorable; such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle; and I was sometimes invited to repeat them even out of it. I never committed a line to paper, for two reasons; first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going farther—but in truth I was afraid; as my master had already threatened me, for the constant hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and what was of more importance, with books of geometry and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously perused. Poetry even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes;

and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast: my master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, and my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly: it was followed by another, severer still—a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on succeeding whom I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability: by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied, indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my 'Welfius' in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it revived at the first encouraging word; and the gratitude I felt for it was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me: I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful; I recovered their good-will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured, for the business of the shop went on no better than before: I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams which perhaps would never have been realized, I was found in the 20th year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not unmingled with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence: that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to support the deficiencies of his fortune.



On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that, amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and, when he learned that I had made it in circumstances of peculiar discouragement, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to serve; my handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man; he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and, when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart; it ran thus, "A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten and sixpence: enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty) had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and to continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing-school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bk. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least till I had taken a degree.

## 51.—THE STORY OF RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

[There is an old tradition that Richard III. had a natural son, whom he caused to be carefully educated, and to whom he discovered himself on the night before the battle which lost him his life and his crown. The story was first made known in a letter printed in *Speker's Desiderata Curiosa*, from Dr. Thomas Brett to Dr. William Warren, which letter was written in 1733.]

\* \* \* \* Now for the story of Richard Plantagenet. In the year 1730 (I have forgot the particular day, only remember it was about Michaelmas) I waited on the late Lord Henrich, Earl of Winteham, at Eastwell-house, and found him sitting with the register of the parish of Eastwell lying open before him. He told me what he had been looking there to see who of his own family were mentioned in it. But says he, I have a curiosity here to show you, and then showed me, and I happened

transcribed it into my almanack, "Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22nd day of December, anno ut supra. Ex Registro de Eastwell, sub anno, 1680." Thus is all the register mentions of him; so that we cannot say, whether he was buried in the church or churchyard; nor is there now any other memorial of him except the tradition in the family, and some little marks where his house stood. The story my lord told me was this:

When Sir Thomas Moyle built that house (Eastwell Place), he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read, but was some time before he could discover it, he still putting the book up if any one came towards him. However, at last Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and, looking into it, found it to be Latin. Hereupon he examined him, and, finding he pretty well understood that language, inquired how he came by his learning: hereupon, the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then informed him, that he was boarded with a Latin school-master, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman (who took occasion to acquaint him he was no relation of his) came once a quarter, and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted nothing. And one day this gentleman took him, and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there.

Then a man, finely dressed, with a star and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentleman returned, and conducted him back to his school.

Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again, with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth field; and he was carried to King Richard III.'s tent. The king embraced him, and told him he was his son. "But child," says he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And; assure yourself, if I lose that I will lose my life too: but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place (directing him to a particular place), where you may see the battle, out of danger. And when I have gained the victory come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But, if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father; for no mercy will be showed to any one so nearly related to me." Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him.

He followed the king's directions; and, when he saw the battle was lost, and the king killed, he hasted to London, sold his horse and fine clothes, and, the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. But, having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself.

Sir Thomas said, "You are now old, and almost past your labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live." He answered, "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired; give me leave to build a house of one room for myself in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die." Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death.

I suppose (though my lord did not mention it) that he went to eat in the family, and then retired to his hut. My lord said, that there was no park at that time; but,

when the park was made, that house was taken into it, and continued standing till his (my lord's) father pulled it down. "But," said my lord, "I would as soon have pulled down this house;" meaning Eastwell Place.

I have been computing the age of this Richard Plantagenet when he died, and find it to be about 81. For Richard III. was killed August 23, 1485, which subtracted from 1550, there remains 65, to which add 16 (for the age of Richard Plantagenet at that time), and it makes 81. But, though he lived to that age, he could scarcely enjoy his retirement in his little house above two or three years, or a little more. For I find by Philpot, that Sir Thomas Moyle did not purchase the estate of Eastwell till about the year 1543 or 4. We may, therefore, reasonably suppose that, upon his building a new house on his purchase, he could not come to live in it till 1546, but that his workmen were continued to build the walls about his gardens, and other conveniences off from the house. And till he came to live in the house he could not well have an opportunity of observing how Richard Plantagenet retired with his book. So that it was probably towards the latter end of the year 1546 when Richard and Sir Thomas had the fore-mentioned dialogue together. Consequently, Richard could not build his house, and have it dry enough for him to live in till the year 1547. So that he must be 77, or 78 years of age before he had his writ of ease.

### 52.—THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

ANONYMOUS.

[THE whole of the sixteenth century was marked by important changes of every kind—political, religious, and social. The wars with France, and the internal contests of the Roses were over, and the energy of the nation was directed to new objects. Trade and commerce were extended; fresh sources of wealth were developed; and new classes of society sprung up into importance, whose riches enabled them to outvie the old landed gentry, but who had few of their hereditary tastes and habits. Hence the innovation of old customs, and the decay of ancient manners, to which the gentry themselves were compelled to conform. The following song, which is printed in the 'Percy Reliques,' from an ancient black-letter copy in the 'Pepys Collection,' is a lament over the changes which had taken place in the early part of the seventeenth century, as compared with the days of Queen Elizabeth.]

An old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;  
Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages,  
That every quarter paid their old servants their wages,  
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his look;  
With an old buttery hatch, worn quite off the hook,  
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half-a-dozen old cooks;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,  
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,  
And an old fringe coat to cover the woman's trunk hose;  
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,  
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,  
And old liquor able to make a cat speak and a man dumb;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, hupstaman, and a kennel of hounds,  
That never hawk'd nor hunted but in his own grounds,  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,  
And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assign'd,  
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,  
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind;  
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined;

Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,  
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,  
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,  
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,  
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or care  
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,  
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,  
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good;  
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,  
And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study stuff full of pamphlets and plays,  
And a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,  
With a new buttery hatch that opens once in four or five days,  
And a new French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,  
And a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,  
And leave none to keep house but our new porter John,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete;  
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat;  
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,  
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour, bought with his father's old gold,  
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;  
And this is the course which of our new gallants hold,  
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,  
Among our young courtiers of the king,  
Or the king's young courtiers.

## 53.—THE MODERN DRAMATIC POETS.—I.

[In subsequent 'Half-Hours' we shall give scenes from some of the great dramatic writers who were contemporary with Shakspeare—Webster, Ben Jonson, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, as we have already given Scenes from Massinger. The golden age of the English Drama did not last for more than sixty years. After an interval in which the Stage, in common with many other of the graces and refinements of life, was proscribed by a misdirected though sincere zeal, the Restoration gave us a degenerate and corrupt drama—false in its principles of Art, debasing in its gross immorality. The Augustan age, as it used to be called, brought its brilliant Comedy, in which Wit went hand in hand with Profligacy—meretricious sisters—and its feeble Tragedy, which rested its claims upon its dissimilarity to Shakspeare. From Cato to Irene we had no serious drama that was not essentially based upon French models—declamation taking the place of passion, and monotonous correctness substituted for poetical fervour. In our own times, and in a great degree by living authors, the imitation of the old drama, or, to speak more correctly, the knowledge of the principles upon which the old dramatists worked, has given us a dramatic literature which will not, we venture to think, be forgotten by coming generations.]

## DE MONFORT.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

[Miss BAILLIE's 'Series of Plays to delineate the stronger Passions of the Mind' was the first great attempt to cast off the rigid conventionalities that had long encumbered all modern dramatic poetry. Here was a woman of genius working upon a bold theory. The notion of making the conduct of a drama wholly rest upon the development of one intense master passion appears to us a mistake. Passions, as they exist in actual life, and as they are portrayed by the greatest poetical revealers of man's nature, are complicated and modified by the antagonism of motives and circumstances. Othello is not simply jealous—Macbeth not merely ambitious. It is to this cause that we may perhaps attribute the circumstance that one only, we believe, of Joanna Baillie's Plays has been acted, although they were written for the stage, as every drama must be that has a dramatic vitality. But, whatever may be the defects of their scenic construction, they are, in many respects, models of strong and earnest dialogue, which rejects all cumbrous ornament, and is really poetical through its unaffected simplicity. This was a revolution in dramatic composition. It is half a century since these 'Plays on the Passions' were published. Their authoress has seen many changes in literary reputation; but none in which she has not been recognised with the honours which very few can permanently win and wear.]

'De Monfort,' from which the following scene is extracted, is founded upon the passion of hatred. De Monfort has fostered, from early years, a hatred of Rezenvelt—a hatred which he feels to be unjust and at variance with his own better nature. His noble sister, Jane de Monfort, thus struggles to expel the demon which torments and finally destroys him:—

*De Mon.* No more, my sister, urge me not again;  
My secret troubles cannot be reveal'd.  
From all participation of its thoughts  
My heart recoils; I pray thee be contented.  
*Jane.* What! must I, like a distant humble friend,  
Observe thy restless eye, and gait disturb'd,  
In timid silence, whilst, with yearning heart,  
I turn                    weep! Oh, no, De Monfort!  
A nobler                    nobler mind will glaze  
Thy true                    and I still shall be.  
*De Mon.* Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot see to thee.  
*Jane.*                    on it, Monfort!  
There was                    as with murder stain'd.  
Had it been                    it rich dire deed  
Could e'er                    been the crime of one so virtuous,  
Thou wouldst have told it me

*De Mon.* So would I now—but ask of this no more.  
All other troubles but the one I feel  
I had disclosed to thee. I pray thee spare me.  
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

*Jane.* Then secret let it be; I urge no farther.  
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,  
So sadly orphan'd, side by side we stood,  
Like two young trees, whose boughs, in early strength,  
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,  
And brave the storm together—  
I have so long, as if by nature's right,  
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,  
I thought through life I should have so remain'd,  
Ner ever known a change. Forgive me, Monfort;  
A humbler station will I take by thee;  
The close attendant of thy wandering steps;  
The cheerer of this home; with strangers sought;  
The soother of these griefs I must not know.  
This is mine office now: I ask no more.

*De Mon.* Oh, Jane! thou dost constrain me with thy love  
Would I could tell it thee!

*Jane.* Thou shalt not tell me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,  
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring  
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.  
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;  
Pursue with thee the study of some art,  
Or nobler science, that compels the mind  
To steady thought progressive, driving forth  
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies;  
Till thou, with brow unloaded, smilest again;  
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,  
When th' active soul within its lifeless cell  
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy press'd  
Of some dire, terrible, or murder's deed,  
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses heaven.

*De Mon.* It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.

*Jane.* Ah! say not so; for I will haunt thee too,  
And be to fit so close an adversary,  
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,  
I shall o'ercome it.

*De Mon.* Thou most gen'rous woman!  
Why do I treat thee thus? I should not be—  
And yet I cannot—Oh that cursed villain!  
He will not let me be the man I would.

*Jane.* What say'st thou, Monfort? Oh! what words are these?  
They have awak'd my soul to dreadful thoughts.  
I do beseech thee speak!  
By the affection thou did'st ever bear me;  
By the dear memory of our infant days;  
By kindred living ties; ay, and by those  
Who sleep i' the tomb, and cannot call to thee,  
I do conjure thee speak!

Ha! wilt thou not?

Then, if affection, most unwearied love,  
Tried early, long, and never wanting found  
O'er gen'rous man hath more authority,  
More rightful power than crown and sceptre give,  
I do command thee.  
De Monfort, do not thus resist my love.  
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.  
Alas! my brother!

#### COUNT JULIAN.

LANDOR.

[In the collected edition of his works Mr. Landor says, "None of these poems of a dramatic form were offered to the stage, being no better than Imaginary Conversations in metre." An author knows best what he can accomplish; but there are few modern productions in which the real dramatic spirit is more developed than in 'Count Julian.' There are exuberances of language—lingerings in the primrose paths of verse when the business of the scene should go right onward. But the whole conception of Julian's character is magnificent—the lover of his country, who has laid it at the feet of an invader in the hour of passionate revenge. The agony of his remorse, which no ingratitude of the Moorish conqueror can add to, and no kindness can assuage, has been rarely surpassed.]

*Musa.* Away with him.

*Julian.*

Slaves! not before I lift

My voice to heaven and man. Though enemies  
Surround me, and none else; yet other men  
And other times shall hear: the agony  
Of an oppress and of a bursting heart  
No violence can silence; at its voice  
The trumpet is o'erpower'd, and glory mute,  
And peace and war hide all their charms alike.  
Surely the guests and ministers of heaven  
Scatter it forth through all the elements,  
So suddenly, so widely it extends,  
So fearfully men breathe it, shuddering  
To ask or fancy how it first arose.

*Musa.* Yes, they shall shudder; but will that, henceforth,  
Molest my privacy, or shake my power?

*Julian.* Guilt hath pavilions, but no privacy.  
The very engine of his hatred checks  
The torturer in his transport of revenge,  
Which, while it swells his bosom, shakes his power,  
And raises friends to his worst enemy.

*Musa.* Where now are thine? Will they not curse the day  
That gave thee birth, and hiss thy funeral!  
Thou hast left none who could have pitied thee.

*Julian.* Many, nor those alone of tenderer mould,  
For me will weep; many, alas! through me!  
Already I behold my funeral;  
The turbid cities wave and swell with it,  
And wrongs are lost in that day's pageantry:  
Oppress and desolate, the countryman  
Receives it like a gift; he hastens home,  
Shows where the hoof of Moorish horse laid waste  
His narrow croft and winter garden plot,

Sweetens with fallen pride his children's lore,  
 And points their hatred, but applauds their tears.  
 Justice, who came not up to us through life,  
 Loves to survey our likeness on our tombs,  
 When rivalry, malevolence, and wrath,  
 And every passion that once storm'd around,  
 Is calm, alike without them as within.  
 Our very chains make the whole world our own,  
 Bind those to us who else had past us by,  
 Those at whose call, brought down to us, the light  
 Of future ages lives upon our name.

*Musa.* I may accelerate that meteor's fall,  
 And quench that idle ineffectual light  
 Without the knowledge of thy distant world.

*Julian.* My world and thine are not that distant one.  
 Is age less wise, less merciful, than grief,  
 To keep this secret from thee, poor old man ?  
 Thou canst not lessen, canst not aggravate  
 My sufferings, canst not shorten or extend  
 Half a sword's length between my God and me.  
 I thank thee for that better thought than fame,  
 Which none, however, who deserve, despise,  
 Nor lose from view till all things else are lost.

*Abdalaris.* Julian, respect his age, regard his power.  
 Many, who fear'd not death, have dragg'd along  
 A piteous life in darkness and in chains.  
 Never was man so full of wretchedness,  
 But something may be suffered after all ;  
 Perhaps in what clings round his breast and helps  
 To keep the ruin up, which he, amid  
 His agony and frenzy, overlooks ;  
 But droops upon at last, and clasps, and dies.

*Julian.* Although a Muza send far underground,  
 Into the quarry whence the palace rose,  
 His mangled prey, climes alien and remote  
 Mark and record the pang. While, overhead,  
 Perhaps he passes on his favourite steed,  
 Less heedful of the misery he inflicts  
 Than of the expiring sparkle from a stone ;  
 Yet we, alive or dead, have fellow-men,  
 If ever we have served them, who collect  
 From prisons and from dungeons our remains,  
 And bear them in their bosom to their sons.  
 Man's only relics are his benefits ;  
 These, be there ages, be there worlds, between,  
 Retain him in communion with his kind :  
 Hence is our solace, our security,  
 Our sustenance, till heavenly truth descends,  
 Covering with brightness and beatitude  
 The frail foundations of these humbler hopes,  
 And, like an angel guiding us, at once  
 Leaves the loose chain and iron gate behind.



## REMORSE.

COLERIDGE.

[THE 'Remorse' of one of the greatest of modern poets was acted with some success in 1813. It has many of the elements of the most attractive dramatic composition. Alvar is supposed to have been murdered by his brother Ordonio; but he is saved. The guilty man again seeks Alvar's life, but without knowing him. The following scene, in a dungeon, opens the fifth Act. We scarcely need point out the exquisite beauty of the soliloquy.]

*Alvar.* And this place my forefathers made for man!

This is the process of our love and wisdom  
To each poor brother who offends against us—  
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?  
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!  
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up  
By ignorance and parching poverty,  
His energies roll back upon his heart,  
And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,  
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!  
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks;  
And this is their best cure! Uncomforted  
And friendless solitude, groaning, and tears  
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,  
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon  
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies,  
Circled with evil, till his very soul  
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed  
By sights of evermore deformity!  
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!  
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:  
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;  
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!  
Till he relent, and can no more endure  
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing  
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy  
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,  
His angry spirit healed and harmonized  
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,  
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!  
But the self-approving mind is its own light,  
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart  
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[Retires out of sight.

\* \* \* \* \*  
[A noise at the dungeon-door. It opens, and ORDONIO  
enters, with a goblet in his hand.

*Ordonio.* Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood  
I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,  
And, as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.  
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,  
Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not.  
Why should I hate thee? This same world of ours,

'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,  
And we the air-bladders that course up and down,  
And joust and tilt in merry tournament ;  
And when one bubble runs foul of another,  
The weaker needs must break.

*Alv.* I see thy heart !  
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye  
Which doth betray thee. Inly tortured man,  
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,  
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,  
And quell each human feeling.

*Ord.* Feeling ! feeling !  
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—  
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes ;  
But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me  
If willingly I e'er inflicted them !  
Come, take the beverage ; this chill place demands it.

[ORDONIO *proffers the goblet.*

*Alv.* You insect on the wall,  
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,  
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,  
It were an infinitely curious thing !  
But it has life, Ordonio ! life, enjoyment !  
And, by the power of its miraculous will,  
Wields all the complex movements of its frame  
Unerringly to pleasurable ends !  
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim,  
I would remove it with an anxious pity !

*Ord.* What meanest thou ?

*Alv.* There's poison in the wine.

*Ord.* Thou hast guessed right ; there's poison in the wine.  
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it ?  
For one of us must die !

*Alv.* Whom dost thou think me ?

*Ord.* The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

*Alv.* I know him not.

And yet methinks I have heard the name but lately.  
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?  
Isidore ? Isidore ?

*Ord.* Good ! good ! That lie ! by heaven it has restored me.  
Now I am thy master ! Villain ! thou shalt drink it,  
Or die a bitterer death.

*Alv.* What strange solution  
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,  
And drug them to unnatural sleep ?

[ALVAR *takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground.*  
My master !

*Ord.* Thou mountebank !

*Alv.* Mountebank and villain !  
What, then, art thou ? For shame, put up thy sword !  
What boots a weapon in a withered arm ?  
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest !

I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,  
 And turn it to a motionless distraction !  
 Thou blind self-worshipper ! thy pride, thy cunning,  
 Thy faith in universal villainy,  
 Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn  
 For all thy human brethren—out upon them !  
 What have they done for thee ? Have they given thee peace ?  
 Cured thee of starting in thy sleep ? or made  
 The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight ?  
 Art happy when alone ? Canst walk by thyself,  
 With even step and quiet cheerfulness ?  
 Yet, yet, thou mayst be saved——  
*Ord.* Saved ? saved ?  
*Abv.* One pang !  
 Could I call up one pang of true remorse !

## 54.—HOGARTH.

CHARLES LAMB.

It is the fashion with those who cry up the great Historical School in this country, at the head of which Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed, to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life with the being a vulgar artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would alone *unvulgarise* every subject which he might choose. Let us take the lowest of his subjects, the print called *Gin Lane*. Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view, and accordingly a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it not being able to bear it. The same persons would, perhaps, have looked with great complacency upon Poussin's celebrated picture of the Plague at Athens. Disease and death and bewildering terror, in *Athenian garments*, are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, within the "limits of pleasurable sensation." But the scenes of their own *St. Giles's*, delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of. Yet if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colours of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended as it was to be a cheap plate, accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one—which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessories, take one colour, and serve to one effect. Every thing in the print, to use a vulgar expression, *tells*. Every part is full of "strange images of death." It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures, the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as any thing which Michael Angelo ever drew, but every thing else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupefy,—the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk—seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of frenzy, which goes forth over the whole composition. To show the poetical and almost prophetic conception in the artist, one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dying and dead figures which he has strowed in profusion over the proper scene of the action, he shows you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell, in which, by the direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking

of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to make a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius. Shakspeare, in his description of the Painting of the Trojan War, in his 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' has introduced a similar device, where the painter made a part stand for the whole :—

" For much imaginary work was there,  
Conceits deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagin'd."

This he well calls *imaginary work*, where the spectator must meet the artist in his conceptions half-way ; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser artists show every thing distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it.

When I think of the power displayed in this (I will not hesitate to say) sublime print, it seems to me the extreme narrowness of system alone, and of that rage for classification, by which, in matters of taste at least, we are perpetually perplexing instead of arranging our ideas, that would make us concede to the work of Poussin above mentioned, and deny to this of Hogarth, the name of a grand serious composition.

We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories. We call one man a great historical painter, because he has taken for his subjects kings or great men, or transactions over which time has thrown a grandeur. We term another the painter of common life, and set him down in our minds for an artist of an inferior class, without reflecting whether the quantity of thought shown by the latter may not much more than level the distinction which their mere choice of subjects may seem to place between them ; or whether, in fact, from that very common life a great artist may not extract as deep an interest as another man from that which we are pleased to call history.

I entertain the highest respect for the talents and virtues of Reynolds, but I do not like that his reputation should overshadow and stifle the merits of such a man as Hogarth, nor that to mere names and classifications we should be content to sacrifice one of the greatest ornaments of England.

I would ask the most enthusiastic admirer of Reynolds, whether in the countenances of his Staring and Grinning Despair, which he has given us for the faces of Ugolino and dying Beaufort, there be any thing comparable to the expression which Hogarth has put into the face of his broken-down Rake, in the last plate but one of the 'Rake's Progress,' where a letter from the manager is brought to him to say that his play "will not do !" Here all is easy, natural, undistorted ; but withal what a mass of woe is here accumulated !—the long history of a mis-spent life is compressed into the countenance as plainly as the series of plates before had told it ; here is no attempt at Gorgonian looks, which are to freeze the beholder, no grinning at the antique bed-posts, no face-making, or consciousness of the presence of spectators in or out of the picture, but grief kept to a man's self, a face retiring from notice with the shame which great anguish sometimes brings with it—a final leave taken of hope—the coming on of vacancy and stupefaction—a beginning alienation of mind looking like tranquillity. Here is matter for the mind of the beholder to feed on

for the hour together—matter to feed and fertilise the mind. It is too real to admit one thought about the power of the artist who did it. When we compare the expression in subjects which so fairly admit of comparison, and find the superiority so clearly to remain with Hogarth, shall the mere contemptible difference of the scene of it being laid, in the one case in our Fleet or King's Bench Prison, and in the other in the State Prison of Pisa, or the bed-room of a cardinal—or that the subject of the one has never been authenticated, and the other is matter of history—so weigh down the real points of the comparison, as to induce us to rank the artist who has chosen the one scene or subject (though confessedly inferior in that which constitutes the soul of his art) in a class from which we exclude the better genius (who has happened to make choice of the other) with something like disgrace.

#### 55.—OF THE INCONVENIENCE OF GREATNESS.\* MONTAIGNE.

[The Essays of Michel, Lord of Montaigne, offer a signal example of the power of genius to convert what belongs to the individual into matters of universal and lasting interest. It is nearly three hundred years ago that those Essays were written. This author was a gentleman living in the retirement of a remote province of France, while the violent feuds of Catholic and Protestant were going on all around him. Letters were little cultivated; the language was scarcely formed. Yet he produced a book which can never be antiquated, because it reflects, not the conventional opinions of his own semi-barbarous times, but the frank and genuine thoughts of his own mind upon large questions which affect humanity in every country and every age. There are things in Montaigne's writings that a good man would rather not read; but their general tendency is to cherish a sound practical philosophy, and to cultivate benevolent feelings. There is a capital English translation of Montaigne by Cotton, the friend of Isaac Walton; and an earlier one by Florio, an Italian, who lived in England at the end of the sixteenth century. Montaigne was born in 1533, and died in 1592.]

Since we cannot attain unto it, let us revenge ourselves by railing at it; and yet it is not absolutely railing against any thing to proclaim its defects, because they are in all things to be found, how beautiful or how much to be coveted soever. It has in general this manifest advantage, that it can grow less when it pleases, and has very near the absolute choice of both the one and the other condition. For a man does not fall from all heights; there are several from which one may descend without falling down. It does indeed appear to me that we value it at too high a rate, and also over-value the resolution of those whom we have either seen or heard have contemned it, or displaced themselves of their own accord. Its essence is not evidently so commodious, that a man may not without a miracle refuse it: I find it a very hard thing to undergo misfortunes; but to be content with a competent measure of fortune, and to avoid greatness, I think a very easy matter. 'Tis, methinks, a virtue to which I, who am none of the wisest, could, without any great endeavour, arrive. What, then, is to be expected from them that would yet put into consideration the glory attending this refusal, wherein there may lurk worse ambition than even in the desire itself and fruition of greatness? Forasmuch as ambition never comports itself better according to itself than when it proceeds by obscure and unfrequented ways, I incite my courage to patience, but I rein it as much as I can towards desire. I have as much to wish for as another, and allow my wishes as much liberty and indiscretion: but yet it never befell me to wish for either empire or royalty, for the emipency of those high and commanding fortunes. I do not aim that way; I love myself too well. When I think to grow greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a compelled and timorous advancement, such as is proper for me; in resolution, in prudence, in health, in beauty, and even in riches too. But this supreme reputation, and this mighty authority, oppress my imagina-

tion ; and, quite contrary to some others, I should, peradventure, rather choose to be the second or third in Perigourd, than the first at Paris—at least, without lying, the third than the first at Paris. I would neither dispute, a miserable unknown, with a nobleman's porter, nor make crowds open in adoration as I pass. I am trained up to a moderate condition, as well by my choice as fortune : and have made it appear, in the whole conduct of my life and enterprises, that I have rather avoided, than otherwise, the climbing above the degree of fortune wherein God has placed me by my birth ; all natural constitution is equally just and easy. My soul is so sneaking and mean, that I measure not good fortune by the height, but by the facility. But, if my heart be not great enough, 'tis open enough to make amends at any one's request freely to lay open its weakness. Should any one put me upon comparing the life of L. Thorius Balbus, a brave man, handsome, learned, healthful, understanding, and abounding in all sorts of conveniences and pleasures, leading a quiet life, and all his own ; his mind well prepared against death, superstition, pains, and other incumbrances of human necessity ; dying at last in battle with his sword in his hand, for the defence of his country, on the one part ; and on the other part, the life of M. Regulus, so great and high as is known to every one, and his end admirable ; the one without name and without dignity, the other exemplary and glorious to a wonder : I should doubtless say as Cicero did, could I speak as well as he. But if I was to touch it in my own phrase, I should then also say, that the first is as much according to my capacity and desire, which I conform to my capacity, as the second is far beyond it ; that I could not approach the last but with veneration, the other I would willingly attain by custom. But let us return to our temporal greatness, from which we are digressed. I disrelish all dominion, whether active or passive. Otanes, one of the seven who had right to pretend to the kingdom of Persia, did as I should willingly have done ; which was, that he gave up to his concurrents his right of being promoted to it, either by election or by lot, provided that he and his might live in the empire out of all authority and subjection, those of the ancient laws excepted, and might enjoy all liberty that was not prejudicial to them, as impatient of commanding as of being commanded. The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their function, which does astonish me. 'Tis hard to keep measure in so immeasurable a power. Yet so it is, that it is, to those who are not the best-natured men, a singular incitement to virtue to be seated in a place where you cannot do the least good that shall not be put upon record ; and where the least benefit redounds to so many men ; and where your talent of administration, like that of preachers, does principally address itself to the people, no very exact judge, easy to deceive, and easily content. There are few things wherein we can give a sincere judgment, by reason that there are few wherein we have not in some sort a particular interest. Superiority and inferiority, dominion and subjection, are bound to a natural envy and contest, and must necessarily perpetually intrench upon one another. I neither believe the one nor the other touching the rights of the adverse party ; let reason, therefore, which is inflexible and without passion, determine. 'Tis not above a month ago that I read over two Scotch authors contending upon this subject ; of which, he who stands for the people makes kings to be in a worse condition than a carter ; and he who writes for monarchy places him some degrees above God Almighty in power and sovereignty. Now the inconvenience of greatness, that I have made choice of to consider in this place, upon some occasion that has lately put it into my head, is this : there is not peradventure anything more pleasant in the commerce of men than the trials that we make against one another, out of emulation of honour and valour, whether in the exercises

of the body or in those of the mind ; wherein the sovereign greatness can have no true part. And in earnest I have often thought, that out of force of respect men have used princes disdainfully and injuriously in that particular. For the thing I was infinitely offended at in my childhood, that they who exercised with me forbore to do their best because they found me unworthy of their utmost endeavour, is what we see happen to them every day, every one finding himself unworthy to contend with them. If we discover that they have the least passion to have the better, there is no one who will not make it his business to give it them, and who will not rather betray his own glory than offend theirs ; and will therein employ so much force only as is necessary to advance their honour. What share have they then in the engagement wherein every one is on their side ? Methinks I see those paladins of ancient times presenting themselves to jousts, with enchanted arms and bodies ; Crisson, running against Alexander, purposely missed his blow, and made a fault in his career ; Alexander chid him for it, but he ought to have had him whipped. Upon this consideration, Carnades said, that the sons of princes learned nothing right but to ride the great horse ; by reason that in all their exercises every one bends and yields to them : but a horse, that is neither a flatterer nor a courtier, throws the son of a king with no more remorse than he would do that of a porter. Homer was compelled to consent that Venus, so sweet and delicate as she was, should be wounded at the battle of Troy, thereby to ascribe courage and boldness to her ; qualities that cannot possibly be in those who are exempt from danger. The gods are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve, and to be transported with passions, to honour them with the virtues that amongst us are built upon these imperfections. Who does not participate in the hazard and difficulty, can pretend no interest in the honour and pleasure that are the consequents of hazardous actions. 'Tis pity a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great a solitude. The casiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you, is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide, not to go ; this is to sleep, and not to live. Conceive man accompanied with omnipotency, you throw him into an abyss : he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms. His being and his good is indigence. Their good qualities are dead and lost ; for they are not to be perceived, but by comparison, and we put them out of it : they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their ears deafened with so continual and uniform an approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their subjects ? they have no means to take any advantage of him, if he say, 'tis because he is my king, he thinks he has said enough to express that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential qualities. They are involved in the royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themselves withal, but actions that directly concern themselves, and that merely respect the function of their place. 'Tis so much to be a king, that he only is so by being so ; the strange lustre that environs him conceals and shrouds him from us : our sight is there repelled and dissipated, being stopped and filled by this prevailing light. The senate awarded the prize of eloquence to Tiberius : he refused it, supposing that, though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a judgment so partial, and that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of honour, so do we soothe and authorise all their vices and defects, not only by approbation, but by imitation also. Every one of Alexander's followers carried their heads on one side, as he did ; and the flatterer of Dionysius ran against one another in his presence, stumbled at, and overturned whatever was under foot, to shew that they were as purblind as he. Natural imperfections have sometimes also served to recommend a man to favour. I have seen deafness affected : and,

because the master hated his wife, Plutarch has seen his courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved : and, which is yet more, uncleanness and all manner of dissoluteness has been in fashion ; as also disloyalty, blasphemies, cruelty, heresy, superstition, irreligion, effeminacy, and worse if worse there be. And by an example yet more dangerous than that of Mithridates' flatterers, who, by how much their master pretended to the honour of a good physician, came to him to have incision and cauteries made in their limbs ; for these others suffered the soul, a more delicate and noble part, to be cauterised. But to end where I begun : the Emperor Adrian, disputing with the Philosopher Favorinus about the interpretation of some word, Favorinus soon yielded him the victory ; for which his friends rebuking him ; " You talk simply," said he, " would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty legions ? " Augustus wrote verses against Asinius Pollio, and I, said Pollio, say nothing, for it is not prudence to write in contest with him who has power to proscribe : and he had reason : for Dionysius, because he could not equal Philoxenus in poesy, and Plato in discourse, condemned one to the Quarrier and sent the other to be sold for a slave into the island of Ægina.

## 56.—THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.

THOMAS FULLER.

[THOMAS FULLER—the quaint, shrewd, imaginative, and witty Thomas Fuller—was born in 1608 ; he died in 1661. His writings are exceedingly numerous ; although he was a man of action, in times which made violent partisans. An adherent to the Royalist cause, he was deprived of all preferment, and his little property in books and manuscripts seized upon, in the early part of the contest between the King and Parliament. But he subsequently held various livings, and was tolerated even by those to whom he was politically opposed. The following is extracted from his ' Holy State. ']

We suppose him not brought up by hand only in his own country studies, but that he hath sucked of his mother University, and thoroughly learnt the arts : not as St. Rumball, who is said to have spoken as soon as he was born, doth he preach as soon as he is matriculated. Conceive him now a graduate in arts, and entered into orders, according to the solemn form of the Church of England, and presented by some patron to a pastoral charge, or place equivalent ; and then let us see how well he dischargeth his office.

## MAXIMS.

I. *He endeavours to get the general love and good-will of his parish.*—This he doth, not so much to make a benefit of them, as a benefit for them, that his ministry may be more effectual ; otherwise he may preach his own heart out, before he preacheth anything into theirs. The good conceit of the physician is half a cure ; and his practice will scarce be happy where his person is hated. Yet he humours them not in his doctrine, to get their love ; for such a spaniel is worse than a dumb dog. He shall sooner get their good-will by walking uprightly, than by crouching and creeping. If pious living, and painful labouring in his calling, will not win their affections, he counts it gain to lose them. As for those who causelessly hate him, he pities and prays for them : and such there will be. I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince.

II. *He is strict in ordering his conversation.*—As for those who cleanse blurs with blotted fingers, they make it the worse. It was said of one who preached very well, and lived very ill, " that when he was out of the pulpit, it was pity he should ever go into it ; and when he was in the pulpit, it was pity he should ever come out of it."



But our minister *lives* sermons. And yet I deny not, but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, who open a gale on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open heaven for others, and shut themselves out.

III. *His behaviour towards his people is grave and courteous.*—Not too austere and retired : which is laid to the charge of good Mr. Hooper the martyr, that his rigour frightened the people from consulting with him. "Let your light," saith Christ, "shine before men ;" whereas over-reservedness makes the brightest virtue burn dim. Especially he detesteth affected gravity, (which is rather *on* men than *in* them,) whereby some belie their register-book, antedate their age to seem far older than they are, and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness. Whereas St. Anthony the monk might have been known among hundreds of his order by his cheerful face, he having ever (though a most mortified man) a merry countenance.

IV. *He doth not clash God's ordinances together about precedency.*—Not making odious comparisons betwixt prayer and preaching, preaching and catechising, public prayer and private, premeditate prayer and *ex tempore*. When, at the taking of New Carthage in Spain, two soldiers contended about the mural crown, due to him who first climbed the walls, so that the whole army was thereupon in danger of division ; Scipio the general said he knew that they both got up the wall together, and so gave the scaling crown to them both. Thus our minister compounds all controversies betwixt God's ordinances, by praising them all, practising them all, and thanking God for them all. He counts the reading of Common Prayers to prepare him the better for preaching ; and, as one said, if he did first toll the bell on one side, it made it afterwards ring out the better in his sermons.

V. *He carefully catechiseth his people in the elements of religion.*—Except he hath (a rare thing !) a flock without lambs, of all old sheep ; and yet even Luther did not scorn to profess himself *discipulum Catechismi*, "a scholar of the catechism." By this catechising the Gospel first got ground of Popery : and let not our religion, now grown rich, be ashamed of that which first gave it credit and set it up, lest the Jesuits beat us at our own weapon. Through the want of this catechising, many, who are well skilled in some dark out-corners of divinity, have lost themselves in the beaten road thereof.

VI. *He will not offer to God of that which costs him nothing.*—But takes pains beforehand for his sermons. Demosthenes never made any oration on the sudden ; yea, being called upon, he never rose up to speak except he had well studied the matter : and he was wont to say, "that he showed how he honoured and revered the people of Athens, because he was careful what he spake unto them." Indeed, if our minister be surprised with a sudden occasion, he counts himself rather to be excused than commended, if, premeditating only the bones of his sermon, he clothes it with flesh *ex tempore*. As for those whose long custom hath made preaching their nature, [so] that they can discourse sermons without study, he accounts their examples rather to be admired than imitated.

VII. *Having brought his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart, before he preaches it to his people.*—Surely, that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Some have questioned *ventriloquy*, (when men strangely speak out of their bellies,) whether it can be done lawfully or no : might I coin the word *cordiloquy*, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts, sure, all would count this lawful and commendable.

VIII. *He chiefly reproveth the reigning sins of the time and place he lives in.*—We may observe, that our Saviour never inveighed against idolatry, usury, sabbath-breaking, amongst the Jews. Not that these were not sins, but they were not practised so much in that age ; wherein wickedness was spun with a finer thread ; and therefore Christ principally bent the drift of his preaching against spiritual pride, hypocrisy

and traditions, then predominant amongst the people. Also our minister confuteth no old heresies which time hath confuted; nor troubles his auditory with such strange hideous cases of conscience, that it is more hard to find the case than the resolution. In public reproving of sin, he ever whips the vice, and spares the person.

IX. *He doth not only move the bread of life, and toss it up and down in generalities, but also breaks it into particular directions.*—Drawing it down to cases of conscience, that a man may be warranted in his particular actions, whether they be lawful or not. And he teacheth people their lawful liberty, as well as their restraints and prohibitions: for, amongst men, it is as ill taken to turn back favours, as to disobey commands.

X. *The places of Scripture he quotes are pregnant and pertinent.*—As for heaping up of many quotations, it smacks of a vain ostentation of memory. Besides, it is as impossible that the hearer should profitably retain them all, as that the preacher hath seriously perused them all; yea, whilst the auditors stop their attention, and stoop down to gather an impertinent quotation, the sermon runs on, and they lose more substantial matter.

XI. *His similies and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible.*—Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon; but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote.

XII. *He provideth not only wholesome but plentiful food for his people.*—Almost incredible was the painfulness of Baronius, the compiler of the voluminous ‘Annals of the Church,’ who, for thirty years together, preached three or four times a week to the people. As for our minister, he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat which was on the table before, than with that which is hot from the spit, raw and half-roasted. Yet, in repetition of the same sermon, every edition hath a new addition, if not of new matter, of new affections. “Of whom,” saith St. Paul, “we have told you OFTEN, and now we tell you weeping.” (Phil. iii. 18.)

XIII. *He makes not that wearisome, which should ever be welcome.*—Wherefore his sermons are of an ordinary length, except on an extraordinary occasion. What a gift had John Halsebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness! who, being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not.

XIV. *He counts the success of his ministry the greatest preferment.*—Yet herein God hath humbled many painful pastors, in making them to be clouds, to rain, not over Arabia the Happy, but over the Stony or Desert so that they may complain with the herdsman in the poet:—

*Heu mihi, quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in arvo!*

“My starveling bull,  
Ah woe is me!  
In pasture full,  
How lean is he!”

Yet such pastors may comfort themselves, that great is their reward with God in heaven, who measures it, not by their success, but endeavours. Besides, though they see not, their people may feel benefit by their ministry. Yea, the preaching of the word in some places is like the planting of woods, where, though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterwards. And grant, that God honours thee not to build his temple in thy parish, yet thou mayest, with David, provide metal and materials for Solomon thy successor to build it with.

XV. *To sick folks he comes sometimes before he is sent for.*—As counting his vocation a sufficient calling. None of his flock shall want the extreme unction of prayer and

counsel. Against the communion, especially, he endeavours that Janus's temple be shut in the whole parish, and that all be made friends.

XVI. *He is never plaintiff in any suit but to be right's defendant.*—If his dues be detained from him, he grieves more for his parishioners' bad conscience than his own damage. He had rather suffer ten times in his profit, than once in his title, where not only his person, but posterity, is wronged; and then he proceeds fairly and speedily to a trial, that he may not vex and weary others, but right himself. During his suit he neither breaks off nor slacks offices of courtesy to his adversary; yea, though he loseth his suit, he will not also lose his charity. Chiefly he is respectful to his patron; that as he presented him freely to his living, so he constantly presents his patron in his prayers to God.

XVII. *He is moderate in his tenets and opinions.*—Not that he gilds over lukewarmness in matters of moment with the title of "discretion;" but, withal, he is careful not to entitle violence, in indifferent and inconcerning matters, to be zeal. Indeed, men of extraordinary tallness, though otherwise little deserving, are made porters to lords; and those of unusual littleness are made ladies' dwarfs: whilst men of moderate stature may want masters. Thus many, notorious for extremities, may find favourers to prefer them; whilst moderate men in the middle truth may want any to advance them. But what saith the apostle?—"If in this life only we had hope, we are of all men the most miserable." (1 Cor. xv. 19.)

XVIII. *He is sociable and willing to do any courtesy for his neighbour-ministers.*—He willingly communicates his knowledge unto them. Surely, the gifts and graces of Christians lay in common, till base envy made the first enclosure. He neither slighteth his inferiors, nor repineth at those who in parts and credit are above him. He loveth the company of his neighbour-ministers. Sure, as ambergris is nothing so sweet in itself, as when it is compounded with other things; so both godly and learned men are gainers by communicating themselves to their neighbours.

XIX. *He is careful in the discreet ordering of his own family.*—A good minister, and a good father, may well agree together. When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his stove, with one hand dandling his child in the swaddling clouts, and in the other hand holding a book and reading it. Our minister also is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two, by his cheerful giving it. He loveth also to live in a well repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully. A clergyman who built his house from the ground wrote in it this counsel to his successor:—

"If thou dost find  
An house built to thy mind  
Without thy cost,  
Serve thou the more  
God and the poor;  
My labour is not lost."

XX. *Lying on his death-bed, he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy.*—And they, in requital, erect every one a monument for him in their hearts. He is so far from that base jealousy that his memory should be outshined by a brighter successor, and from that wicked desire that his people may find his worth by the worthlessness of him that succeeds, that he doth heartily pray to God to provide them a better pastor after his decease. As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to die fat. It is well if he hath gathered any flesh, being more in blessing than bulk.

# HALF-HOURS

## NINTH WEEK.

### 57.—FLOWERS.

It has been objected to Milton that in his 'Lycidas' he enumerates among "vernal flowers" many of those which are the offspring of Midsummer, and of a still more advanced season. The passage to which the objection applies is the following:—

"Ye Valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillics fill their cups with tears,  
To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies."

A little consideration will show that Milton could distinguish between the flowers of Spring and the flowers of Summer. The "Sicilian Muse" is to "call the vales, and bid them hither cast their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues." There were not only to be cast the "quaint enamell'd eyes" of "vernal flowers," but "every flower that sad embroidery wears;" or, in the still clearer language of the original manuscript of the poem, "every bud that sorrow's livery wears." The "vernal flowers" were to indicate the youth of Lycidas, the flowers of "sorrow's livery" were emblems of his untimely death. The intention of Milton is distinctly to be traced in his first conception of the passage. After the "rathe [early] primrose," we have,

"And that sad flower that strove  
To write his own woes on the vermeil grain."

This is the hyacinth, the same as "the tufted crow-toe." He proceeds with more of sorrow's livery—

"Next add Narcissus, that still weeps in vain."

Then come "the woodbine," and "the pansy freak'd with jet." In the original passage "the musk rose" is not found at all. Milton's strewnments for the bier of Lycidas, we hold, are not confined to vernal flowers, and therefore it is unnecessary to elevate Shakspeare at the expense of Milton: "While Milton and the other poets had strung together in their descriptions the blossoms of Spring and the flowers of Summer, Shakspeare has placed in one group those only which may be found in bloom at the same time."\* The writer alludes to the celebrated passage in the 'Winter's Tale,' where Perilite, at the summer sheep shearing,

Patterson on the Insects mentioned by Shakspeare.

bestows the "flowers of middle summer" upon her guests "of middle age," and wishes for "some flowers o' the spring," that might become the "time of day" of her fairest virgin friends:

"O, Proserpina,  
For the flowers, now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack  
To make you garlands of."

SHAKSPERE.

This is indeed poetry founded upon the most accurate observation—the perfect combination of elegance and truth.

The exquisite simplicity of our first great poet's account of his love for the daisy may well follow Shakspeare's spring-garland. Rarely could he move from his books; no game could attract him; but when the flowers began to spring,

"Farewell my book and my devotion."

Above all the flowers in the mead he loved most

"these flow'rs white and red,  
Such that men callen Daisies in our town;  
To them have I so great affection,  
As I said erst, when comen is the May,  
That in my bed there daweth me no day  
That I n'am up and walking in the mead  
To see this flow'r against the sunné spread,  
When it upriseth early by the morrow;  
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow;  
So glad am I when that I have presénce  
Of it, to doen it all réverence."

CHAUCER.

Chaucer welcomes the "eye of the day" when "the month of May is comen." Another true poet has immortalized that solitary mountain daisy that he turned down with his plough on a cold April morning:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush among the stoure  
Thy slender stem.  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

Alas! it's no thy neboor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet!  
Bonding thee 'mong the dewy west!  
Wi' speckl'd breast,  
When upward springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
Highshelt'ring woods and warmaanshield,  
But thou, beneath the random field  
O' clad or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise;  
But now the share uprears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!  
By love's simplicity betray'd

And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage; and gales blow hard  
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n

To misery's brink,  
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date;

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, clate,  
Full on thy bloom,

Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom!"

BURNS.

ROBERT HERRICK is, in his quaint way, a master of his art:—

"Fair Daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;

As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run

But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing:

We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,

Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again."

HERRICK.

Flowers and love are naturally associated:

"Sweet violets, Love's paradise, that spread

Your gracious odours, which you couched bear  
Within your palio faces,

Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind,  
That plays amidst the plain,

If by the favour of propitious stars you gain  
Such grace as in my ladie's bosom place to find,

Be proud to touch those places!

And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,

Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,

Your honours of the flow'rie meads I pray,

You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,

With mild and sweetly breathing straight display

My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone!"

RALEIGH.

Another of "the banished minds," has a love simile for the small flower bursting its "frosty prison:"—

"All as the hungry winter-starved earth,

Where she by nature labours towards her birth,

Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,

One blossom forth after another peeps,

Till the small flower, whose root is now unbound,

Get from the frosty prison of the ground,

Spreading the leaves unto the powerful noon,  
Deck'd in fresh colours, smiles upon the sun.  
Never unquiet care lodge in that breast  
Where but one thought of Rosamond did rest."

DRAYTON.

But there are loftier feelings associated with flowers. Love, in some poetical minds, rises into devotion to the Great Source of all beauty and joy. Never were Spring-flowers the parents of holier thoughts than are found in this poem of HERBERT:—

"How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring;  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
Grief melts away like snow in May;  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart  
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone  
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart  
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;  
Where they, together, all the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!  
Killing, and quick'ning, bringing down to hell,  
And up to heaven, in an hour;  
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
We say amiss, 'This, or that, is;'  
Thy word is all; if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were;  
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!  
Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:  
Nor doth my flower want a spring show'r;  
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line  
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,  
Thy anger comes, and I decline.  
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone  
Where all things burn, when thou dost turn,  
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again:  
After so many deaths I live and write:  
I once more smell the dew and rain;  
And relish versing. O my only light,  
It cannot be that I am he,  
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love!  
To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide,  
Which when we once can find and prove,  
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide;  
Who would be more, swelling through store,  
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride."

HERBERT.

By the side of our old poet of the English Church, may we worthily place the devotional poem on Flowers of a Transatlantic bard:

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of old ;  
Yet not so wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars which they behold,

Wonderous truths, and manifold as wonderous,  
God hath written in those stars above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation  
Written all over this great world of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth—those golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the selfsame, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining ;  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;  
Workings are they of the selfsame powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself, and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born :  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

• Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-enblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield :

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;



Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
 But on old Cathedrals, high and hoary,  
 On the tomb of heroes, carved in stone;  
 In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
 In ancestral house, whose crumbling towers,  
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;  
 In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
 How akin they are to human things.  
 And with child-like credulous affection  
 We behold their tender buds expand;  
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
 Emblems of the bright and better land."

LONGFELLOW.

Go then into the fields when the snow melts and the earth is unbound. Pry into the hedges for the first Primrose; see if there be a Daisy nestling in the short grass; look for the little Colandine:—

"Ere a leaf is on the bush,  
 In the time before the Thrush  
 Has a thought about its nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless Prodigal;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none."

WORDSWORTH.

The most imaginative and harmonious of poets has grouped the most charming of flowers around his 'Sensitive Plant':

"A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,  
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,  
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.  
 And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
 And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;  
 And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast  
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.  
 But none ever trembled and panted with bliss  
 In the garden, the field; or the wilderness,  
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,  
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.  
 The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
 And their breath was mixed with fresh odour sent  
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.  
 Then the pied windflowers and tulip tall,  
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness."

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberosé,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime."

SHELLEY.

The 'Field Flowers' of the poet of 'Hope' beautifully contrast with the 'Garden Flowers' of Shelley:—

"Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,  
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water lily restore ;  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled the shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or agony of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;

Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

CAMPBELL.

We conclude with one of the most graceful poems of an age from which a taste for the highest poetry was fast vanishing:—

'Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows

When I resemble her to thee,

How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,

And shuns to have her graces spied,

That hadst thou sprung

In deserts, where no men abide,

Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth

Of beauty from the light retired:

Bid her come forth,

Suffer herself to be desired,

And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she

The common fate of all things rare

May read in thee,

How small a part of time they share

That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

WALLER.

#### 58.—INSTINCT.

GREEN.

[MR. GREEN is one of the most distinguished Surgeons and Anatomists of our own day. In a course of Lectures delivered by him at the Royal College of Surgeons, and published in his work entitled 'Vital Dynamics,' he has grappled with the difficult subject of Instinct in a manner at once original and conclusive. This passage of the Lecture is reprinted in the Appendix to Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection.']

What is instinct? As I am not quite of Bonnet's opinion, "that philosophers will in vain torment themselves to define instinct until they have spent some time in the head of the animal without actually being that animal," I shall endeavour to explain the use of the term. I shall not think it necessary to controvert the opinions which have been offered on this subject—whether the ancient doctrine of Descartes, who supposed that animals were mere machines; or the modern one of Lamarck, who attributes instincts to habits impressed upon the organs of animals by the constant efflux of the nervous fluid to those organs, to which it has been determined in their efforts to perform certain actions to which their necessities have given birth. And it will be here premature to offer any refutation of the opinions of those who contend for the identity of this faculty with reason, and maintain that all the actions of animals are the result of invention and experience;—an opinion maintained with considerable plausibility by Dr. Darwin.

Perhaps the most ready and certain mode of coming to a conclusion in this intricate inquiry will be by the apparently circuitous route of determining first what we do not mean by the word. Now we certainly do not mean, in the use of the term, any act of the vital power in the production or maintenance of an organ: nobody thinks of saying that the teeth grow by instinct, or that when the muscles are increased in vigour and size in consequence of exercise, it is from such a cause or principle. Neither do we attribute instinct to the direct functions of the organs in providing for the continuance and sustentation of the whole co-organized body. No one talks of the liver secreting bile, or of the heart acting for the propulsion of the blood, by instinct. Some, indeed, have maintained that breathing, even voiding the excrement and urine, are instinctive operations; but surely these, as well as the former, are automatic, or at least are the necessary results of the organization of the parts in and by which the actions are produced. These instances seem to be, if I may so say, below instinct. But, again, we do not attribute instinct to any actions preceded by a will conscious of its whole purpose, calculating its effects, and pre-

determining its consequences: nor to any exercise of the intellectual powers of which the whole scope, aim, and end are intellectual. In other terms, no man who values his words will talk of the instinct of a Howard, or of the instinctive operations of a Newton or Leibnitz, in those sublime efforts which ennoble and cast a lustre, not less on the individuals than on the whole human race.

To what kind or mode of action shall we then look for the legitimate application of the term? In answer to this query we may, I think, without fear of the consequences, put the following cases, as exemplifying and justifying the use of the term instinct in an appropriate sense. First, when there appears an action, not included either in the mere functions of life, acting within the sphere of its own organismus; nor yet an action attributable to the intelligent will or reason, yet at the same time not referable to any particular organ; we then declare the presence of an instinct. We might illustrate this in the instance of a bull-calf butting before he has horns, in which the action can have no reference to its internal economy, to the presence of a particular organ, or to an intelligent will. Secondly, likewise (if it be not included in the first) we attribute instinct where the organ is present, if only the act is equally anterior to all possible experience on the part of the individual agent; as for instance, when the beaver employs its tail for the construction of its dwelling; the tailor-bird its bill for the formation of its pensile habitation; the spider its spinning organ for fabricating its artfully woven nets; or the viper its poison fang for its defence. And lastly, generally where there is an act of the whole body as one animal, not referable to a will conscious of its purpose, nor to its mechanism, nor to a habit derived from experience, nor previous frequent use. Here with most satisfaction, and without doubt of the propriety of the word, we declare an instinct; as examples of which, we may adduce the migratory habits of birds; the social instincts of the bees, the construction of their habitations, composed of cells formed with geometrical precision, adapted in capacity to different orders of the society, and forming storehouses for containing a supply of provisions; not to mention similar instances in wasps, ants, termites, and the endless contrivances for protecting the future progeny.

But if it be admitted, that we have rightly stated the application of the term, what, we may ask, is contained in the examples adduced, or what inferences are we to make as to the nature of instinct itself, as a source and principle of action? We shall, perhaps, best aid ourselves in the inquiry by an example; and let us take a very familiar one, of a caterpillar taking its food. The caterpillar seeks at once the plant which furnishes the appropriate aliment, and this even as soon as it creeps from the ovum; and the food being taken into the stomach, the nutritious part is separated from the innutritious, and is disposed of for the support of the animal. The question then is, what is contained in this instance of instinct? In the first place, what does the vital power in the stomach do, if we generalize the account of the process, or express it in its most general terms? Manifestly it selects and applies appropriate means to an immediate end, prescribed by the constitution, first, of the particular organ, and then of the whole body or organismus. \* This we have admitted is not instinct. But what does the caterpillar do? Does it not also select and apply appropriate means to an immediate end prescribed by its particular organization and constitution? But there is something more; it does this according to circumstances; and this we call instinct. But may there not be still something more involved? What shall we say of Huber's humble bees? A dozen of these were put under a bell-glass along with a comb of about ten silken cocoons, so unequal in height as not to be capable of standing steadily; to remedy this, two or three of the humble-bees got upon the comb, stretched themselves over its edge, and with their heads downwards fixed

their forefeet on the table on which the comb stood, and so with their hind feet kept the comb from falling: when these were weary others took their places. In this constrained and painful posture, fresh bees relieving their comrades at intervals, and each working in its turn, did these affectionate little insects support the comb for nearly three days, at the end of which time they had prepared sufficient wax to build pillars with it. And what is still further curious, the first pillars having got displaced, the bees had again recourse to the same manoeuvre. What then is involved in this case? Evidently the same selection and appropriation of means to an immediate end as before, but observe! according to varying circumstances.

And here we are puzzled; for this becomes understanding. At least no naturalist, however predetermined to contrast and oppose instinct to understanding, but ends at last in facts in which he himself can make out no difference. But are we hence to conclude that the instinct is the same, and identical with the human understanding? Certainly not; though the difference is not in the essentials of the definition, but in an addition to, or modification of, that which is essentially the same in both. In such cases, namely, as that which we have last adduced, in which instinct assumes the semblance of understanding, the act indicative of instinct is not clearly prescribed by the constitution or laws of the animal's peculiar organization, but arises out of the constitution and previous circumstances of the animal, and those habits, wants, and that predetermined sphere of action and operation which belong to the race, and beyond the limits of which it does not pass. If this be the case, I may venture to assert that I have determined an appropriate sense for instinct: namely, that it is a power of selecting and applying appropriate means to an immediate end, according to circumstances and the changes of circumstances, these being variable and varying, but yet so as to be referable to the general habits arising out of the constitution and previous circumstances of the animal, considered not as an individual but as a race.

We may here, perhaps, most fitly explain the error of those who contend for the identity of reason and instinct, and believe that the actions of animals are the result of invention and experience. They have, no doubt, been deceived in their investigation of instinct by an efficient cause simulating a final cause, and the defect in their reasoning has arisen in consequence of observing in the instinctive operations of animals the adaptation of means to a relative end, from the assumption of a deliberate purpose. To this freedom or choice in action and purpose, instinct, in any appropriate sense of the word, cannot apply; and to justify and explain its introduction, we must have recourse to other and higher faculties than any manifested in the operations of instinct. It is evident, namely, in turning our attention to the distinguishing character of human actions, that there is, as in the inferior animals, a selection and appropriation of means to ends, but it is (not only according to circumstances, not only according to varying circumstances, but it is) according to varying purposes. But this is an attribute of the intelligent will, and no longer even more understanding.

And here let me observe that the difficulty and delicacy of this investigation are greatly increased by our not considering the understanding (even our own) in itself, and as it would be were it not accompanied with and modified by the co-operation of the will, the moral feeling, and that faculty, perhaps best distinguished by the name of reason, of determining that which is universal and necessary, of fixing laws and principles, whether speculative or practical, and of contemplating a final purpose or end. This intelligent will—having a self-conscious purpose, under the guidance and light of the reason, by which its acts are made to bear as a whole upon some end in and for itself, and to which the understanding is subservient as an organ, or the faculty of selecting and appropriating the means—seems best to account for

that progressiveness of the human race which so evidently marks an insurmountable distinction and impassable barrier between man and the inferior animals; but which would be inexplicable, were there no other difference than in the degree of their intellectual faculties.

Man, doubtless, has his instincts, even in common with the inferior animals, and many of these are the germs of some of the best feelings of his nature. What, amongst many, might I present as a better illustration, or more beautiful instance, than the *storge* or maternal instinct. But man's instincts are elevated and ennobled by the moral ends and purposes of his being. He is not destined to be the slave of blind impulses, a vessel purposeless, unmeant. He is constituted by his moral and intelligent will to be the first freed being, the master-work and the end of nature; but this freedom and high office can only co-exist with fealty and devotion to the service of truth and virtue. And though we may even be permitted to use the term instinct, in order to designate those high impulses which, in the minority of man's rational being, shape his acts unconsciously to ultimate ends, and which in constituting the very character and impress of the humanity reveal the guidance of providence; yet the convenience of the phrase, and the want of any other distinctive appellation for an influence *de supra*, working unconsciously in and on the whole human race, should not induce us to forget that the term instinct is only strictly applicable to the adaptive power, as the faculty, even in its highest proper form, of selecting and adapting appropriate means to proximate ends according to varying circumstances,—a faculty which, however, only differs from human understanding in consequence of the latter being enlightened by reason, and that the principles which actuate man as ultimate ends, and are designed for his conscious possession and guidance, are best and most properly named ideas.

#### 59.—DEATH OF CÆSAR.

PLUTARCH.

[PLUTARCHUS, "the only writer of antiquity who has established a lasting reputation in the department of biography," was a native of Chironææ, in Boetia, and was a youth in the time of the Roman emperor Nero. His Lives are equally the delight of boys and men, of the cursory reader and the philosopher. He had a distinct object in view—to exhibit character, and thence deduce or suggest moral lessons. The old English translation, by Sir Thomas North, from the French of Amyot, is the best complete version of this most interesting writer. That of Langborne is feeble and unidiomatic. Mr. Long has translated those Lives which illustrate the Civil Wars of Rome; and his accomplished scholarship and profound historical knowledge leave us nothing to desire. The following narrative of the death of Cæsar is from Mr. Long's version.]

The most manifest and deadly hatred towards him was produced by his desire of kingly power, which to the many was the first, and to those who had long nourished a secret hatred of him the most specious cause. And indeed those who were contriving this honour for Cæsar spread about a certain report among the people, that according to the Sibylline writings it appeared that Parthia could be conquered by the Romans if they advanced against it with a king, but otherwise could not be assailed. And as Cæsar was going down from Alba to the city, they ventured to salute him as king, but, as the people showed their dissatisfaction, Cæsar was disturbed, and said that he was not called king, but Cæsar; and, as hereupon there was a general silence, he passed along with no great cheerfulness nor good humour on his countenance. When some extravagant honours had been decreed to him in the Senate, it happened that he was sitting above the Rostra, and when the consuls and prætors approached with all the senate behind them, without rising from his seat, but just as if he were transacting business with private persons, he answered that the honours required rather to be contracted than enlarged. This annoyed,

not the senate only, but the people also, who considered that the state was insulted in the persons of the Senate; and those who were not obliged to stay went away forthwith with countenance greatly downcast, so that Cæsar perceiving it forthwith went home, and as he threw his cloak from his shoulders he called out to his friends, that he was ready to offer his throat to any one who wished to kill him; but afterwards he alleged his disease as an excuse for his behaviour, saying that persons who are so affected cannot usually keep their senses steady when they address a multitude standing, but that the senses being speedily convulsed and whirling about bring on giddiness and are overpowered. However, the fact was not so, for it is said that he was very desirous to rise up when the senate came, but was checked by one of his friends or rather one of his flatterers, Cornelius Balbus, who said, "Will you not remember that you are Cæsar, and will you not allow yourself to be honoured as a superior?"

There was added to these causes of offence the insult offered to the tribunes. It was the festival of the Lupercalia, about which many writers say that it was originally a festival of the shepherds, and had also some relationship to the Arcadian Lycæa. On this occasion many of the young nobles and magistrates run through the city without their toga, and for sport and to make laughter strike those whom they meet with strips of hide that have the hair on; many women of rank also purposely put themselves in the way, and present their hands to be struck like children at school, being persuaded that this is favourable to easy parturition for those who are pregnant, and to conception for those who are barren. Cæsar was a spectator, being seated at the Rostra on a golden chair in a triumphal robe; and Antonius was one of those who ran in the sacred race, for he was consul. Accordingly, when he entered the Forum, and the crowd made way for him, he presented to Cæsar a diadem which he carried surrounded with a crown of bay; and there was a clapping of hands, not loud, but slight, which had been already concerted. When Cæsar put away the diadem from him, all the people clapped their hands, and when Antonius presented it again only a few clapped; but when Cæsar declined to receive it again all the people applauded. The experiment having thus failed, Cæsar rose, and ordered the crown to be carried to the Capitol. But as Cæsar's statues were seen crowned with royal diadems, two of the tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went up to them and pulled off the diadems, and, having discovered those who had been the first to salute Cæsar as king, they led them off to prison. The people followed, clapping their hands and calling the tribunes Bruti, because it was Brutus who put down the kingly power and placed the sovereignty in the Senate and people instead of its being in the hands of one man. Cæsar, being irritated at this, deprived Flavius and Marullus of their office, and while rating them he also insulted the people by frequently calling the tribunes Bruti and Cumsai.

In this state of affairs the many turned to Marcus Brutus, who on his father's side was considered to be a descendant of the ancient Brutus, and on his mother's side belonged to the Servilli, another distinguished house, and he was the son-in-law and nephew of Cato. The honours and favours which Brutus had received from Cæsar dulled him towards attempting of his own proper motion the overthrow of the monarchical power; for not only was his life saved at the battle of Pharsalus after the rout of Pompeius, and many of his friends also at his entreaty, but besides this he had great credit with Cæsar. He had also received among those who then held the prætorship the chief office, and he was to be consul in the fourth year from that time, having been preferred to Cassius, who was a rival candidate. For it is said that Cæsar observed that Cassius urged better grounds of preference, but that he could not pass over Brutus. And on one occasion, when some persons were calumniating Brutus to him, at a time when the conspiracy was really forming, he

would not listen to them, but touching his body with his hand he said to the accusers, "Brutus waits for this dry skin," by which he intended to signify that Brutus was worthy of the power for his merits, but for the sake of the power would not be ungrateful and a villain. Now those who were eager for the change, and who looked up to him alone, or him as the chief person, did not venture to speak with him on the subject, but by night they used to fill the tribunal and the seat on which he sat when discharging his functions as prætor, with writings, most of which were to this purport: "You are asleep, Brutus," and "You are not Brutus." By which Cassius, perceiving that his ambition was somewhat stirred, urged him more than he had done before and pricked him on; and Cassius himself had also a private grudge against Cæsar for the reasons which I have mentioned in the Life of Brutus. Indeed Cæsar suspected Cassius, and he once said to his friends, "What think ye is Cassius aiming at? for my part, I like him not over-much for he is over-pale." On the other hand, it is said that when a rumour reached him, that Antonius and Dolabella were plotting, he said, "I am not much afraid of these well-fed long-haired fellows, but I rather fear those others, the pale and thin," meaning Cassius and Brutus.

But it appears that destiny is not so much a thing that gives no warning as a thing that cannot be avoided, for they say that wondrous signs and appearances presented themselves. Now as to lights in the skies and sounds by night moving in various directions, and solitary birds descending into the Forum, it is perhaps not worth while recording these with reference to so important an event; but Strabo the Philosopher relates that many men all of fire were seen contending against one another, and that a soldier's slave emitted a great flame from his hand and appeared to the spectators to be burning, but when the flame went out the man had sustained no harm; and while Cæsar himself was sacrificing the heart of the victim could not be found, and this was considered a bad omen, for naturally an animal without a heart cannot exist. The following stories also are told by many: that a certain seer warned him to be on his guard against great danger on that day of the month of March which the Romans call the Ides; and when the day had arrived, as Cæsar was going to the Senate-house, he saluted the seer and jeered him, saying, "Well, the Ides of March are come;" but the seer mildly replied, "Yes, they are come, but they are not yet over." The day before, when Marcus Lepidus was entertaining him, he chanced to be signing some letters, according to his habit, while he was reclining at table; and the conversation having turned on what kind of death was the best, before any one could give an opinion he called out, that which is unexpected. After this, while he was sleeping, as he was accustomed to do, by the side of his wife, all the doors and windows in the house flew open at once, and, being startled by the noise and brightness of the moon which was shining down upon him, he observed that Calpurnia was in a deep slumber, but was uttering indistinct words and inarticulate groans in the midst of her sleep; and indeed she was dreaming that she held her murdered husband in her arms and was weeping over him. Others say this was not the vision that Calpurnia had, but the following: there was attached to Cæsar's house by way of ornament and distinction, pursuant to a vote of the Senate, an acroterium, as Livius says, and Calpurnia, in her dream seeing this tumbling down, lamented and wept. When day came accordingly she entreated Cæsar if it was possible, not to go out, and to put off the meeting of the Senate; but, if he paid no regard to her dreams, she urged him to enquire by other modes of divination and by sacrifices about the future. Cæsar also, as it seems, had some suspicion and fear; for he had never before detected in Calpurnia any womanish superstition, and now he saw that she was much disturbed, and when the seer also, after sacrificing many victims, reported to him



that the omens were unfavourable he determined to send Antonius to dismiss the Senate.

In the meantime Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, who was in such favour with Cæsar that he was made in his will his second heir, but was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius, being afraid that, if Cæsar escaped that day, the affair might become known, ridiculed the seers, and chided Cæsar for giving cause for blame and censure to the Senate, who would consider themselves insulted: he said, "that the Senate had met at his bidding, and that they were all ready to pass a decree that he should be proclaimed king of the provinces out of Italy, and should wear a diadem whenever he visited the rest of the earth and sea; but if any one shall tell them, when they are taking their seats, to be gone now and to come again when Calpurnia shall have had better dreams, what may we not expect to be said by those who envy you? or who will listen to your friends when they say that this is not slavery and tyranny. But if, he continued, "you are fully resolved to consider the day inauspicious, it is better for you to go yourself and address the Senate and then to adjourn the business." As he said this, Brutus took Cæsar by the hand and began to lead him forth: and he had gone but a little way from the door, when a slave belonging to another person, who was eager to get at Cæsar, but was prevented by the press and numbers about him, rushing into the house, delivered himself up to Calpurnia and told her to keep him till Cæsar returned, for he had important things to communicate to him.

Artemidorus, a Cnidian by birth, and a professor of Greek philosophy, which had brought him into the familiarity of some of those who belonged to the party of Brutus, so that he knew the greater part of what was going on, came and brought in a small roll the information which he intended to communicate; but, observing that Cæsar gave each roll as he received it to the attendants about him, he came very near, and said, "This you alone should read, Cæsar, and read it soon; for it is about weighty matters which concern you." Accordingly Cæsar received the roll, but he was prevented from reading it by the number of people who came in his way, though he made several attempts, and he entered the Senate holding that roll in his hand, and retaining that alone among all that had been presented to him. Some say that it was another person who gave him this roll, and that Artemidorus did not even approach him, but was kept from him all the way by the pressure of the crowd.

Now these things perchance may be brought about by mere spontaneity; but the spot that was the scene of that murder and struggle, wherein the Senate was then assembled, which contained the statue of Pompeius and was a dedication by Pompeius and one of the ornaments that he added to his theatre, completely proved that it was the work of some demon to guide and call the execution of the deed to that place. It is said also that Cassius looked towards the statue of Pompeius before the deed was begun and silently invoked it, though he was not averse to the philosophy of Epicurus; but the critical moment for the bold attempt which was now come probably produced in him enthusiasm and feeling in place of his former principles. Now Antonius, who was faithful to Cæsar and a robust man, was kept on the outside by Brutus Albinus, who purposely engaged him in a long conversation. When Cæsar entered, the Senate rose to do him honour, and some of the party of Brutus stood around his chair at the back, and others presented themselves before him, as if their purpose was to support the prayer of Tillius Cimber on behalf of his exiled brother, and they all joined in entreaty, following Cæsar as far as his seat. When he had taken his seat and was rejecting their entreaties, and as they urged them still more strongly, began to show displeasure towards them individually, Tillius taking hold of his toga with both his hands pulled it downwards from the neck, which was the signal for the attack. Casca was the first to strike him on the

neck with his sword a blow neither mortal nor severe, for as was natural at the beginning of so bold a deed he was confused, and Cæsar turning round seized the dagger and held it fast. And it happened that at the same moment he who was struck cried out in the Roman language, "You villain Casca, what are you doing?" and he who had given the blow cried out to his brother in Greek, "Brother, help." Such being the beginning, those who were not privy to the conspiracy were prevented by consternation and horror at what was going on either from flying or going to aid, and they did not even venture to utter a word. And now each of the conspirators bared his sword, and Cæsar being hemmed in all round, in whatever direction he turned meeting blows and swords aimed against his eyes and face, driven about like a wild beast was caught in the hands of his enemies; for it was arranged that all of them should take a part in and taste of the deed of blood. Accordingly Brutus also gave him one blow in the groin. It is said by some authorities, that he defended himself against the rest, moving about his body hither and thither, and calling out, till he saw that Brutus had drawn his sword, when he pulled his toga over his face and offered no further resistance, having been driven either by chance or by the conspirators to the base on which the statue of Pompeius stood. And the base was drenched with blood, as if Pompeius was directing the vengeance upon his enemy who was stretched beneath his feet and writhing under his many wounds; for he is said to have received three and twenty wounds. Many of the conspirators were wounded by one another, while they were aiming so many blows against one body.

After Cæsar was killed, though Brutus came forward as if he was going to say something about the deed, the Senators, without waiting to listen, rushed through the door, and making their escape filled the people with confusion and indescribable alarm, so that some closed their houses, and others left their tables and places of business, and while some ran to the place to see what had happened, others who had seen it ran away. But Antonius and Lepidus, who were the chief friends of Cæsar, stole away and fled for refuge to the houses of other persons. The partisans of Brutus, just as they were, warm from the slaughter, and showing their bare swords, all in a body advanced from the Senate-house to the Capitol, not like men who were flying, but exulting and confident, calling the people to liberty and joined by the nobles who met them. Some even went up to the Capitol with them and mingled with them as if they had participated in the deed, and claimed the credit of it, among whom were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But they afterwards paid the penalty of their vanity, for they were put to death by Antonius and the young Cæsar, without having enjoyed even the reputation of that for which they lost their lives, for nobody believed that they had a share in the deed. For neither did those who put them to death, punish them for what they did, but for what they wished to do. On the next day Brutus came down and addressed the people, who listened without expressing disapprobation or approbation of what had been done, but they indicated by their deep silence that they pitied Cæsar and respected Brutus. The Senate, with a view of making an amnesty and conciliating all parties, decreed that Cæsar should be honoured as a god, and that not the smallest thing should be disturbed which he had settled while he was in power; and they distributed among the partisans of Brutus provinces and suitable honours, so that all people supposed that affairs were quieted and had been settled in the best way.

But when the will of Cæsar was opened, and it was discovered that he had given to every Roman a handsome present, and they saw the body, as it was carried through the Forum, disfigured with wounds, the multitude no longer kept within the bounds of propriety and order, but heaping about the corpse benches, lattices and tables, taken from the Forum, they set fire to it on the spot and burnt it; then

taking the flaming pieces of wood they ran to the houses of the conspirators to fire them, and others ran about the city in all directions seeking for the men to seize and tear them in pieces. But none of the conspirators came in their way, and they were all well protected. One Cinna, however, a friend of Cæsar, happened, as it is said, to have had a strange dream the night before; for he dreamed that he was invited by Cæsar to sup with him, and when he excused himself, he was dragged along by Cæsar by the hand, against his will and making resistance the while. Now when he heard that the body of Cæsar was burning in the Forum, he got up and went there out of respect, though he was somewhat alarmed at his dream and had a fever on him. One of the multitude who saw Cinna told his name to another who was enquiring of him, and he again told it to a third, and immediately it spread through the crowd, that this man was one of those who had killed Cæsar; and indeed there was one of the conspirators who was named Cinna; and taking this man to be him the people forthwith rushed upon him and tore him in pieces on the spot. It was principally through alarm at this that the partisans of Brutus and Cassius after a few days left the city.

#### 60.—THE INSECT OF A DAY.

TRANSLATED FROM AN ANONYMOUS FRENCH WRITER.

ARISTOTLE says that upon the river Hypanis there exist little animals who live only one day. Those who die at eight o'clock in the morning, die in their youth; those who die at five o'clock in the evening, die in a state of decrepitude.

Suppose one of the most robust of these Hypanians as old, according to these nations, as time itself; he would have begun to exist at the break of day, and through the strength of his constitution, would have been enabled to support an active life during the infinite number of seconds contained in ten or twelve hours. During so long a succession of instants, by his own experience and by his reflections on all he had seen, he must have acquired great wisdom; he looks upon his fellows who have died at noon as creatures happily delivered from the great number of infirmities to which old age is subject. He may have to relate to his grandsons an astonishing tradition of facts anterior to all the memories of the nation. The young swarm, composed of beings who have lived but an hour, approach the venerable patriarch with respect, and listen with admiration to his instructive discourse. Every thing he relates to them, appears a prodigy to this generation whose life has been so short. A day appears to them the entire duration of time, and the dawn of day would be called, in their chronology, the great era of their creation.

Suppose now that the venerable insect, this Nestor of the Hypanis, a short time before his death, about the hour of sunset, assembles all his descendants, his friends and acquaintances, to give them, with his dying breath, his last advice. They gather from all parts under the vast shelter of a mushroom and the dying sage addresses them in the following manner:—

Friends and compatriots, I feel that the longest life must have an end. The term of mine has arrived, and I do not regret my fate, since my great age has become a burden to me, and there is nothing new under the sun for me. The revolutions and calamities that have desolated my country, the great number of particular accidents to which we are all subject, the infirmities that afflict our species, and the misfortunes which have happened in my own family, all that I have seen in the course of a long life, has only too well taught me this great truth, that happiness, placed in things which do not depend upon ourselves, can never be certain and lasting. An entire generation has perished by a violent wind; a multitude of our impudent youth has been swept into the water by a brisk and unexpected breeze. What terrible floods a sudden rain has caused! Our firmest shelters even are not

proof against a hail storm. A dark cloud causes the most courageous hearts to tremble.

I lived in the early ages, and conversed with insects of larger growth, of stronger constitutions, and I may say of greater wisdom than any of the present generation. I conjure you to give credit to my last words, when I assure you that the sun which now appears beyond the water, and which seems not far from the earth, I have seen in times past fixed in the middle of the heavens, its rays darting directly upon us. The earth was much lighter in past ages, the air was much warmer, and our ancestors were more sober and more virtuous.

Although my senses are enfeebled, my memory is not; I can assure you that this glorious luminary moves. I have seen it rising over the summit of that mountain, and I began my life about the time that it commenced its immense career. It has, during several centuries, advanced in the heavens with an astonishing heat and brilliancy, of which you can have no idea, and which assuredly you could not have supported; but now, by its decline, and the sensible diminution of its vigour, I foresee that all nature must shortly terminate, and that this world will be buried in darkness in less than a hundred minutes.

Alas! my friends, how I flattered myself at one time with the deceitful hope of always living on this earth! how magnificent were the cells I had hollowed out for myself! what confidence did I put in the firmness of my limbs, and in the elasticity of their joints, and in the strength of my wings! But I have lived long enough for nature and for glory, and none of those I leave behind me will have that same satisfaction in the century of darkness and decay that I see about to begin.

#### 61.—THE SCHOOLMASTER.

VERPLANCK.

[MR. VERPLANCK is a living American writer, who, like many of the most distinguished authors and scholars of the United States, has filled situations of political responsibility.]

It has been to me a source of pleasure, though a melancholy one, that in rendering this public tribute to the worth of our departed friend, the respectable members of two bodies, one of them the most devoted and efficient in its scientific enquiries, the other comprising so many names eminent for philanthropy and learning, have met to do honour to the memory of a Schoolmaster.

There are prouder themes for the eulogist than this. The praise of the statesman, the warrior, or the orator, furnish more splendid topics for ambitious eloquence; but no theme can be more rich in desert, or more fruitful in public advantage.

The enlightened liberality of many of our state governments (amongst which we may claim a proud distinction for our own) by extending the common school system over their whole population, has brought elementary education to the door of every family. In this State, it appears from the Annual Reports of the Secretary of the State, there are, besides the fifty incorporated academies and numerous private schools, about nine thousand school districts, in each of which instruction is regularly given. These contain at present half a million of children taught in the single State of New York. To these may be added nine or ten thousand more youth in the higher seminaries of learning, exclusive of the colleges.

Of what incalculable influence, then, for good or for evil, upon the dearest interests of society, must be the estimate entertained for the character of this great body of teachers, and the consequent respectability of the individuals who compose it!

At the recent general election in this State, the votes of above three hundred thousand persons were taken. In thirty years the great majority of these will have passed away; their rights will be exercised, and their duties assumed by those very

children, whose minds are now open to receive their earliest and most durable impressions from the ten thousand schoolmasters of this State.

What else is there in the whole of our social system of such extensive and powerful operation on the national character? There is one other influence more powerful, and but one. It is that of the MOTHER. The forms of a free government, the provisions of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with these. If the future citizens of our republic are to be worthy of their rich inheritance, they must be made so principally through the virtue and intelligence of their mothers. It is in the school of maternal tenderness that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual—the early sentiment of piety awakened and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence is that of the schoolmaster. It is powerful already. What would it be if in every one of those school districts which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher well-informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honoured in the discharge of its duties! How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body of men! Many such we have already amongst us—men humbly wise and obscurely useful, whom poverty cannot depress, nor neglect degrade. But to raise up a body of such men, as numerous as the wants and the dignity of the country demand, their labours must be fitly remunerated, and themselves and their calling cherished and honoured.

The schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good, that best of all consolations, that noblest of all motives. But that, too, must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupation may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet to be truly successful and happy, he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirements, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labours have not been wasted—that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns to be choked by the cares, the delusions, or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers, amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times, to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven. He must arm himself against disappointment and mortification, with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age, and blindness, still

“—— In prophetic dream he saw  
The youth unborn, with pious awe,  
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.”

He must know, and he must love to teach his pupils, not the meagre elements of knowledge, but the secret and the use of their own intellectual strength, exciting and enabling them hereafter to raise for themselves the veil which covers the majestic form of Truth. He must feel deeply the reverence due to the youthful mind fraught with mighty though undeveloped energies and affections, and mysterious and eternal destinies. Thence he must have learnt to reverence himself and his profession, and to look upon its otherwise ill-requited toils as their own exceeding great reward.

If such are the difficulties and the discouragements—such the duties, the motives, and the consolations of teachers who are worthy of that name and trust, how im-

perious then the obligation upon every enlightened citizen who knows and feels the value of such men to aid them, to cheer them, and to honour them!

But let us not be content with barren honour to buried merit. Let us prove our gratitude to the dead by faithfully endeavouring to elevate the station, to enlarge the usefulness, and to raise the character of the schoolmaster amongst us. Thus shall we best testify our gratitude to the teachers and guides of our own youth, thus best serve our country, and thus, most effectually, diffuse over our land light, and truth, and virtue.

## 62.—APOPHTHEGMS.—III.

**REAL COURAGE.**—I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection, that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself. Such is in some sort the condition of Sir Edward Harwood. This accident, that he had killed one in a private quarrel, put a period to his carnal mirth, and was a covering to his eyes all the days of his life. No possible provocations could afterwards tempt him to a duel; and no wonder that one's conscience loathed that whereof he had surfeited. He refused all challenges with more honour than others accepted them; it being well known, that he would set his foot as far in the face of his enemy as any man alive.—**FULLER.** *Worthies.—Article, Lincolnshire.*

**PRECOCIOUS INTELLIGENCE.**—Four merchants were sharers in a sum of a thousand pieces of gold, which they had mixed together, and put into one purse, and they went with it to purchase merchandise, and, finding in their way a beautiful garden, they entered it, and left the purse with a woman who was the keeper of that garden. Having entered, they diverted themselves in a tract of the garden, and ate and drank, and were happy; and one of them said, "I have with me some perfume. Come, let us wash our heads with this running water; and perfume ourselves." Another said, "We want a comb." And another said, "We will ask the keeper; perhaps she hath with her a comb." And upon this, one of them rose and went to the keeper, and said to her, "Give me the purse." She replied, "When ye all present yourselves, or thy companions order me to give it thee." Now his companions were in a place where the keeper could see them, and she could hear their words. And the man said to his companions, "She is not willing to give me aught." So they said to her, "Give him." And when she heard their words, she gave him the purse; and he went forth fleeing from them. Therefore when he had wearied them by the length of his absence, they came to the keeper, and said to her, "Wherefore didst thou not give him the comb?" And she replied, "He demanded of me nothing but the purse, and I gave it not to him save with your permission, and he hath departed hence and gone his way." And when they heard the words of the keeper, they slapped their faces, and seized her with their hands, saying to her, "We gave thee not permission save to give the comb." She replied, "He did not mention to me a comb." And they seized her and took her up to the Kádee, and when they presented themselves before him, they stated to him the case; whereupon he bound the keeper to restore the purse, and bound a number of her debtors to be answerable for her.

So she went forth perplexed, not knowing her way; and there met her a boy, whose age was five years; and when the boy saw her so perplexed, he said to her, "What is the matter, O my mother?" But she returned him not an answer, despising him on account of the smallness of his age. And he repeated his question to her a first, a second, and a third time. So at length she told him what had happened to her. And the boy said to her, "Give me a piece of silver that I may buy some sweetmeats with it; and I will tell thee something by which thine acquittance may be

effected." The keeper therefore gave him a piece of silver, asking him, "Wilt hast thou to say?" And the boy answered her, "Return to the Kádée, and say to him, it was agreed between me and them that I should not give them the purse save in the presence of all the four." So the keeper returned to the Kádée, and said to him as the boy had told her; upon which the Kádée said to the three men, "Was it thus agreed between you and her?" They answered, "Yea." And the Kádée said to them, "Bring to me your companion and take the purse." Thus the keeper went forth free, no injury befalling her, and she went her way.—LANE. *Notes to Arabian Nights.*

DR. KETTLE.—Mr.——, one of the fellows, (in Mr. Francis Potter's time,) was wont to say that Dr. Kettle's brain was like a hasty-pudding, where there was memory, judgment, and fancy, all stirred together. He had all these faculties in great measure, but they were all so jumbled together. If you had to do with him, taking him for a fool, you would have found in him great subtilty and reach: *à contra* if you treated with him as a wise man, you would have mistaken him for a fool. A neighbour of mine told me he heard him preach once in St. Mary's Church, at Oxon. He began thus; "It being my turn to preach in this place, I went into my study to prepare myself for my sermon, and I took down a book that had blue strings, and looked in it, and 'twas sweet St. Bernard. I chanced to read, such a part of it, on such a subject, which hath made me to choose this text———" I know not whether this was the only time or no, that he used this following way of conclusion:—"But now I see it is time for me to shut up my book, for I see the doctor's men come in wiping of their beards from the ale-house."

As they were reading and circumscribing figures, said he, "I will show you how to inscribe a triangle in a quadrangle. Bring a pig into the quadrangle, and I will set the college dog at him, and he will take the pig by the ear; then come I and take the dog by the tail, and the hog by the tail, and so there you have a triangle in a quadrangle."—AUBREY.

YOUTH.—Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age, they have more wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early days I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen, as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but, I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me; "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come unto you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task."—JOHNSON, in *Danvers*.

### 68.—THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

[WILLIAM BEVERIDGE was born in 1638, at Barro, in Leicestershire. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; received various ecclesiastical preferments, and became Bishop of St. Asaph, in 1704. In 1708 he died. He was a divine of profound learning, of exemplary holiness, and of unwearied industry in the discharge of his pastoral duties. He was called, in his own time, "the great restorer and reviver of primitive piety." The following extract is from his admirable '*Private Thoughts upon Religion and a Christian Life*'] :—

Hoping that all who profess themselves to be the friends and disciples of Jesus Christ desire to manifest themselves to be so by following both his precepts and example, I shall give the reader a short narrative of his life and actions, wherein we may all see what true piety is, and what real Christianity requires of us; and may

not content ourselves as many do, with being professors, and adhering to parties or factions amongst us, but strive to be thorough Christians, and to carry ourselves as such, by walking as Christ himself walked; which that we may know at least how to do; looking upon Christ as a mere man, I shall show how he did, and by consequence how we ought to carry ourselves both to God and man, and what graces and virtues he exercised all along for our example and imitation.

Now for our more clear and methodical proceeding in a matter of such consequence as this is, I shall begin with his behaviour towards men, from his childhood to his death.

Just, therefore, when he was a child of twelve years of age, it is particularly recorded of him, that he was subject or obedient to his parents, his real mother and reputed father\*. It is true, he knew at that time that God himself was his Father, for, said he, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?"† And knowing God to be his Father, he could not but know likewise that he was infinitely above his mother; yea, that she could never have borne him, had not himself first made and supported her. Yet, howsoever, though as God he was Father to her, yet as man she was mother to him, and therefore he honoured and obeyed both her and him to whom she was espoused. Neither did he only respect his mother whilst he was here, but he took care of her too when he was going hence. Yea, all the pains he suffered upon the cross could not make him forget his duty to her that bore him; but seeing her standing by the cross, as himself hung on it, he committed her to the care of his beloved disciple, who "took her to his own home."‡ Now as our Saviour did, so are we bound to carry ourselves to our earthly parents, whatsoever their temper or condition be in this world. Though God hath blessed some of us perhaps with greater estates than ever he blessed them, yet we must not think ourselves above them, nor be at all the less respectful to them. Christ, we see, was infinitely above his mother, yet as she was his mother he was both subject and respectful to her. He was not ashamed to own her as she stood by the cross, but, in the view and hearing of all there present, gave his disciple a charge to take care of her, leaving us an example, that such amongst us as have parents provide for them if they need it, as for our children, both while we live and when we come to die.

And as he was to his natural so was he too to his civil parents, the magistrates under which he lived, submissive and faithful; for though, as he was God, he was infinitely above them in heaven, yet, as he was man, he was below them on earth, having committed all civil power into their hands, without reserving any at all for himself. So that, though they received their commission from him, yet now himself could not act without receiving a commission from them. And therefore, having no commission from them to do it, he would not intrench so much upon their privilege and power as to determine the controversy betwixt the two brethren contending about their inheritance. "Man," saith he, "who made me a judge or a divider over you?"§ And to show his submission to the civil magistrates as highly as possibly he could, rather than offend them he wrought a miracle to pay the tax which they had charged upon him||. And when the officers were sent to take him, though he had more than twelve legions of angels at his service to have fought for him if he had pleased, yet he would not employ them, nor suffer his own disciples to make any resistance¶. And though some of late days, who call themselves Christians, have acted quite contrary to our blessed Saviour in this particular, I hope better things of my readers, even that they will behave themselves more like Christ, who, though he was supreme governor of the world, yet would not resist, but submitted to the civil power which himself had entrusted men withal.

\* Luke, ii. 51.

+ Luke, ii. 49.

|| Matt. xvii. 27.

† John, xix. 27.

¶ Matt. xxvi. 52, 53.

§ Luke, xii. 14.



Moreover, although whilst he was here he was really not only the best but greatest man upon earth, yet he carried himself to others with that meekness, humility and respect, as if he had been the least : as he never admired any man for his riches, so neither did he despise any man for his poverty ; poor men and rich were all alike to him. He was as lowly and respectful to the lowest, as he was to the highest that he conversed with : he affected no titles of honour, nor gaped after popular air, but submitted himself to the meanest services that he could, for the good of others, even to the washing his own disciples' feet, and all to teach us that we can never think too lowly of ourselves, nor do any thing that is beneath us ; propounding himself as our example, especially in this particular : " Learn of me," saith he, " for I am meek and lowly in heart."\*

His humility also was the more remarkable, in that his bounty and goodness to others was so great, for " he went about doing good."† Wheresoever you read he was, you read still of some good work or other he did there. Whatsoever company he conversed with, they still went better from him than they came unto him, if they came out of a good end. By him, as himself said, " the blind received their sight, and the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, and the deaf heard, the dead were raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."‡ Yea, it is observable, that we never read of any person whatsoever that came to him, desiring any kindness or favour of him, but he still received it, and that whether he was friend or foe. For indeed, though he had many inveterate and implacable enemies in the world, yet he bore no grudge or malice against them, but expressed as much love and favour for them as to his greatest friends. Inasmuch, that when they had gotten him upon the cross, and fastened his hands and feet unto it, in the midst of all that pain and torment which they put him to, he still prayed for them§.

Oh ! how happy, how blessed a people should we be, could we but follow our blessed Saviour in this particular ! How well would it be with us, could we but be thus loving to one another, as Christ was to all, even his most bitter enemies ! We may assure ourselves it is not only our misery, but our sin too, unless we be so. And our sin will be the greater, now we know our Master's pleasure, unless we do it. And therefore, let all such amongst us as desire to carry ourselves as Christ himself did, and as becometh his disciples in the world, begin here.

Be submissive and obedient both to our parents and governors, humble in our own sight, despise none, but be charitable, loving, and good to all ; by this shall all men know that we are Christ's disciples indeed.

Having thus seen our Saviour's carriage towards men, we shall now consider his piety and devotion towards God : not as if it was possible for me to express the excellency and perfection of those religious acts which he performed continually within his soul to God, every one of his faculties being as entire in itself, and as perfect in its acts, as it was first made or designed to be. There was no darkness, nor so much as gloominess in his mind, no error nor mistake in his judgment, no bribery nor corruption in his conscience, no obstinacy nor perverseness in his will, no irregularity nor disorder in his affections, no spot, no blot, no blemish, not the least imperfection or infirmity in his whole soul. And, therefore, even whilst his body was on earth, his head and heart were still in heaven. For he never troubled his head nor so much as concerned himself about anything here below, any further than to do all the good he could, his thoughts being wholly taken up with considering how to advance God's glory and man's eternal happiness. And as for his heart, that was the altar on which the sacred fire of divine love was always burning, the flames whereof continually ascended up to heaven, being accompanied with the most ardent and fervent desires of, and delight in, the chiefest good.

\* Matt. xi. 29.

† Acts, x. 39.

‡ Matt. xi. 5.

§ Luke, xiii. 34.

But it must not be expected that I should give an exact description of that eminent and most perfect holiness which our blessed Saviour was inwardly adorned with and continually employed in; which I am as unable to express as desirous to imitate. But, howsoever, I shall endeavour to mind the reader in general of such acts of piety and devotion, which are particularly recorded, on purpose for our imitation.

First, therefore, it is observed of our Saviour, that "from a child he increased in wisdom as he did in stature."\* Where by wisdom we are to understand the knowledge of God and divine things. For our Saviour having taken our nature into his person, with all its frailties and infirmities as it is a created being, he did not in that nature presently know all things which were to be known. It is true, as God, he then knew all things as well as he had from all eternity; but we are now speaking of him as man, like one of us in all things except sin. But we continue some considerable time after we are born before we know anything, or come to the use of our reason; the rational soul not being able to exert or manifest itself until the natural phlegm and radical moisture of the body, which in infants is predominant, be so digested that the body be rightly qualified and its organs fitted for the soul to work upon and to make use of. And though our Saviour came to the use of his reason, as man, far sooner than we are wont to do, yet we must not think that he knew all things as soon as he was born; for that the nature he assumed was not capable of; neither could he then be said, as he is, to increase in wisdom, for where there is a perfection there can be no increase.

But here, before we proceed further, it will be necessary to answer an objection which some may make against this. For, if our Saviour as man knew not all things, then he was not perfect, not absolutely free from sin, ignorance itself being a sin.

To this I have these things to answer: first, it is no sin for a creature to be ignorant of some things, because it is impossible for a creature to know all things; for to be omniscient is God's prerogative, neither is a creature capable of it because he is but finite, whereas the knowledge of all things, or omniscience, is itself an infinite act, and therefore to be performed only by an infinite being. Hence it is that no creature in the world ever was or ever could be made omniscient; but there are many things which Adam in his integrity and the very angels themselves are ignorant of; as our Saviour, speaking of the day of judgment, saith, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."† But the angels are never the less perfect, because they know not this. Nay, it is observable that the Son himself, as man, knew it not: neither, saith he, "the Son, but the Father;" and if he knew it not then, much less was it necessary for him to know it when a child.

Secondly, as to be ignorant of some things is no sin, so neither is any ignorance at all sin but that whereby a man is ignorant of what he is bound to know: "For all sin is the transgression of the law." And, therefore, if there be no law obliging me to know such or such things, I do not sin by being ignorant of them, for I transgress no law. Now, though all men are bound by the law of God to know him, and their duty to him, yet infants, so long as infants, are not neither can be obnoxious or subject to that law, they being in a natural incapacity, yea, impossibility to perform it; but as they become by degrees capable of knowing anything, they are obliged questionless to know him first from whom they receive their knowledge.

And thus it was that our blessed Saviour perfectly fulfilled the law of God; in that although he might still continue ignorant of many things, yet, howsoever, he all along knew all that he was bound to know, and as he grew by degrees more and more capable of knowing anything, so did he increase still more in true wisdom, or in the knowledge of God: so that by that time he was twelve years old, he was able to

\* Luke, ii. 52.

† Mark, xiii. 32.

dispute with the great doctors and learned Rabbies among the Jews; and after that, as he grew in stature, so did he grow in wisdom too, and in favour both with God and man.

And, verily, although we did not follow our blessed Saviour in this particular when we were children, we ought, howsoever, to endeavour it now we are men and women, even to grow in wisdom, and every day add something to our spiritual stature, so as to let never a day pass over our heads without being better acquainted with God's goodness to us, or our duty to him. And by this example of our Saviour's growing in wisdom when a child, we should also learn to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and not to strive so much to make them rich, as to use all means to make them wise and good, that they may do as their Saviour did, even grow in wisdom and in stature, and in the favour both of God and man.

And as our Saviour grew in wisdom when a child so did he use and manifest it when he came to be a man, by devoting himself wholly unto the service of the living God, and to the exercise of all true grace and virtue; wherein his blessed soul was so much taken up that he had neither time nor heart to mind those toys and trifles which silly mortals upon earth are so much apt to dote on. It is true, all the world was his, but he had given it all away to others, not reserving for himself so much as a house to put his head in\*. And what money he had hoarded up you may gather from his working a miracle to pay his tribute or poll-money, which came not to much above a shilling. Indeed, he came into the world, and went out again, without ever taking any notice of any pleasures, honours, or riches in it, as if there had been no such thing there, as really there was not or ever will be; all the pomp and glory of this deceitful world having no other being in existence but only in our distempered fancies and imaginations; and therefore our Saviour, whose fancy was sound, and his imagination untainted, looked upon all the world and the glory of it as not worthy to be looked upon, seeing nothing in it wherefore it should be desired. And therefore, instead of spending his time in the childish pursuit of clouds and shadows, he made the service of God not only his business but his recreation too, his food as well as work. "It is my meat," saith he, "to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."† This was all the riches, honours, and pleasures which he sought for in the world, even to do the will of him that sent him thither, to finish the work which he came about; and so he did before he went away: "Father, I have glorified thee on earth, I have finished the work which thou sentest me to do."‡ If, therefore, we would be Christ's disciples, so as to follow him, we see what we must do and how we must behave and carry ourselves whilst we are here below; we must not spend our time nor throw away our precious and short-lived days upon the trifles and impertinences of this transient world, as if we came hither for nothing else but to take and scrape up a little dust and dirt together, or to wallow ourselves like swine in the mire of carnal pleasures and delights. No, we may assure ourselves we have greater things to do and far more noble designs to carry on whilst we continue in this vale of tears, even "to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, and to make our calling and election sure," and to serve God here so as to enjoy him for ever. This is the work we came about, and which we must not only do, but do it too with pleasure and delight, and never leave until we have accomplished it; we must make it our only pleasure to please God, account it our only honour to honour him, and esteem his love and favour to be the only wealth and riches that we can enjoy; we must think ourselves no further happy than we find ourselves to be truly holy, and therefore devote our lives wholly to him, in whom we live. This is to live as Christ lived, and by consequence as Christians ought to do.

\* Matt. viii. 20.

† John, iv. 34.

‡ John, xvii. 4.



64.—SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—III.

ADDISON, after a long interval in the production of his papers on the worthy knight whom he had adopted for his own, brings him to London. His character will now be brought out under new aspects. The following passages are from the 'Spectator,' No. 269.

"I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn walks. As I was wondering with myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

"I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

"I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn walks, but I heard my friend humming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems. •

"I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who, before he saw me, was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence. •

"Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Burrow. 'I have left,' says he, 'all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.'

"He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me, in his name, with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel-sticks out of one of his hedges.

"Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death

the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. 'But for my own part,' says Sir Roger, 'I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.'

"He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas.

"I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt about his chimes very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs'-puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' says Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wumble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.' . . .

"Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squires's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the 'Supplement,' with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, inasmuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea until the knight had got all his conveniences about him."

When Addison has got Sir Roger fairly in London, he will not trust him to inferior hands. The 'Spectator,' No. 329, is a genuine morsel of quiet humour. The idea of the good old country squire displaying his historical knowledge, upon the strength of Baker's Chronicle, is highly amusing. Nothing can be happier than his wonder that he did not find the history of the wax-work maid of honour in the State Annals of Queen Elizabeth.

"My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me to other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine at first how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been busy all last summer upon 'Baker's Chronicle,' which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey. . . . As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterward by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man.' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Busby! a great man!' he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir

Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

"We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone under the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned: but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimple were with us, and saw those chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

"Sir Roger in the next place laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince, concluding that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

"We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterward Henry IV.'s, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

"Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since—'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

"The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

"For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

"I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man, for which reason he shook him by the hand; parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in orfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure."

#### 65.—WORK.

CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, one of the most remarkable writers of our own times, is a native of Scotland. His mind has been chiefly formed in the German school of literature and philosophy; but he rises far above the character of a mere imitator. His style is entirely his own at first repulsive,—but when familiar to the reader, highly exciting. Perhaps this style is occasionally gild over common thoughts; but Mr. Carlyle's thoughts are, for the most part, of a solid metal that requires no plating. In graphic power of description whether of

the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. 'But for my own part,' says Sir Roger, 'I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.'

"He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas.

"I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt about his chinees very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs'-puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' says Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good chaer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of gold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.' . . .

"Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squires's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the 'Supplement,' with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea until the knight had got all his conveniences about him."

When Addison has got Sir Roger fairly in London, he will not trust him to inferior hands. The 'Spectator,' No. 320, is a genuine morsel of quiet humour. The idea of the good old country squire displaying his historical knowledge, upon the strength of Baker's Chronicle, is highly amusing. Nothing can be happier than his wonder that he did not find the history of the wax-work maid of honour in the State Annals of Queen Elizabeth.

"My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine at first how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been busy all last summer upon 'Baker's Chronicle,' which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport, since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey. . . . As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterward by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man.' As we stood before Bushy's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Bushy! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!'

"We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir

Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

"We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone under the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned: but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimple were with us, and saw those chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

"Sir Roger in the next place laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince, concluding that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

"We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterward Henry IV.'s, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

"Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since—"Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

"The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

"For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

"I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man, for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure."

#### 65.—WORK.

#### CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, one of the most remarkable writers of our own times, is a native of Scotland. His mind has been chiefly formed in the German school of literature and philosophy; but he rises far above the character of a mere imitator. His style is entirely his own—at first repulsive,—but when familiar to the reader, highly exciting. Perhaps this style may occasionally gild over common thoughts; but Mr. Carlyle's thoughts are, for the most part, of a solid metal that requires no plating. In graphic power of description, whether of



scenes or of characters, he has not a living equal. There are passages in his 'French Revolution, a History,' which can never be forgotten by any reader of imagination. The following extract is from 'Past and Present']

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature ; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself ;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee ; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe ! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself ; thou art an unknowable individual : know what thou canst work at ; and work at it like a Hercules ! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written "an endless significance lies in work ;" as man perfects himself by writing. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities ; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work ! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man ; but as he bends himself with free valour against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame.

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder ; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses ; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve ? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves ; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest objects ; old as the Prophet Ezeckiel, and far older ? Rude lumps of clay ; how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking ! Even such a Potter were Destiny ; with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin ! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch ; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish ; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour ! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows ; draining off the sour fostering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small ! Labour is life ; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much

else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge ! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working ; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge : a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light ; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time ? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there, and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stonehenge, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red tape Officials, idle Nell Gwyn Defenders of the Faith ; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no ! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell Gwyn Defenders, to blustering red tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Christopher's sake and his cathedrals ; they are there for their own sake mainly ! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her—Nature herself is but partially for him ; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not ! His very money, where is it to come from ? The pious munificence of England lies far scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here ;"—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods ; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near ! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these ; understand all these ; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these, and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice ; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly in Portland stone there !

Yes, all manner of work, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent ; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity, inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent ; see whether, under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven ; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen !

Work is of a religious nature : work is of a *brave* nature ; which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's : " a waste ocean threatens to devour him ; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all ! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters ; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf ! Moseems they have other work than floating thee forward :—and the huge Winds

that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle skiff of thine ! Thou art not among articulate speaking friends, my brother ; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them : see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence the while ; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress ; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage ; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself ;—how much wilt thou swallow down ! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep ; a Silence unsoundable ; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the world Marine-Service—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is : thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down ; and make it bear thee on—to new Americas, or whither God wills !

\* \* \* \* \*

Religion, I said ; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion : and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will ; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monks, "*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship."

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring Gospel : Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work ;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee ! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable ; obedient and productive to thee. Whersoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy ; attack him swiftly, subdue him ; make Order of him, the subject, not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee ! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it ; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness—attack it I say ; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives ; but smite, smite in the name of God ! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee : still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds ; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee ! The unborn Ages ; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard ! The deep Death-kingdoms, the stars in their never resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken

Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that “Agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God’s Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, “With it, my son, or upon it!” Thou too shalt return *home*, in honour to thy far-distant Home, in honour; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou every where art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.

#### 66.—SCENES FROM THE ALCHEMIST.

BEN JONSON.

["O RARE BEN JONSON!"—the inscription on his tomb-stone in Westminster Abbey, which a mason cut for eighteen pence to please a looker on when the grave was covering—is a familiar phrase to many who have not even opened the works of this celebrated man. Jonson was born in 1574, and died in 1637. He was a ripe scholar—a most vigorous thinker. There are passages and delineations of character in his plays, which are matchless of their kind;—but he is the dramatist of peculiarities, then called “humours;”—he is the converse of what he described Shakspeare to be—he is “for an age,” and not “for all time.”]

Lovewit, a housekeeper in London, has fled to the country during a season when the plague was raging. His servant, *Face*, abusing his opportunities, admits an impostor, *Subtle*, and his female confederate, *Dol*, into the house; and there the three worthies carry on a profitable trade by pretending to tell fortunes, and transmute metals into gold. The first Scene exhibits the Alchemist and the Servant in high quarrel. We pass over this scene, and proceed to others which exhibit some of the more remarkable personifications of Jonson’s times:—

#### SCENE I.

A principal figure in ‘the Alchemist’ is Abel Druggar, a tobacco dealer, who wants to learn a quick way to be rich:—

*Sub.* What is your name, say you, Abel Druggar?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* A seller of tobacco?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* Umph!

Free of the grocers?

*Drug.* Ay, an’t please you.

*Sub.* Well——

Your business, Abel?

*Drug.* This, an’t please your worship;

I am a young beginner, and am building

Of a new shop, and, like your worship, just

At corner of a street:—Here’s the plot on’t—

And I would know by art, Sir, of your worship,

Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,

And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,

And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir:

And I was wish’d to your worship by a gentleman,

One Captain *Face*, that says you know men’s plans.

And their good angels, and their bad.

*Sub.* I do,  
If I do see them.

*Re-enter FACE.*

*Face.* What! My honest Abel?  
Thou art well met here.

*Drug.* Troth, Sir, I was speaking,  
Just as your worship came here, of your worship:  
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

*Face.* He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear:  
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;  
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not  
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,  
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,  
Nor buries it in gravel under ground,  
But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that, open'd,  
Smell like conserve of roses or French beans.  
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,  
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper:

A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

*Sub.* He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

*Face.* Already Sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

*Sub.* And in right way toward riches——

*Face.* Sir!

*Sub.* This summer

He will be of the clothing of his company,  
And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.

*Face.* What! and so little beard?

*Sub.* Sir, you must think,  
He may have a receipt to make hair come:  
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for 't;  
His fortune looks for him another way

*Face.* 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon!  
I am amused at that!

*Sub.* By a rule, Captain,  
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;  
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.  
Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face  
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.  
I knew 't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,  
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

*Face.* Which finger's that?

*Sub.* His little finger.  
You were born upon a Wednesday!

*Drug.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

*Sub.* The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;  
The fore-finger to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;  
The ring to Sol; the least, to Mercury,  
Who was the lord, Sir, of his horoscope,  
His house of life being Libra; which forshew'd,  
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

*Face.* Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?

*Sub.* There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,

That shall yield him such a commodity  
Of drugs——This is the west, this the south?

[*Pointing to the plan.*]

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* And those are your two sides?

*Drug.* Ay, Sir.

*Sub.* Make me your door, then, south; your broadside west;  
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,  
Write Mathlai, Tarniel, and Baraborat;  
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.  
They are the names of those mercurial spirits  
That do fright flies from boxes.

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* And

Beneath your threshold bury me a loadstone  
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest  
They'll seem to follow.

*Face.* That's a secret, Nab!

Why, how now, Abol! Is this true?

*Drug.* Good Captain,  
What must I give?

[*Aside to FACE.*]

*Face.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.  
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst)  
Thou'rt like to come to.

*Drug.* I would gi' him a crown.

*Face.* A crown! And toward such a fortune? Heart,  
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

*Drug.* Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this half-year.

*Face.* Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer.  
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll giv't him for thee. Doctor,  
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears  
He will appear more grateful, as your skill  
Does raise him in the world.

*Drug.* I would entreat  
Another favour of his worship.

*Face.* What is 't, Nab?

*Drug.* But to look over, Sir, my almanack,  
And cross out my ill days, that I may neither  
Bargain or trust upon them.

*Face.* That he shall, Nab:  
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

*Sub.* And a direction for his shelves.

*Face.* Now, Nab,  
Art thou well pleased, Nab?

*Drug.* Thank, Sir, both your worships.

*Face.* Away.—

[*Exit DRUGGER.*]

Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature!  
Now do you see that something's to be done,  
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,  
Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?  
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on:  
And yet you think I am at no expense

In searching out these veins, then following them,  
Then trying them out.

*Sub.* You are pleasant, Sir.

*Dol.* I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon——

*Sub.* Where?

*Dol.* Coming along, at far end of the lane,  
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue  
To one that's with him.

*Sub.* Face, go you, and shift.

[*Exit* FACE.]

Dol. you must presently make ready, too.

*Dol.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sub.* Oh, I did look for him

With the sun's rising : marvel he could sleep.

This is the day I am to perfect for him

The magisterium, our great work, the stone ;

And yield it, made, into his hands : of which

He has, this month, talked as he were possess'd.

And now he's dealing pieces on't away.

I see no end of his labours. He will make

Nature ashamed of her long sleep : when art,

Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,

In her best love to mankind, ever could :

If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.

The following exhibition of the character of a covetous sensualist is, perhaps, unequalled in the whole range of the drama. We cannot, however, show how thoroughly Jonson has worked up the idea;—his coarseness is unbounded:—

*Enter* SIR EPICURE MAMMON, and SURLY.

*Mam.* Come on, Sir. Now, you set your foot on shore

In Novo Orbe ; here's the rich Peru :

And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,

Great Solomon's Ophir ! he was sailing to 't

Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months,

This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,

I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich* ;

Where is my Subtle, there ? Within, ho !

*Face.* (*within.*) Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

*Mam.* That is his fire-drake,

His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,

Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.

You are not faithful, Sir. This night, I'll change

All that is metal, in my house, to gold :

Awl, early in the morning, will I send

To all the plumbers and the pewterers,

And buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury

For all the copper.

*Sur.* What, and turn that too ?

*Mam.* Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies ! You admire now ?

*Sur.* No, faith.

*Mam.* But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,

Of which one part projected on a hundred  
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,  
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun ;  
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum<sup>a</sup> !  
You will believe me.

*Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.

*Mam.* Do you think I fable with you ? I assure you,  
He that has once the flower of the sun,  
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,  
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,  
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life ;  
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,  
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,  
I'll make an old man of four score, a child.

*Sur.* No doubt ; he's that already.

*Enter FACE, as a servant.*

How now !

Do we succeed ? Is our day come ? And holds it ?

*Face.* The evening will set red upon you, Sir ;  
You have colour for it, crimson : the red ferment  
Has done his office ; three hours hence prepare you  
To see projection.

*Mam.* Pertinax, my Surly,  
Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.  
This day thou shalt have ingots ; and, to-morrow,  
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right ?  
Blushes the bolt's-head ?

My only care is,  
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on ;  
This town will not half serve me.

*Face.* No, Sir ? buy  
The covering off o' churches.

*Mam.* That's true.

*Face.* Yes.  
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory ;  
Or cap them, new, with shingles.

*Mam.* No, good thatch :  
Thatch will be light upon the rafters, Lungs.  
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace ;  
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,  
Lost in the embers ; and repair this brain,  
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.

*Face.* I have blown, Sir,  
Hard for your worship ; thrown by many a coal,  
When 'twas not beech ; weigh'd those I put in, just  
To keep your heat still even ; these blear'd eyes  
Have wak'd to read your several colours, Sir,  
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,  
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

*Mam.* And, lastly,  
Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni !



*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Mam.* We will be brave, Puff, now we have the med'cine.  
 My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,  
 Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.  
 The tongues of carps, dormice, and camel's heels  
 Boil'd in the spirit of Sol, and dissolv'd pearl,  
 Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy :  
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,  
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle.  
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,  
 Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have  
 The beards of barbels served, instead of sallads ;  
 Oil'd mushrooms ; and the swelling unctuous paps  
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,  
 Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce ;  
 For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*  
*Go forth, and be a knight.*

*Face.* Sir, I'll go look  
 A little, how it heightens.

*Mam.* Do. My shirts  
 I'll have of taffeta—sarsnet, soft and light  
 As cobwebs ; and for all my other raiment,  
 It shall be such as might provoke a Persian,  
 Were he to teach the world riot anew.  
 My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfumed  
 With gums of paradise, and eastern air—

#### CONCLUSION.

The master suddenly returns, and the whole imposture is at length discovered. The impudence of the Alchemist and the lamentations of his dupes, are inimitably painted.

#### 7.—THE FALL OF THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

CLARENDON.

[EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon, was the third son of Henry Hyde, a gentleman of good fortune, of Dinton, in Wiltshire. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford ; became a student of the Middle Temple ; and was returned to Parliament in 1640. Thenceforward his political career forms a considerable part of the history of his country. He was perhaps one of the most honest of the counsellors of Charles I., and the most virtuous in the profligate court of his son. After the Restoration he rose to the highest offices in the State ; but his faithful services were eventually rewarded by disgrace and banishment. His 'History of the Great Rebellion' is one of those few books that are "for all time." The following extract has been justly called "one of the finest passages in Lord Clarendon's History:"]—

His design had always been to land in the Highlands of Scotland, before the winter season should be over, both for the safety of his embarkation, and that he might have time to draw those people together who, he knew, would be willing to repair to him, before it should be known at Edinburgh that he was landed in the kingdom. He had, by frequent messages, kept a constant correspondence with those principal heads of the clans who were most powerful in the Highlands, and were of known or unsuspected affection to the king, and advertised them of all his motions and designs. And by them acquainted those of the Lowlands of all his resolutions, who had promised, upon the first notice of his arrival, to resort with all their friends and followers to him.

Whether these men did really believe that their own strength would be sufficient to subdue their enemies, who were grown generally odious, or thought the bringing over troops of foreigners would lessen the numbers and affections of the natives, they did write very earnestly to the marquis, "to hasten his coming over with officers, arms, and ammunition; for which he should find hands enough;" and gave him notice, "that the committee of estates at Edinburgh had sent again to the king to come over to them; and that the people were so impatient for his presence, that Argyle was compelled to consent to the invitation." It is very probable that this made the greatest impression upon him. He knew very well how few persons there were about the king [Charles II.] who were like to continue firm in those principles, which could only confirm his majesty in his former resolutions against the persuasions and importunities of many others, who knew how to represent to him the desperateness of his condition any other way, than by repairing into Scotland upon any conditions. Montrose knew, that of the two factions there, which were not like to be reconciled, each of them were equally his implacable enemies; so that, which soever prevailed, he should be still in the same state, the whole kirk, of what temper soever, being alike malicious to him; and hearing likewise of the successive misfortunes in Ireland, he concluded, the king would not trust himself there. Therefore, upon the whole, and concluding that all his hopes from Germany and those northern princes would not increase the strength he had already, he caused, in the depth of the winter, those soldiers he had drawn together, which did not amount to above five hundred, to be embarked, and sent officers with them who knew the country, with directions that they should land in such a place in the Highlands, and remain there, as they might well do, till he came to them or sent them orders. And then in another vessel, manned by people well known to him, and commanded by a captain very faithful to the king, and who was well acquainted with that coast, he embarked himself, and near one hundred officers, and landed in another creek, not far from the other place, whither his soldiers were directed. And both the one and the other party were set safely on shore, in the places they designed; from whence the marquis himself, with some servants and officers, repaired presently to the house of a gentleman of quality, with whom he had corresponded, who expected him; by whom he was well received, and thought himself to be in security till he might put his affairs in some method: and therefore ordered his other small troops to contain themselves in those uncouth quarters, in which they were, and where he thought they were not like to be disturbed by the visitation of an enemy.

After he had stayed there a short time, it being in March, about the end of the year 1649, he quickly possessed himself of an old castle; which, in respect of the situation in a country so impossible for any army to march in, he thought strong enough for his purpose: thither he conveyed the arms, ammunition and troops, which he had brought with him. And then he published his declaration, "that he came with the king's commission, to assist those his good subjects, and to preserve them from oppression: that he did not intend to give any interruption to the treaty that he heard was entered into with his majesty; but, on the contrary, hoped that his being at the head of an army, how small soever, that was faithful to the king, might advance the same. However, he had given sufficient proof in his former actions, that if any agreement were made with the king, upon the first order from his majesty, he should lay down his arms, and dispose himself according to his majesty's good pleasure." These declarations he sent to his friends to be scattered by them, and dispersed amongst the people, as they could be able. He writ likewise to those of the nobility, and the heads of the several clans, "to draw such forces together as they thought necessary to join with him;" and he received answers from many

of them by which they desired him, "to advance more into the land," (for he was yet in the remotest parts of Caithness,) and assured him, "that they would meet him with good numbers:" and they did prepare so to do, some really; and others, with a purpose to betray him.

In this state stood the affair in the end of the year 1649: but because the unfortunate tragedy of that noble person succeeded so soon after, without the intervention of any notable circumstances to interrupt it, we will rather continue the relation of it in this place, than defer it to be resumed in the proper season: which quickly ensued, in the beginning of the next year. The Marquis of Argyle was vigilant enough to observe the motion of an enemy that was so formidable to him; and had present information of his arrival in the Highlands, and of the small forces which he had brought with him. The Parliament was then sitting at Edinburgh, their messenger being returned to them from Jersey, with an account, "that the king would treat with their commissioners at Breda;" for whom they were preparing their instructions.

The alarm of Montrose's being landed startled them all, and gave them no leisure to think of anything else than of sending forces to hinder the recourse of others to join with him. They immediately sent Colonel Straghan, a diligent and active officer, with a choice party of the best horse they had, to make all possible haste towards him, and to prevent the insurrections, which they feared would be in several parts of the Highlands. And within few days after, David Lesley followed with a stronger party of horse and foot. The encouragement the Marquis of Montrose received from his friends, and the unpleasantness of the quarters in which he was, prevailed with him to march, with these few troops, more into the land. And the Highlanders flocking to him from all quarters, though ill armed, and worse disciplined, made him undervalue any enemy who, he thought, was yet like to encounter him. Straghan made such haste, that the Earl of Sutherland, who at least pretended to have gathered together a body of fifteen hundred men to meet Montrose, chose rather to join with Straghan: others did the like, who had made the same promises, or stayed at home to expect the event of the first encounter. The marquis was without any body of horse to discover the motion of an enemy, but depended upon all necessary intelligence from the affection of the people; which he believed to be the same it was when he left them. But they were much degenerated; the tyranny of Argyle, and his having caused very many to be barbarously murdered, without any form of law or justice, who had been in arms with Montrose, notwithstanding all acts of pardon and indemnity, had so broken their hearts, that they were ready to do all offices that might gratify and oblige him. So that Straghan was within a small distance of him, before he heard of his approach; and those Highlanders, who had seemed to come with much zeal to him, whether terrified or corrupted, left him on a sudden, or threw down their arms; so that he had none left, but a company of good officers, and five or six hundred foreigners, Dutch and Germans, who had been acquainted with their officers. With these, he betook himself to a place of some advantage by the inequality of the ground, and the bushes and small shrubs which filled it: and there they made a defence for some time with notable courage.

But the enemy being so much superior in number, the common soldiers, being all foreigners, after about a hundred of them were killed upon the place, threw down their arms; and the marquis seeing all lost, throw away his ribbon and George (for he was a knight of the garter,) and found means to change his clothes with a fellow of the country, and so after having gone on foot two or three miles, he got into a house of a gentleman, where he remained concealed about two days: most of the other officers were shortly after taken prisoners, all the country desiring to merit from Argyle, by betraying all those into his hands which they believed to be his enemies,

And thus, whether by the owner of the house, or any other way, the marquis himself became their prisoner. The strangers who were taken were set at liberty, and transported themselves into their own countries; and the castle, in which there was a little garrison, presently rendered itself; so that there was no fear of an enemy in those parts.

The Marquis of Montrose, and the rest of the prisoners, were the next day, or soon after, delivered to David Lesley; who was come up with his forces, and had now nothing left to do but to carry them in triumph to Edinburgh; whither notice was quickly sent of their great victory; which was received there with wonderful joy and acclamation. David Lesley treated the marquis with great insolence, and for some days carried him in the same clothes, and habit, in which he was taken; but at last permitted him to buy better. His behaviour was, in the whole time, such as became a great man; his countenance serene and cheerful, as one that was superior to all those reproaches, which they had prepared the people to pour out upon him in all the places through which he was to pass.

When he came to one of the gates of Edinburgh, he was met by some of the magistrates, to whom he was delivered, and by them presently put into a new cart, purposely made, in which there was a high chair, or bench, upon which he sat, that the people might have a full view of him, being bound with a cord drawn over his breast and shoulders, and fastened through holes made in the cart. When he was in this posture, the hangman took off his hat, and rode himself before the cart in his livery, and with his bonnet on; the other officers, who were taken prisoners with him, walking two and two before the cart; the streets and windows being full of people to behold the triumph over a person whose name had made them tremble some few years before, and into whose hands the magistrates of that place had, upon their knees, delivered the keys of that city. In this manner he was carried to the common gaol, where he was received and treated as a common malefactor. Within two days after, he was brought before the Parliament, where the Earl of Lowden, the chancellor, made a very bitter and virulent declamation against him: told him, "he had broken all the covenants by which that whole nation stood obliged; and had impiously rebelled against God, the king, and the kingdom; that he had committed many horrible murders, treasons, and impieties, for all which he was now brought to suffer condign punishment;" with all those insolent reproaches upon his person, and his actions, which the liberty of that place gave him leave to use.

Permission was then given him to speak; and without the least trouble in his countenance, or disorder, upon all the indignities he had suffered, he told them, "since the king had owned them so far as to treat with them, he had appeared before them with reverence, and bareheaded, which otherwise he would not willingly have done: that he had done nothing of which he was ashamed; or had cause to repent; that the first covenant, he had taken, and complied with it, and with them who took it, as long as the ends for which it was ordained were observed; but when he discovered, which was now evident to all the world, that private and particular men designed to satisfy their own ambition and interest, instead of considering the public benefit; and that, under the pretence of reforming some errors in religion, they resolved to abridge and take away the king's just power and lawful authority, he had withdrawn himself from that engagement: that for the league and covenant, he had never taken it, and therefore could not break it: and it was now too apparent to the whole Christian world, what monstrous mischiefs it had produced: that when, under colour of it, an army from Scotland had invaded England in assistance of the rebellion that was then against their lawful king, he had, by his majesty's command, received a commission from him to raise forces in Scotland, that he might thereby divert them from the other odious persecution; that he had executed that com-

mission with the obedience and duty he owed to the king; and, in all the circumstances of it, had proceeded like a gentleman; and had never suffered any blood to be shed but in the heat of the battle; and that he saw many persons there, whose lives he had saved: that when the king commanded him, he laid down his arms, and withdrew out of the kingdom; which they could not have compelled him to have done." He said, "he was now again entered into the kingdom by his majesty's command, and with his authority: and what success soever it might have pleased God to have given him, he would always have obeyed any commands he should have received from him." He advised them, "to consider well of the consequence before they proceeded against him, and that all his actions might be examined, and judged by the laws of the land, or those of nations."

As soon as he had ended his discourse, he was ordered to withdraw; and, after a short space, was again brought in; and told by the chancellor, "that he was, on the morrow, being the one and twentieth of May 1660, to be carried to Edinburgh cross, and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edinburgh tollbooth; his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial." He desired, "that he might say somewhat to them;" but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation; and assured him, "that the judgment he was the next day to suffer, was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards." After many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their common prayer, in those cases, to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations upon the persons of those they prayed against, ("Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to hearken to the voice of thy kirk," and the like charitable expressions,) and therefore he desired them "to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions." He told them, "that they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people; and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to." He told them, "he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have had his picture hang in the king's bedchamber: that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished that he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered."

The next day, they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last king, exceedingly commended the justice, and goodness, and understanding of the present king; and prayed, "that they might not betray him as they had done his father." When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions, whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquiss smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it; and said, "he was pleased that it should be here; and was prouder of wearing it, than ever he had been of the garter;"

and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage, as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms, and other preparations for war, as have been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the king in that kingdom, and had been allied to the crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education: he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyle, (as he was too apt to condemn those he did not love,) who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a very great degree. Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself above other men, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him, (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity,) than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way, not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved, and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

---

68.—BUNYAN.

B. MACAULAY.

THE characteristic peculiarity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's Works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' But the pleasure which is produced by the 'Vision of Thirza,' the 'Vision of Théodôre,' the 'Genealogy of Wit,' or the 'Contest between Rest and Labour,' is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of *Hudibras*. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the *Fairy Queen*. We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the "Blatant Beast." If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts

of Scotland the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a greater favourite than 'Jack the Giant Killer.' Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the city of Destruction, the long-line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant harbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful, by the way-side, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own streets. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet shows. \*There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of Lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheep folds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briars of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbutus. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are ~~seen~~ the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hatwood, Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeannie Deans

from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the *only* writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy, not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.

\* \* \* \* \*

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the fact, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

#### 69.—COLUMBUS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[We give an extract from Washington Irving's picturesque description of the first sight of the shores of the New World by Columbus and his crew. This is not the place to detail the wonderful events of the life of the navigator. What his character was, and what were his injuries, may be judged from the following translation of part of his celebrated letter to the King and Queen of Spain:—

"It was Thou, oh great God, who inspired me, and conducted me there! Compassionate me, deign to pardon this unhappy enterprise: may the whole earth, and all in this world who love justice and humanity, weep over me; and you, holy angels of heaven, who know my innocence, pardon this generation, which is too evasive and too hard-hearted to pity me! Surely those yet to be born will one day weep when they are told that Columbus, at his own expense, with little or no help from the crown, at the risk of his own life and that of his brother, during twenty years and four voyages rendered greater services to Spain than ever princes or kingdom received from any man; that, in spite of this, without accusing him of a single crime, they have left him to perish poor and miserable, after depriving him of every thing, save his chains; so that he who has given a new world to Spain, could not find, either in the new world, or the old, a cabin for his miserable family and himself.

"But if Heaven must persecute me still, and seem displeased with what I have done, as if the discovery of this new world must be fatal to the old; if Heaven must, to punish me, put a term, in this place of misery, to my unhappy life; you holy angels, who succour the innocent and oppressed, let this paper reach my illustrious mistress: she knows how I have suffered for her glory and her service, she will have enough justice and piety not to allow the brother and the children of a man who has given immense riches to Spain, and who has added vast empires and unknown kingdoms to her dominions, to be reduced to the want of bread, or to live on alms. She will see, if she live, that ingratitude and cruelty provoke the divine wrath. The riches that I have discovered will invite the human race to pillage, and will raise up avengers for me; and the nation will one day perhaps suffer for the crimes that wickedness, ingratitude, and envy, are now committing."

And when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they



picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance! Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triano, but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident, from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea? or was this

the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

## 70.—THE SERMON OF THE PLOUGH.

LATIMER.

[HUGH LATIMER, one of the great Martyrs of the Reformation, was born about 1472. In one of his sermons, he says, "My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost. . . . He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now." At the time when he thus preached, he was Bishop of Worcester. Of the boldness of his preaching during the reign of Edward VI. his Sermons furnish ample evidences; and from one of the most remarkable we select the following striking passages. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, the resolute old man became one of the victims of persecution; and he was led to the stake at Oxford, with Ridley as his companion in death, on the 16th of October, 1555.]

"All things which are written, are written for our erudition and knowledge. All things that are written in God's book, in the Bible book, in the book of the holy scripture, are written to be our doctrine." I told you in my first sermon, honourable audience, that I proposed to declare unto you two things. The one, what seed should be sown in God's field, in God's plough-land. And the other, who should be the sowers.

That is to say, what doctrine is to be taught in Christ's church and congregation, and what men should be the teachers and preachers of it. The first part I have told you in the three sermons past, in which I have essayed to set forth my plough, to prove what I could do. And now I shall tell you who be the ploughers; for God's word is a seed to be sown in God's field, that is, the faithful congregation, and the preacher is the sower. And it is in the gospel; "He that soweth, the husbandman, the ploughman, went forth to sow his seed." So that a preacher is resembled to a ploughman, as it is in another place; "No man that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is apt for the kingdom of God."—Luke ix. That is to say, let no preacher be negligent in doing his office.

For preaching of the gospel is one of God's plough-works, and the preacher is one of God's ploughmen. Ye may not be offended with my similitude in that I compare preaching to the labour and work of ploughing, and the preacher to a ploughman. Ye may not be offended with this my similitude, for I have been slandered of some persons for such things. But as preachers must be wary and circumspect, that they give not any just occasion to be slandered and ill spoken of by the hearers, so must not the auditors be offended without cause. For heaven is in the gospel likened to a mustard seed: it is compared also to a piece of leaven; and as Christ saith, that at the last day he will come like a thief; and what dishonour is this to God? Or what derogation is this to heaven? Ye may not then, I say, be offended with my similitude, for because I liken preaching to a ploughman's labour, and a prelate to a ploughman. But now you will ask me whom I call a prelate? A prelate is that man, whatever he be, that hath a flock to be taught of him; whosoever hath any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation, and whosoever he be that hath cure of souls. And well may the preacher and the ploughman be likened together: First, for their labour of all seasons of the year; for there is no time of the year in which the ploughman hath not some special work to do. As in my country, in Leicestershire, the ploughman hath a time to set forth, and to assay his plough, and other times for other necessary works to be done. And then they also may be likened together for the diversity of works, and variety of offices that

they have to do. For as the ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land, and breaketh it in furrows, and sometime ridgeth it up again; and at another time narroweth it and clotteth it, and sometime dungeth it and hedgeth it, diggeth it and weedeth it, purgeth and maketh it clean; so the prelate, the preacher, hath many diverse offices to do. He hath first a busy work to bring his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it; and not a swerving faith, but to a faith that embraceth Christ, and trusteth to his merits; a lively faith, a justifying faith; a faith that maketh a man righteous without respect of works; as ye have it very well declared and set forth in the homily. He hath then a busy work, I say, to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same faith. Now casting them down with the law, and with threatenings of God for sin; now ridging them up again with the gospel, and with the promises of God's favour. Now weeding them, by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin; now clotting them, by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh, that is, soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in. Now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and their neighbours. Now exhorting them when they know their duty, that they do it, and be diligent in it; so that they have a continual work to do. Great is their business, and therefore great should be their hire. They have great labours, and therefore they ought to have good livings, that they may commodiously feed their flock; for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat: scripture calleth it meat: not strawberries\*, that come but once a year, and tarry not long, but are soon gone; but it is meat, it is no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continual, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year; but such do not the office of good prelates. For Christ saith, "Who think you is a wise and faithful servant? He that giveth meat in due time." So that he must at all times convenient preach diligently: therefore saith he, "Who trow ye is a faithful servant?" He speaketh it as though it were a rare thing to find such a one, and as though he should say, there be but few of them to find in the world. And how few of them there be throughout this world that give meat to their flock as they should do, the visitors can best tell. Too few, too few, the more is the pity, and never so few as now.

By this then it appeareth that a prelate, or any that hath cure of souls, must diligently and substantially work and labour. Therefore saith Paul to Timothy, "He that desireth to have the office of a bishop, or a prelate, that man desireth a good work." Then if it be a good work, it is work; ye can make but a work of it. It is God's work, God's plough, and that plough God would have still going. Such then as loiter and live idly, are not good prelates, or ministers. And of such as do not preach and teach, and do their duties, God saith by his prophet Jeremy, "Cursed be the man that doth the work of God fraudulently, guilefully or deceitfully;" some books have it *negligenter*, negligently or slackly. How many such prelates, how many such bishops, Lord, for thy mercy, are there now in England? And what shall we in this case do? shall we company with them? O Lord, for thy mercy! shall we not company with them? O Lord, whither shall we flee from them? But "cursed be he that doth the work of God negligently or guilefully." A sore word for them that are negligent in discharging their office, or have done it fraudulently; for that is the thing that maketh the people ill.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now for the fault of unpreaching prelates, methink I could guess what might be said for excusing of them. They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so

\* This expression which Latimer made use of to designate the non-residents of his day, who only visited their cures once a year, became proverbial.

placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, dancing in their dominions, burlened with ambassages, pampering of their pynches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee: munching in their mangera, and moiling in their gay manors and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in their lordships, that they cannot attend it. They are otherwise occupied, some in the king's matters, some are ambassadors, some of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some are lords of the parliament, some are presidents, and some comptrollers of mints.

Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the church to be comptrollers of the mints? Is this a meet office for a priest that hath cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would here ask one question; I would feign know who controlleth the devil at home in his parish, while he controlleth the mint? If the apostles might not leave the office of preaching to the deacons, shall one leave it for minting? I cannot tell you; but the saying is, that since priests have been minters, money hath been worsor than it was before. And they say that the evilness of money hath made all things dearer, and in this behalf I must speak to England. "Hear, my country, England," as Paul saith in his first epistle to the Corinthians, the sixth chapter; for Paul was no sitting bishop, but a walking and a preaching bishop. But when he went from thence, he left there behind him the plough going still; for he wrote unto them, and rebuked them for going to law, and pleading their causes before heathen judges. "Is there," saith he, "utterly among you no wise man, to be an arbitrator in matters of judgment? What, not one of all that can judge between brother and brother; but one brother goeth to law with another, and that under heathen judges? Appoint them judges that are most abject and vile in the congregation." Which he speaketh in rebuking them; "for," saith he, "I speak it to your shame." So, England, I speak it to thy shame. Is there never a nobleman to be a lord president, but it must be a prelate? Is there never a wise man in the realm to be a comptroller of the mint? I speak it to your shame. If there be never a wise man, make a water-bearer, a tinker, a cobbler, a slave, a page, comptroller of the mint; make a mean gentleman, a groom, a yeoman, or a poor beggar, lord president!

Thus I speak, not that I would have it so; but to your shame, if there be never a gentleman meet nor able to be lord president. For why are not the noblemen and young gentlemen of England so brought up in knowledge of God, and in learning, that they may be able to execute offices in the commonweal? The king hath a great many of wards, and I trow there is a court of wards; why is there not a school for the wards, as well as there is a court for their lands? Why are they not set in schools where they may learn? Or why are they not sent to the universities, that they may be able to serve the king when they come to age? If the wards and young gentlemen were well brought up in learning, and in the knowledge of God, they would not when they come to age so much give themselves to other vanities. And if the nobility be well trained in godly learning, the people would follow the same train. For, truly, such as the noblemen be, such will the people be. And now, the only cause why noblemen be not made lord presidents, is because they have not been brought up in learning.

Therefore, for the love of God appoint teachers and schoolmasters, you that have charge of youth; and give the teachers stipends worthy their pains, that they may bring them up in grammar, in logic, in rhetoric, in philosophy, in the civil law, and in that which I cannot leave unspoken of, the word of God. Thanks be unto God, the nobility otherwise is very well brought up in learning and godliness, to the great joy and comfort of England; so that there is now good hope in the youth, that we shall another day have a flourishing commonweal, considering their godly education. Yea, and there be already noblemen enough, though not so many as I would wish,

able to be lord presidents, and wise men enough for the mint. And as unmeet a thing it is for bishops to be lord presidents, or priests to be minters, as it was for the Corinthians to plead matters of variance before heathen judges. It is also a slander to the noblemen, as though they lacked wisdom and learning to be able for such offices, or else were no men of conscience, or else were not meet to be trusted, and able for such offices. And a prelate hath a charge and cure otherwise; and therefore he cannot discharge his duty and be a lord president too. For a presidentship requireth a whole man; and a bishop cannot be two men. A bishop hath his office, a flock to teach, to look unto; and therefore he cannot meddle with another office, which alone requireth a whole man. He should therefore give it over to whom it is meet, and labour in his own business, as Paul writeth to the Thessalonians, "Let every man do his own business, and follow his calling." Let the priest preach, and the nobleman handle the temporal matters. Moses was a marvellous man, a good man: Moses was a wonderful fellow and did his duty, being a married man; we lack such as Moses was. Well, I would all men would look to their duty, as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing Christian commonweal.

And now I would ask a strange question; who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm: he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him, he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of Popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books and up with candles; away with bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; ceasing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing: as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as—*Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*: "Remember man, that thou art ashes, and unto ashes shalt thou return:" which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash Wednesday, but it must be spoken in Latin. God's word may in no wise be translated into English.

Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel!

# HALF-HOURS

## ELEVENTH WEEK.

71.—AUTHORS OF EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

SMOLLETT.

[**TOBIAS SMOLLETT**, whose novels will continue to be read in spite of their defects as works of art and their habitual coarseness, was the descendant of an old Scottish family, and was born at Cardross, in 1721. He was apprenticed to a surgeon at Glasgow, and served as a surgeon's mate in a ship of the line. Many of his early adventures are supposed to be told in his 'Roderick Random.' He came to London in 1746, and entered upon a career of authorship, which he pursued till his death in 1771. Inferior to Fielding in knowledge of character, he is equal to him in describing scenes of real life; but the poetical power, without which no work of fiction can be perfect, is wholly wanting in his writings. He had amongst his literary brethren a turmoil of controversy; and his position, as the Editor of 'the Critical Review,' gave him the opportunity, which some anonymous critics know how to exercise, of gratifying his vanity and love of power, with slight regard to truth and justice. He is, however, represented as a generous man, and exhibited much kindness to the needy writers by whom he was surrounded. The state of letters at that period is admirably described in a paper on Johnson, by Mr. Macaulay, which we have taken the liberty of quoting. Smollett has painted a literary scene at his own house, in his 'Humphrey Clinker,' which is, perhaps, not a greatly exaggerated picture of the class of men who lived by the pen, when "the age of patronage had passed away, and the age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived."]

In my last I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper," said he, "and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting."

My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend "Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last.—He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, pork, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beef. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received, in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

1ST QUARTER.

At two in the afternoon I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table ; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped, though, as Ivy told me, the first was noted for having a seaman's eye when a bailiff was in the wind, and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden ; and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting : yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction ; when spoken to, he always answered from the purpose ; sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath—sometimes he burst out a laughing—then he folded his arms and sighed—and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

At first I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear.—“The gentleman,” said he, “is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified—if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy.”—“Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-er,” observed a person in a tarnished laced coat ; “aff-affected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit, w-with nine-nine-teen out of t-twenty.”—“And affected stut-tering for humour,” replied our landlord ; “though, God knows, there is no affinity between them.” It seems this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius ; and that imperfection which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual that he could not lay it aside.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S——, because he looked and talked, and eat and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice :—Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at last gave him to understand by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person ; that, if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to the press ; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel ; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil, having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were

employed, I applied to my communicative friend, Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand that most of them were, or had been, understrappers or journeymen to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialogues were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel.

We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idioms, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, that there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry. Some droll repartees passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, had made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but in the meantime he has been presented to the grand-jury as a public nuisance, for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of My Lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of *your lordship* with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the decoit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the Cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potatoe ordinary in Shoe Lane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled *The Balance of the English Poets*, a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage who laboured under the *cypselosia*, or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though in fact he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice pudding he had ever ate.

The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term time, with a tipstaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of



virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S—— gave a short separate audience to every individual, in a small remote filbert walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same class, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jenny boots, with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason that this midwife of the mules used to exercise on horseback, for he was too fat to walk afoot, and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale, on his unwieldy size and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance, in presuming to joke upon a man so much richer than himself, told him he was not so unwieldy but that he could move the Marshalsea court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily come and settle accounts with him respecting the expense of publishing his last Ode to the King of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the Methodist. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, saying he expected in a post or two, from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the mean time, he proposed that Mr. Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drunk at Ashley's in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself upon his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of Captain Pistol in the play.

Every thing being adjusted, they started together with great impetuosity, and, in the second round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puff'd along*. Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory further, but in a twinkling disappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane that had communication with the high road. The spectators immediately began to halloo, "Stole away!" and Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn, running into his foot, sent him hopping back again into the garden roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to surgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, "Sure, the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!" Our landlord, having reconnoitred the shoes he had left, which indeed hardly deserved that name, "Pray," said he, "Mr. Birkin, wa'n't your boots made of calf skin?" "Calf skin or cow skin," replied the other, "I'll find a slip of sheepskin that will do his business. I lost twenty pounds by his farce, which you persuaded me to buy. I am out of pocket five pounds by his d—'d ode; and now this pair of boots, bran new, cost me thirty shillings as per receipt. But this affair of the boots is felony—transportation. I'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, Mr. S——. I will be revenged, even though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction."

Mr. S—— said nothing at present, but accommodated him with a pair of shoes, then ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glass of rum punch, which seemed in a great measure to cool the rage of his indignation. "After all," said our landlord, "this is no more than a humbug in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet when considered as an effort of invention. Tim, being, I suppose, out of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon this

ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes, knowing that Mr. Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my pony for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature, that, in the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-stealing; and, even when my resentment had, in some measure subsided, as he industriously avoided me, I vowed I would take satisfaction on his ribs with the first opportunity. One day, seeing him at some distance in the street, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the shadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me soon enough to make his escape; but, in the very instant I had lifted up the instrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphosed into a miserable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long stick from post to post, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs, instead of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked at having so narrowly escaped the concern and disgrace that would have attended such a misapplication of vengeance; but next day Tim prevailed upon a friend of mine to come and solicit my forgiveness, and offer his note, payable in six weeks, for the price of the pony. This gentleman gave me to understand, that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who, having seen me advancing, and guessing my intent, had immediately converted himself into the object aforesaid. I was so diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion, that I agreed to pardon the offence, refusing his note, however, that I might keep a prosecution for felony hanging over his head, as a security for his future good behaviour; but Timothy would by no means trust himself in my hands till the note was accepted. Then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and imposed in such a manner upon my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the bastinado. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went thither, and, immediately recollecting the figure I had passed in the street, accosted him by his own name, to the unspeakable astonishment of the footman."

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but asked if any of the company could tell where Mr. Cropdale lodged, that he might send him a proposal about restitution, before the boots should be made away with. "I would willingly give him a pair of new shoes," said he, "and half a guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove, and I shan't be able to get the fellows of them till the good weather for riding is over." The stuttering wit declared, that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept was the place of his lodgings; but he believed that, during the heats of summer, he commonly took his repose upon a bulk. "Confound him;" cried the bookseller, "he might as well have taken my whip and spurs: in that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil of course."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr. S——, with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied with respect to the nature of this connexion betwixt a man of character in the literary world and a parcel of authorings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head, I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect: "One would imagine S—— had some view to his own interest, in giving countenance and assistance to those people whom he knows to be bad men as well as bad writers; but, if he has any such view, he will find himself disappointed, for, if he is so vain as to imagine he can make them subservient to his schemes of profit or ambition, they

are cunning enough to make him their property in the meantime. There is not one of the company you have seen to-day (myself excepted) who does not owe him particular obligations. One of them he bailed out of a spunging-house and afterwards paid the debt—another he translated into his family and clothed, when he was turned out half-naked from gaol, in consequence of an act for the relief of insolvent debtors—a third, who was reduced to a woollen nightcap, and lived upon sheep's trotters, up three pair of stairs backward, in Butcher Row, he took into present pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman, without having the fear of sheriff's officers before his eyes. "Those who are in distress he supplies with money when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers, to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table (which, though plain, is plentiful), and to his good offices as far as they will go; and, when they see occasion, they make use of his name with the most petulant familiarity, nay, they do not even scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain. The Scotchman you saw at dinner once personated him at an ale house in West Smithfield, and, in the character of S—— had his head broke by a cow-keeper, for having spoke disrespectfully of the Christian religion; but he took the law of him in his own person, and the assailant was fain to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action."

I have dwelt so long upon authors, that you will perhaps suspect I intend to enrol myself among the fraternity; but, if I were actually qualified for the profession, it is at best but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter at a guinea a sheet for a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grandchild; and Psalmanazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary world, in all the simplicity and abstinence of an Asiatic, subsists upon the charity of a few booksellers, just sufficient to keep him from the parish. I think Guy, who was himself a bookseller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hospital to the use of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hospital, college, or workhouse, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this society, composed, as it is, from the refuse of every other profession.

## 72.—BIRDS.

THE cuckoo,—“the plain-song cuckoo” of Bottom the weaver,—the “blithe new-comer,” the “darling of the spring,” the “blessed bird” of Wordsworth,—the “beauteous stranger of the grove,” the “messenger of spring” of Logan,—the cuckoo coming hither from distant lands to insinuate its egg into the sparrow's nest, and to fly away again with its fledged ones after their cheating nursing-time is over, little knows what a favourite is her note with school-boys and poets. Wordsworth's lines to the cuckoo—

“O blithe new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice—”

are familiar to all. The charming little poem of Logan, which preceded Wordsworth's, is not so well known:—

“Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
Thou messenger of spring!  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.  
What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear;

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
● Or mark the rolling year?  
Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

Theschool-boy wandering through the wood Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
 To pull the primrose gay, Thy sky is ever clear;  
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear, Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 And imitates thy lay. No winter in thy year!

What time the pea puts on the bloom Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
 Thou flyest thy vocal vale, Wo'd make, with joyful wing,  
 An annual guest in other lands, Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Another spring to hail. Companions of the spring." LOGAN.

The Swallow has been another favourite of the poets, even from the days of the Greek Anacreon:—

"Once in each revolving year,  
 Gentle bird! we find thee here;  
 When Nature wears her summer vest,  
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;  
 But, when the chilling winter lowers,  
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers

Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,  
 Where sunny hours of verdure smile.  
 And thus thy wing of freedom roves,  
 Alas! unlike the plumed loves  
 That linger in this helpless breast,  
 And never, never change their nest!"

ANACREON, translated by MOORE.

But "the bird of all birds" is the Nightingale. Drummond of Hawthornden, though he never heard the "jug-jug" in his northern clime, has left a beautiful tribute to this noblest of songsters:—

"Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours  
 Of winters past or coming, void of care,  
 Well pleased with delights which present are,  
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:  
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs,  
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare:  
 A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.  
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy song  
 (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrougs,  
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven.  
 Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise  
 To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

DRUMMOND.

Milton came after Drummond, with his sonnet to the nightingale:—

"O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May!"

In the 'Il Penseroso,' the poet, *dramatically* speaking, addresses the nightingale:—

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!"

The general propriety of the epithet has been controverted in one of the most delightful pieces of blank verse in our language:—

"No cloud, no relique of the sunken day  
 Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip  
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.  
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge.  
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,  
 But hear no murmuring: it flows silently

O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still:  
 A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,  
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers  
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find  
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.  
 And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,  
 'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!  
 A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!  
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
 But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pie  
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
 (And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,  
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
 Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,  
 First named these notes a melancholy strain.  
 And many a poet echoes the conceit;  
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme  
 When he had better far have stretched his limbs  
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,  
 By sun or moonlight, to the influxes  
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements  
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song  
 And of his fame forgetful! so his fame  
 Should sharp in Nature's immortality,  
 A venerable thing! and so his song  
 Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself  
 Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;  
 And youths and maidens most poetical,  
 Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring  
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still  
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs  
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt  
 A different lore; we may not thus profane  
 Nature's sweet voices, always full of love  
 And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale  
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates  
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
 As he were fearful that an April night  
 Would be too short for him to utter forth  
 His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
 Of all its music!

And I know a grove  
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,  
 Which the great lord inhabits not; and so  
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,  
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,  
 Thin grass, and king-cups, grow within the paths.  
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew  
 So many nightingales; and far and near,  
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,

They answer and provoke each other's songs  
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
 And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug,  
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—  
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost  
 Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,  
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,  
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs,  
 Their bright, blight eyes, their eyes both bright and full,  
 Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade  
 Lights up her love-torch. •

• A most gentle Maid,  
 Who dwelleth in her hospitable home  
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve  
 (Even like a lady vowed and dedicate  
 To something more than Nature in the grove)  
 Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,  
 That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,  
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,  
 Hath heard a pause of silence, till the moon,  
 Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky  
 With one sensation, and these wakeful birds  
 Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
 As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
 A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched  
 Many a nightingale perched giddily  
 On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,  
 And to that motion tune his wanton song  
 Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head."

COLERIDGE.

But the *chorus* of birds, the full harmony of the grove, is the great charm of a sunny spring time. Old Drayton has made his rough verse musical with the ever-varied songs of the leafy Arden:—

"When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,  
 No sooner does the earth her flowery bosom brave,  
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,  
 But 'hunt's-up' to the morn the feath'ed sylvans sing:  
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,  
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole  
 Those quirlsters are perch'd, with many a speckled breast.  
 Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring East  
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night  
 Bespangled had with pearl to please the morning's sight:  
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,  
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,  
 That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air  
 Seems all composed of sounds, about them every where.  
 The throstle, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song  
 To awake the lustless sun; or chiding that so long  
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill  
 The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden bill;  
 As nature him had markt of purpose to let see  
 That from all other birds his tunes should different be,

For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May:  
 Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play;  
 When, in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by  
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,  
 As though the other birds ~~she~~ to her tunes would draw;  
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)  
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,  
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night  
 (The more to use their ears) their voices ~~sure~~ would spare,  
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,  
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.  
 To Philomel, the next the linnet we prefer;  
 And by that warbling bird the wood-lark place we then,  
 The reed-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren.  
 The yellow-pate; which, though she hurt the blooming tree,  
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.  
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind;  
 That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.  
 The tydy from her notes as delicato as they,  
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay;  
 The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,  
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)  
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun  
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,  
 And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps  
 To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps." DRAYTON.

Wordsworth holds, and with a deep philosophy, that the language of birds is the expression of pleasure. Let those whose hearts are attuned to peace, in listening to this language, not forget the poet's moral:—

"I heard a thousand blended notes,  
 While in a grove I sat reclined,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
 The human soul that through me ran;  
 And much it grieved my heart to think  
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,  
 The p ~~ink~~ winkle trailed its wreaths;  
 And 'tis my faith that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;  
 Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
 But the least motion which they made,  
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
 To catch the breezy air;  
 And I must think, do all I can,  
 That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,  
 If such be Nature's holy plan;  
 Have I not reason to lament  
 What man has made of man?"

WORDSWORTH.

We may fitly conclude this selection with Shelley's exquisite ode to the 'Sky-Lark':

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pour'st thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated  
 art.

Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing dost soar, and soaring  
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just  
begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad day-light,  
Thou art unseen, but, yet, I hear thy  
shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is  
there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven  
is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of  
melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows  
her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen  
it from the view.

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these  
heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music  
doth surpass.

Teach us, spirit or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so  
divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some  
hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what  
ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad  
satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream.  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a  
crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught:  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
saddest thought.



Yet if we could scorn,  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joys we ever should  
come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures

That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am  
listening now." SHELLEY.

## 73.—POOR RICHARD.

DR. FRANKLIN.

[We give a paper by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, which has been perhaps as much read as any thing ever written, but which may be new to many of our younger readers. It has been often printed under the name of 'The Way to Wealth;' but we scarcely know at the present time where to find it, except in the large collection of the author's works. 'Poor Richard' was the title of an almanac which Franklin published for twenty-five years, when he was a printer in America, and the sayings in the following paper are extracted from those Almanacs. His subsequent career as a man of science and a statesman exhibits what may be accomplished by unwearied industry and a vigilant exercise of the reasoning powers. The great characteristics of Franklin were perseverance, temperance, and common sense. There have been many higher minds, but few more formed for practical utility. Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston, in 1706; he died in 1790.]

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; 'for a word to the wise is enough,' as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," says he "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more: sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright,' as poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep; forgetting that 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,' as Poor

Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy, and he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands for I have no lands,' or if I have they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour,' as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for 'at the working man's house hunger looks in but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and farther, 'Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. 'Handle your tools without mittens,' remember, that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.'

Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift: and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good morrow.'

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others, for, as Poor Richard says,

I never saw an oft removed tree,  
Nor yet an oft removed family,  
That throve so well as those that settled be.

"And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send;' and again,

He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands; and

again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for 'In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable, for 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, 'keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and,

'Many estates are spent in the getting,  
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,  
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

'If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes.'

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

'Women and wine, game and deceit,  
Make the wealth small, and the want great.'

And farther, 'What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.' Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while;' he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? By these and other extravagancies, the greatest are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day, and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they

had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;  
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more,  
But little boats should keep near shore.'

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be free without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for 'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon debt's back;' whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors: creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

For age and want save while you may,  
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is

constant and certain ; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says : so, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

'Get what you can, and what you get hold,  
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And, when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom ; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things ; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven ; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that ; for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped ;' and farther, that, 'If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon ; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanack, and digested all I had dropt on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else ; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me ; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it ; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine,—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

#### 74.—OF GREAT PLACE.

BACON.

MEN in great place are thrice servants : servants of the sovereign or state ; servants of fame ; and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons ; nor in their actions ; nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power, and to lose liberty ; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious ; and by pains men come to greater pains ; and it is sometimes base : and by indignities, men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing : *Cum non sis, qui fueris, non esse, cur velis vivere*\* ? Nay, retire men cannot when they would ; neither will they when it were reason : but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow ; like old townsmen that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy ; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it ; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy, as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs ; though they be the last

\* Since you are no longer what you were, there is no reason why you should desire to. *Nys* as a nonentity.

that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves; and while they are in the push of business, they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. *Illi Mars gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi*\*. In place, there is licence to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will; the second, not to care. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts (though God accept them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis*;† and then the Sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet, set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents, as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate, but yet ask counsel of both times; of the ancient time what is best; and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digress from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction. And rather assume thy right in silence, and *de facto*, than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honour to direct in chief, than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays; corruption; roughness; and facility. For delays; give easy access, keep times appointed, go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption; do not only bind thine own hands, as thy servant's hands, from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore, always, when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change, and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favourite if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness; it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility; it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then, but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith, "To respect persons is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread." It is most true that was anciently spoken; a place sheweth the man; and it sheweth some to the better,

\* Death is a severe infliction on him who dies well known to others, and unknown to himself.

† And when God turned to behold all the works which his hand had made, he saw that they were very good.

and some to the worse ; “ *Omnium consensu ; capax Imperii, nisi imperasset :* ” \* saith Tacitus of Galba, but of Vespasian, he saith “ *Solus Imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius.* ” † Though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit whom honour amends. For honour is, or should be, the place of virtue. And as in nature things move violently to their places, and calmly in their place ; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair ; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self, whilst he is in the rising ; and to balance himself, when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly ; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them, when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible, or too remembering of thy place, in conversation, and private answers to suitors ; but let it rather be said, when he sits in place, he is another man.

## 75.—CIVILIZATION.

Guizot.

[We have translated the following broad view of Civilization from M. Guizot's ‘ *Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en Europe.* ’ Of that remarkable volume there is a very good translation—as also of the ‘ *History of Civilization in France* ’—by Mr. W. Hazlitt, the son of the eminent critic. M. Guizot was born at Nismes in 1787 ; was a journalist in the time of Napoleon, and was wholly devoted to literature till 1816. He then became distinguished as a politician ; and was Prime Minister of France when the Revolution of 1848 hurled Louis Philippe from the throne. He is once more a private man—happier perhaps, and as useful. In England the man of letters seldom wins wealth—never power. He is invariably regarded here as an impracticable man. The largest acquaintance with the past—the readiest power of observing the present—the widest benevolence—the most inflexible integrity—are no passports to worldly honour or greatness. It is better, we believe, that it should be so. There are enough second-rate intellects in the world to carry on the great game of expediency.]

The term *civilization* has been used for a long period of time, and in many countries : ideas more or less limited, more or less comprehensive, are attached to it, but still it is adopted and understood. It is the sense of this word, the general, human, and popular sense, that we must study. There is almost always more truth in the usual acceptance of general terms, than in the apparently more precise and hard definitions of science. Common sense has given to words their ordinary signification, and common sense is the genius of mankind. The ordinary signification of a word is formed step by step in connection with facts ; as a fact occurs, which appears to come within the sense of a known term, it is received as such, so to speak, naturally ; the sense of the term becomes enlarged and extended, and by degrees the different facts, and different ideas which in virtue of the nature of the things themselves, men ought to class under this word, become in fact so classed. When the sense of a word, on the other hand, is determined by science, this determination, the work of one individual or of a small number of persons, originates under the influence of some particular fact which has struck upon their minds. Therefore scientific definitions are generally much more limited, and from that alone, much less true in the main than the popular sense of terms. In studying as a fact the meaning of the word *civilization*, in seeking out all the ideas that are comprehended within the term, according to the common sense of man, we shall make more advances in the knowledge of the fact itself than if we ourselves attempted to

\* He would have been universally deemed fit for empire, if he had never reigned.

† Vespasian was the only emperor who was changed for the better by his accession.

give to it a scientific definition, though that definition might at first appear more precise and clear.

To begin this investigation, I shall endeavour to place before you some hypotheses ; I shall describe a certain number of states of society, and then we will see if common instinct can point out the civilized state of society, the state which exemplifies the meaning that mankind naturally attaches to the term *civilization*.

Suppose a people whose external life is pleasant and easy ; they pay few taxes, they have no hardships ; justice is well administered in all private relations ; in a word, material existence, taken as a whole, is well and happily regulated. But at the same time the intellectual and moral existence of this people is carefully kept in a state of torpor and sluggishness—I do not say, of oppression, because that feeling does not exist among them, but of compression. This state of things is not without example. There have been a great number of small aristocratic republics where the people have been thus treated like flocks, well attended and corporeally happy, but without intellectual and moral activity. Is this civilization ? Is this a people civilizing itself ?

Here is another hypothesis. Suppose a people whose material existence is less easy, less agreeable, but endurable nevertheless. In compensation, their moral and intellectual wants have not been neglected ; a certain amount of mental food is distributed to them ; pure and elevated sentiments are cultivated among this people ; their moral and religious opinions have attained a certain degree of development ; but great care is taken to extinguish the principle of liberty ; satisfaction is given to intellectual and moral wants, as elsewhere to material wants ; to each is given his portion of truth, no one is permitted to seek it by himself. Immobility is the character of the moral life ; this is the state into which the greater part of the populations of Asia have fallen, where theocratical dominion holds back humanity ; this is the condition of the Hindoos, for example. I ask the same question as about the preceding people : is this a people civilizing itself ?

I will now completely change the nature of the hypothesis. Imagine a people among whom there is a great display of some individual liberties, but among whom disorder and inequality are excessive : strength and chance have the dominion ; every one, if he is not strong, is oppressed, suffers, and perishes ; violence is the ruling character of the social state. Every body is aware that Europe has passed through this state. Is it a civilized state ? It may doubtless contain the principles of civilization which will develop themselves by degrees, but the acting principle of such a society is not, unquestionably, what the judgment of men calls civilization.

I take a fourth and last hypothesis. The liberty of each individual is very great, inequality between them is rare, or, at least, very transient. Every one does nearly what he likes, and in power differs little from his neighbour ; but there are very few general interests, very few public ideas, in a word, very little sociability : the faculties and existence of each individual come forth and flow on in isolation, without one influencing the other, and without leaving any trace behind ; successive generations leave society at the same point at which they found it. This is the condition of savage tribes ; liberty and equality exist, and yet, most certainly, civilization does not.

I could multiply these hypotheses ; but I think I have brought forward sufficient to elucidate the popular and natural meaning of the word *civilization*.

• It is clear that neither of the conditions I have just sketched answers, according to the natural and right understanding of men, to this term. Why not ? It appears to me that the first fact which is comprehended in the word *civilization* (and this is the result of the various examples I have placed before you) is the fact of progress, of development ; it immediately gives the idea of a people, going on, not to change



its place, but to change its condition; of a people whose condition becomes extended and ameliorated. The idea of progression, of development, seems to me to be the fundamental idea contained in the word *civilization*.

What is this progression? What is this development? Here lies the greatest difficulty we have to encounter.

The etymology of the word seems to answer in a clear and satisfactory manner, it tells us that it means the perfecting of civil life, the development of society properly so called, of the relations of men among themselves.

Such is in fact the first idea that offers itself to the minds of men, when they utter the word *civilization*: they directly think of the extension, the greatest activity, and the best organization of all social relations; on one hand an increasing production of means of power and prosperity in society; on the other, a more equal distribution, among individuals, of the power and prosperity produced.

Is this all? Have we exhausted the natural and common meaning of the word *civilization*? Does it contain nothing more?

This is almost as if we asked: is the human species after all merely an ant-hill, a society where it is merely a question of order and prosperity, where the greater the amount of work done, and the more equitable the division of the fruits of that work, the more the aim is attained, and the progress accomplished?

The instinct of men repels so limited a definition of human destiny. It appears, at the first view, that the word *civilization* comprehends something more extended, more complex, superior to the mere perfection of social relations, of social power, and prosperity.

Facts, public opinion, the generally received meaning of the term, agree with this instinct.

Take Rome in the prosperous time of the republic, after the second Punic war, at the moment of her greatest power, when she was marching to the conquest of the world, when her social state was evidently progressing. Then take Rome under Augustus, at the time when her fall commenced, at least when the progressive movement of society was arrested, when evil principles were on the point of prevailing. Yet there is no one who does not think and does not say that the Rome of Augustus was more civilized than the Rome of Fabricius or of Cincinnatus.

Let us go elsewhere; let us take the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: it is evident, in a social point of view, that as to the amount and distribution of prosperity among individuals, the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was inferior to some other countries of Europe, to Holland, and to England, for example. I think that in Holland and in England social activity was greater, was increasing more rapidly, and distributing its fruits better than in France. Yet, consult the judgment of men; that will tell you that France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the most civilized country of Europe. Europe has not hesitated in answering this question. We find traces of this public opinion respecting France in all the monuments of European literature.

We could point out many other states where prosperity is greater, increases more rapidly, and is better divided among individuals than elsewhere, and yet where, by spontaneous instinct, in the judgment of men, the civilization is considered inferior to that of other countries whose purely social relations are not so well regulated.

What is to be said? What do these countries possess, what gives them this privileged right to the name of civilized, which compensates so largely, in the opinion of men, for what they want in other respects?

Another development, besides that of social life, is in them strikingly manifested; the development of individual life, of internal life, the development of man himself, of his faculties, of his sentiments, of his ideas. If society is more imperfect than

elsewhere, humanity appears with more grandeur and power. There remain many social conquests to make, but immenso intellectual and moral conquests are accomplished; many men stand in need of many benefits and many rights; but many great men live and shine before the world. Literature, science, and the arts display all their splendour.' Wherever mankind sees these great types, these glorified images of human nature shining, wherever he sees this treasury of sublime enjoyments progressing, then he recognises it as, and calls it, civilization.

Two facts, then, are comprised in this great fact: it subsists on two conditions, and shows itself by two symptoms; the development of social activity, and of individual activity, the progress of society, and the progress of humanity. Wherever the external condition is extended, vivified, and ameliorated, wherever the internal nature of man displays itself with brilliancy and grandeur; by these two signs, and often in spite of the profound imperfection of the social state, mankind applauds and proclaims civilization.

Such is, if I am not mistaken, the result of the simple, purely rational examination of the general opinion of men. If we consult history, properly so called, if we examine the nature of the grand crises of civilization, of those facts which, as acknowledged by all, have caused a great step in civilization, we always recognise one or other of the two elements I have just described. It has always been crises of individual or social development; always facts which have changed the internal man, his faith, his manners, or his external condition, his situation in his relations with his fellows. Christianity, for example—I do not say merely at the time of its first appearance, but in the earlier centuries of its existence—Christianity did not in any way influence the social state; it openly announced that it would not interfere with that; it ordered the slave to obey his master: it attacked none of the great evils, the great injustices of the society of that period. Notwithstanding this, who will deny that Christianity has been since then a great crisis of civilization? Why? Because it has changed the internal man, his creeds, and sentiments, because it has regenerated the moral and intellectual man.

#### 76.—THE POET'S YEAR.

GOETHE.

*From a Criticism on the Poems of J. H. Voss, translated by Mrs. Austin.)*

Every author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works, even be it against his will. In this case, he is present to us, and designedly; nay, with a friendly alacrity, sets before us his inward and outward modes of thinking and feeling; and disdains not to give us confidential explanations of circumstances, thoughts, views, and expressions, by means of appended notes.

And now, encouraged by so friendly an invitation, we draw nearer to him; we seek him by himself; we attach ourselves to him, and promise ourselves rich enjoyment, and manifold instruction and improvement.

In a level northern landscape we find him, rejoicing in his existence, in a latitude in which the ancients hardly expected to find a living thing.

And truly, Winter there manifests his whole might and sovereignty. Storm-borne from the Pole, he covers the woods with hoar-frost, the streams with ice;—a drifting whirlwind eddies around the high gables, while the poet rejoices in the shelter and comfort of his home, and cheerily bids defiance to the raging elements. Furred and frost-covered friends arrive, and are heartily welcomed under the protecting roof; and soon they form a cordial confiding circle, enliven the household meal by the clang of glasses, the joyous song, and thus create for themselves a moral summer.

We then find him abroad, and braving the inclemencies of the wintry heavens. When the axle-tree creaks heavily under the load of fire-wood—when even the footsteps of the wanderer ring along the ground—we see him now walking briskly

through the snow to the distant dwelling of a friend ; now joining a sledge-party, gliding, with tinkling bells over the boundless plain. At length a cheerful nun receives the half-frozen travellers ; a bright flickering fire greets them as they crowd around the chimney ; and dance, choral song, and many a warm viand are reviving and grateful to youth and age. But when the snow melts under the returning sun, when the warmed earth frees itself somewhat from its thick covering, the poet hastens with his friends into the free air, to refresh himself with the first living breath of the new year, and to seek the earliest flowers. The bright golden clover is gathered, bound into bunches, and brought home in triumph, where this herald of the future beauty and bounty of the year is destined to crown a family festival of Hope.

And when Spring herself advances, no more is heard of roof and hearth ; the poet is always abroad, wandering on the soft pathways around his peaceful lake. Every bush unfolds itself with an individual character, every blossom bursts with an individual life, in his presence. As in a fully worked-out picture, we see, in the sun-light around him, grass and herb, as distinctly as oak and beech-tree ; and on the margin of the still waters there is wanting neither the reed nor any succulent plant.

Here his companions are not those transforming fantasies, by whose impatient power the rock fashions itself into the divine maiden, the tree puts off its branches and appears to allure the hunter with its soft lovely arms. Rather wanders the poet solitary, like a priest of nature ; touches each plant, each bush, with gentle hand ; and hallows them members of a loving harmonious family.

Around him, like a dweller in Eden, sport harmless fearless creatures--the lamb on the meadows, the roe in the forest. Around him assemble the whole choir of birds, and drown the busy hum of day with their varied accents.

Then, at evening, towards night, when the moon climbs the heaven in serene splendour, and sends her flickering image curling to his feet on the surface of the lightly ruffled waters ; when the boat rocks softly, and the oar gives its measured cadence, and every stroke calls up sparkles of reflected light ; when the nightingale pours forth her divine song from the shore, and softens every heart ; then do affection and passion manifest themselves in happy tenderness ; from the first touch of a sympathy awakened by the Highest himself, to that quiet, graceful, timid desire, which flourishes within the narrow inclosure of domestic life. A heaving breast, an ardent glance, a pressure of the hand, a stolen kiss, give life to his song. But it is ever the affianced lover that is emboldened ; it is ever the betrothed bride that yields ; and thus does all that is ventured, and all that is granted, bend to a lawful standard ; though, within that limit, he permits himself much freedom.

Soon, however, he leads us again under the free heavens ; into the green ; to bowyer and bush ; and there is he most cheerfully, cordially, and fondly at home.

The Summer has come again ; a genial warmth breathes through the poet's song. Thunders roll ; clouds drop showers ; rainbows appear ; lightnings gleam ; and a blessed coolness overspreads the plain. Everything ripens ; the poet overlooks none of the varied harvests ; he hallows all by his presence.

And here is the place to remark what an influence our poets might exercise on the civilization of our German people--in some places, perhaps, have exercised.

His poems on the various incidents of rural life, indeed, do represent rather the reflections of a refined intellect than the feelings of the common people ; but if we could picture to ourselves that a harper were present at the hay, corn, and potato harvests,--if we recollected how he might make the men whom he gathered around him observant of that which recurs to them as ordinary and familiar ; if by his manner of regarding it, by his poetical expression, he elevated the common, and heightened the enjoyment of every gift of God and nature by his dignified represen-

tation of it, we may truly say he would be a real benefactor to his country. For the first stage of a true enlightenment is, that man should reflect upon his condition and circumstances, and be brought to regard them in the most agreeable light. Let the song of the potato be sung in the field, where the wondrous mode of increase, which calls even the man of science to high and curious meditation, after the long and silent working and interweaving of vegetable powers, comes to view, and a quite unintelligible blessing springs out of the earth; and then first will be felt the merit of this and similar poems, in which the poet essays to awaken the rude, reckless, unobservant man, who takes everything for granted, to an attentive observation of the high wonders of all-nourishing nature, by which he is constantly surrounded.

But scarcely are all these bounties brought under man's notice, when Autumn glides in, and our poet takes an affecting leave of nature, decaying, at least in outward appearance. Yet he abandons not his beloved vegetation wholly to the unkind winter. The elegant vase receives many a plant, many a bulb, wherewith to create a mimic summer in the home seclusion of winter, and, even at that season, to leave no festival without its flowers and wreaths. Care is taken that even the household birds belonging to the family should not want a green fresh roof to their bowery cage.

Now is the loveliest time for short rambles,—for friendly converse in the chilly evening. Every domestic feeling becomes active; longings for social pleasures increase; the want of music is more sensibly felt; and now, even the sick man willingly joins the friendly circle, and a departing friend seems to clothe himself in the colours of the departing year.

For as certainly as spring will return after the lapse of winter, so certainly will friends, lovers, kindred meet again; they will meet again in the presence of the all-loving Father; and then first will they form a Whole with each other, and with everything good, after which they sought and strove in vain in this piece-meal world. And thus does the felicity of the poet, even here, rest on the persuasion that all have to rejoice in the care of a wise God, whose power extends unto all, and whose light lightens upon all. Thus does the adoration of such a Being create in the poet the highest clearness and reasonableness; and, at the same time, an assurance that the thoughts, the words, with which he comprehends and describes infinite qualities, are not empty dreams and sounds; and thence arises a rapturous feeling of his own and others' happiness, in which everything conflicting, peculiar, discordant, is resolved and dissipated.

#### 77.—TO ALL READERS.

BISHOP HALL.

I GRANT brevity, where it is neither obscure nor defective, is very pleasing, even to the daintiest judgments. No marvel, therefore, if most men desire much good counsel in a narrow room; as some affect to have great personages drawn in little tablets, or as we see worlds of countries described in the compass of small maps. Neither do I unwillingly yield to follow them; for both the powers of good advice are the stronger when they are thus united, and brevity makes counsel more portable for memory and reader for use. Take these therefore for more; which as I would fain practice, so am I willing to commend. Let us begin with him who is the first and last; inform yourself aright concerning God; without whom, in vain do we know all things: be acquainted with that Saviour of yours, which paid so much for you on earth, and now sues for you in heaven; without whom we have nothing to do with God, nor he with us. Adore him in your thoughts, trust him with yourself: renew your sight of him every day, and his of you. Overlook these earthly things; and, when you do at any time cast your eyes upon heaven, think there dwells my Saviour, there I shall be. Call yourself to often reckonings; cast

up your debts, payments, graces, wants, expenses, employments; yield not to think your set devotions troublesome; take not easy denials from yourself; yea, give peremptory denials to yourself: he can never be good that flatters himself: hold nature to her allowance; and let your will stand at courtesy: happy is that man which hath obtained to be the master of his own heart. Think all God's outward favours and provisions the best for you: your own ability and actions the meanest. Suffer not your mind to be either a drudge or a wanton; exercise it ever, but overlay it not: in all your businesses, look, through the world, at God; whatsoever is your level, let him be your scope: every day take a view of your last: and think either it is this or may be: offer not yourself either to honour or labour, let them both seek you: care you only to be worthy, and you cannot hide you from God. So frame yourself to the time and company, that you may neither serve it nor sullenly neglect it; and yield so far as you may neither betray goodness nor countenance evil. Let your words be few and digested; it is a shame for the tongue to cry the heart mercy, much more to cast itself upon the uncertain pardon of others' ears. There are but two things which a Christian is charged to buy, and not to sell, Time and Truth; both so precious, that we must purchase them at any rate. So use your friends, as those which should be perpetual, may be changeable. While you are within yourself, there is no danger: but thoughts once uttered must stand to hazard. Do not hear from yourself what you would be loth to hear from others. In all good things, give the eye and ear the full of scope, for they let into the mind: restrain the tongue, for it is a spender. Few men have repented them of silence. In all serious matters take counsel of days, and nights, and friends; and let leisure ripen your purposes: neither hope to gain aught by suddenness. The first thoughts may be confident, the second are wiser. Serve honestly ever, though without apparent wages: she will pay sure, if slow. As in apparel, so in actions, know not what is good, but what becomes you. How many warrantable acts have misshapen the authors? Excuse not your own ill, aggravate not others: and if you love peace, avoid censures, comparisons, contradictions. Out of good men choose acquaintance; of acquaintance, friends; of friends, familiars; after probation admit them; and after admittance, change them not. Ago commendeth friendship. Do not always your best; it is neither wise nor safe for a man ever to stand upon the top of his strength. If you would be above the expectation of others, be ever below yourself. Expend after your purse, not after your mind: take not where you may deny except upon conscience of desert, or hope to requite. Either frequent suits or complaints are wearisome to a friend. Rather smother your griefs and wants as you may, than be either querulous or importunate. Let not your face belie your heart, nor always tell tales out of it: he is fit to live amongst friends or enemies that can ingeniously be close. Give freely, sell thriftily: change seldom your place, never your state: either amend inconveniences or swallow them, rather than you should run from yourself to avoid them.

In all your reckonings for the world cast up some crosses that appear not; either those will come or may. Let your suspicions be charitable; your trust fearful; your censures sure. Give way to the anger of the great. The thunder and cannon will abide no fence. As in throngs we are afraid of loss, so, while the world comes upon you, look well to your soul; there is more danger in good than in evil: I fear the number of these my rules; for precepts are wont (as nails) to drive out one another: but these I intended to scatter amongst many; and I was loth that my guest should complain of a niggardly hand; dainty dishes are wont to be sparingly served out: homely ones supply in their bigness what they want in their worth.

# HALF-HOURS

## TWELFTH WEEK.

78.—SIR DUDLEY NORTH.

ROGER NORTH.

[ONE of the most entertaining books in our language is 'The Life of the Lord Keeper Guilford,' by the Hon. Roger North. The same biographer also wrote the lives of the Lord Keeper's brothers, Sir Dudley North, and Dr. John North. These biographies of three eminent men, by their relation and contemporary, were not published till the middle of the last century. Sir Dudley North was a merchant, who had long resided in Turkey, and returned to England in the time of Charles II. He was a man of great ability; and his notions on matters of commerce were far in advance of his age.]

But now we have our merchant, sheriff, alderman, commissioner, &c., at home with us, a private person, divested of all his mantlings; and we may converse freely with him in his family, and by himself, without clashing at all against any concern of the public. And possibly, in this capacity, I may show the best side of his character; and, for the advantage of that design, shall here recount his retired ways of entertaining himself from his first coming from Constantinople to England. He delighted much in natural observations, and what tended to explain mechanic powers; and particularly that wherein his own concern lay, beams and scales, the place of the centres, the form of the centre-pins, what share the fulcrum, and what the force, or the weight, bore with respect to each other; and, that he might not be deceived, had made proofs by himself of all the forms of scales that he could imagine could be put in practice for deceiving.

\* \* \* \* \*

When he came first to England, all things were new to him, and he had an infinite pleasure in going about to see the considerable places and buildings about town. I, like an old dame with a young damsel, by conducting him, had the pleasure of seeing them over again myself. And an incomparable pleasure it was; for, at all remarkable, he had ingenious turns of wit and morality, as well as natural observations. But once I was very well pleased to see the power of habit, even in his mind, and apprehension of things. I carried him to Bridewell, where, in the hemp-house, there was a fair lady, well habited, at a block. We got in and surveyed her: but the cur, that let us in at the door, put on his touchy airs, expecting his sop at our going out, and spoke hoarse and loud. My gentleman could not, for his life, but be afraid of that fellow, and was not easy when we went in, nor while we staid; for he confessed himself that the rascal was so like a Turkish chiaus, he could not bear him, and wondered at me for making so slight of him and his authority, and really fancied we should not get clear of him without some mischief or other. Such was indeed a necessary prudence at Constantinople: and not only in this, but in the cases of other merchants, who had lived in Turkey, I have observed, that if there were a crowd, or a clatter in the street, to which most people go to see what is the matter, they always draw back for fear of being singled out to be beaten. In a cathedral church I could scarce get my merchant to take a place with me; but he would pull, and correct me, as being too forward, and for fear of some inconvenience. Here is a consequence of living under absolute and rigorous lords. Whereas,

amongst us, there is scarce any regard at all had to superior powers; if I may term them such, that cannot punish but in mood and figure, and by due course of law.

He took pleasure in surveying the Monument, and comparing it with mosque towers, and what, of that kind, he had seen abroad. We mounted up to the top, and, one after another, crept up the hollow iron frame that carries the copper head and flames above. We went out at a rising plate of iron that hinged, and there found convenient irons to hold by. We made use of them, and raised our bodies entirely above the flames, having only our legs, to the knees, within; and there we stood till we were satisfied with the prospects from thence. I cannot describe how hard it was to persuade ourselves we stood safe; so likely did our weight seem to throw down the whole fabric. But the adventure at Bow Church was more extraordinary. For, being come to the upper row of columns, next under the dragon, I could go round between the columns and the newel; but his corpulence would not permit him to do that: wherefore he took the column in his arm, and swung his body about on the outside; and so he did quite round. Fancy, that in such a case would have destroyed many, had little power over his reason, that told him there was no difficulty nor danger in what he did.

He was so great a lover of building, that St. Paul's, then well advanced, was his ordinary walk: there was scarce a course of stones laid, while we lived together, over which we did not walk. And he would always climb to the uppermost heights. Much time have we spent there in talking of the work, engines, tackle, &c. He showed me the power of friction in engines; for, when a capstan was at work, he did but gripe the ropes, between the weight and the fulcrum, in his hand, and all was fast; and double the number of men, at the capstan, could not have prevailed against the impediment, to have raised the stone, till he let go.

We usually went there on Saturdays, which were Sir Christopher Wren's days, who was the surveyor; and we commonly got a snatch of discourse with him, who, like a true philosopher, was always obliging and communicative, and, in every matter we inquired about, gave short, but satisfactory answers. When we were upon Bow Steeple, the merchant had a speculation not unlike that of a ship, in the Bay of Smyrna, seen from the mountains. Here the streets appeared like small trenches, in which the coaches glided along without any unevenness as we could observe. "Now this," said he, "is like the world. Who would not be pleased in passing so equably from place to place? It is so when we look upon great men, who, in their courses, at our distance, seem to glide no less smoothly on; and we do not perceive the many rude jolts, tossings, and wallowings they feel; as whoever rides in that coach feels enough to make his bones ache, of which, to our notice, there is no discovery. And farther," said he, "let not the difficulties, that will occur in the way of most transactions, however reasonable, deter men from going on; for here is a coach not for a moment free from one obstruction or other; and yet it goes on, and arrives, at last, as was designed at first."

\* \* \* \* \*

He loved travelling, but hated a coach, because it made him a prisoner, and hindered his looking about to survey the country, in which he took a great pleasure; and, for that reason, he loved a horse. I had a grave pad that fitted him, and he always desired the use of that sage animal, that was very sure and easy, but slow. While his wife's mother, the Lady Cunn, lived at Bristol, he made annually a visit to her; and, when I had the honour to serve as recorder there, I accompanied him. We joined equipages, and sometimes returned across the country to Wroton, the residence of the late Lord Guilford. We had the care of affairs there, as trustees for the young Lord Guilford, who was sent abroad to travel; and we thought it no disservice to our trust to reside upon the spot some time in summer; which we did,

and had therein our own convenience, and charged ourselves in the accounts to the full value of ourselves, and the diet for our horses. But, our way of living there being somewhat extraordinary, I think it reasonable to give an account of it. In the first place, the lady had a standing quarrel with us; for we had such a constant employ that she could have none of her husband's company; and when she came to call him to dinner she found him as black as a tinker.

There was an old building, which was formerly hawks' mews. There we instituted a laboratory. One apartment was for wood-works, and the other for iron. His business was hewing and framing, and, being permitted to sit, he would labour very hard; and, in that manner, he hewed the frames for our necessary tables. He put them together only with laps and pins; but so, as served the occasion very well. We got up a table and a bench; but the great difficulty was to get bellows and a forge. He hewed such stones as lay about, and built a hearth with a back, and, by means of water, and an old iron which he knocked right down, he perforated that stone for the wind to come in at the fire. What common tools we wanted, we sent and bought, and also a leather-skin, with which he made a pair of bellows that wrought over-head, and the wind was conveyed by elder-guns let into one another, and so it got to the fire. Upon finding a piece of an old anvil, we went to work, and wrought all the iron that was used in our manufactory. He delighted most in hewing. He allowed me, being a lawyer, as he said, to be the best forger. We followed this trade so constantly and close, and he coming out sometimes with a red short waistcoat, red cap, and black face, the country people began to talk as if we used some unlawful trades there, clipping at least; and it might be, coining of money. Upon this we were forced to call in the blacksmith, and some of the neighbours, that it might be known there was neither damage nor danger to the state by our operations. This was morning's work before dressing; to which duty we were usually summoned by the lady full of admiration what creatures she had in her family. In the afternoons, too, we had employment which was somewhat more refined; and that was turning and planing; for which use we sequestered a low closet. We had our engines from London, and many round implemenents were made.

\* \* \* \* \*

In our laboratories, it was not a little strange to see with what earnestness and pains we worked, sweating most immoderately, and scarce allowing ourselves time to eat. At the lighter works, in the afternoon, he hath sat, perhaps, scraping a stick, or turning a piece of wood, and this for many afternoons together, all the while singing like a cobbler, incomparably better pleased than he had been in all the stages of his life before. And it is a mortifying speculation, that of the different characters of this man's enjoyments, separated one from the other, and exposed to an indifferent choice, there is scarce any one, but this I have here described, really worth taking up. And yet the slavery of our nature is such, that this must be despised, and all the rest, with the attendant evils of vexation, disappointments, dangers, loss of health, disgraces, envy, and what not of torment, be admitted. It was well said of the philosopher to Pyrrhus: "What follows after all your victories? To sit down and make merry. And cannot you do so now?"

#### 79.—ADVENTURE IN A FOREST.

SMOLLETT.

He departed from the village that same afternoon, under the auspices of his conductor, and found himself benighted in the midst of a forest, far from the habitations of men. The darkness of the night, the silence and solitude of the place, the indistinct images of the trees that appeared on every side, "stretching their extravagant



arms athwart the gloom," conspired, with the dejection of spirits occasioned by his loss, to disturb his fancy, and raise strange phantoms in his imagination. Although he was not naturally superstitious, his mind began to be invaded with an awful horror, that gradually prevailed over all the consolations of reason and philosophy; nor was his heart free from the terrors of assassination. In order to dissipate these disagreeable reveries, he had recourse to the conversation of his guide, by whom he was entertained with the history of divers travellers who had been robbed and murdered by ruffians, whose retreat was in the recesses of that very wood.

In the midst of this communication, which did not at all tend to the elevation of our hero's spirits, the conductor made an excuse for dropping behind, while our traveller jogged on in expectation of being joined again by him in a few minutes. He was, however, disappointed in that hope; the sound of the other horse's feet by degrees grew more and more faint, and at last altogether died away. Alarmed at this circumstance, Fathom halted in the middle of the road, and listened with the most fearful attention; but his sense of hearing was saluted with nought but the dismal sighings of the trees, that seemed to foretell an approaching storm. Accordingly, the heavens contracted a more dreary aspect, the lightning began to gleam, the thunder to roll, and the tempest, raising its voice to a tremendous roar, descended in a torrent of rain.

In this emergency, the fortitude of our hero was almost quite overcome. So many concurring circumstances of danger and distress might have appalled the most undaunted breast; what impression, then, must they have made upon the mind of Ferdinand, who was by no means a man to set fear at defiance! Indeed, he had well-nigh lost the use of his reflection, and was actually invaded to the skin, before he could recollect himself so far as to quit the road, and seek for shelter among the thickets that surrounded him. Having rode some furlongs into the forest, he took his station under a tuft of tall trees that screened him from the storm, and in that situation called a council within himself, to deliberate upon his next excursion. He persuaded himself that his guide had deserted him for the present, in order to give intelligence of a traveller to some gang of robbers with whom he was connected; and that he must of necessity fall a prey to those banditti, unless he should have the good fortune to elude their search, and disentangle himself from the mazes of the wood.

Harrowed with these apprehensions, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the hurricane, as of two evils the least, and penetrate straight forward through some devious opening, until he should be delivered from the forest. For this purpose he turned his horse's head in a line quite contrary to the direction of the high road which he had left, on the supposition that the robbers would pursue that track in quest of him, and that they would never dream of his deserting the highway, to traverse an unknown forest, amidst the darkness of such a boisterous night. After he had continued in this progress through a succession of groves, and bogs, and thorns, and brakes, by which not only his clothes, but also his skin, suffered in a grievous manner, while every nerve quivered with eagerness and dismay, he at length reached an open plain, and pursuing his course, in full hope of arriving at some village where his life would be safe, he descried a rush-light at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune, and, riding towards it at full speed, arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered traveller, received him with great hospitality.

When he learned from his hostess that there was not another house within three leagues, that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, he thanked Heaven for his good fortune, in stumbling upon this

homely habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand that her husband, who was a faggot-maker, had gone to the next town to dispose of his merchandise ; and that, in all probability, he would not return till next morning, on account of the tempestuous night. Ferdinand sounded the beldame with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such appearance of truth and simplicity, that he concluded his person was quite secure, and, after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, desired she would conduct him into the chamber where she proposed he should take his repose. He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half filled with trusses of straw. He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reality exceeded his expectation : and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

Fathom, whose own principles taught him to be suspicious, and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellow-creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care, in confining her guest to her chamber, and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt on the inside of the door, by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accurate survey of every object in the apartment, and, in the course of his inquiry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed, and concealed beneath several bundls of straw.

Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable horror ; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a miracle in his favour. In the first transports of his dread, he ran to the window, with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strong bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter ; his thoughts teemed with passages of death and destruction ; his conscience rose up in judgment against him, and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation that produced a species of resolution akin to that which is inspired by brandy or other strong liquors, and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hurried into measures for his own preservation.

What upon a less interesting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding among the straw, and, conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease ; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and, holding a pistol ready cocked in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is often the immediate production of despair. About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder ; the door was softly opened ; he saw the shadow of two men stalking towards the bed, a dark lanthorn being unshrouded, directed their aim to the supposed sleeper, and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart. The force of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the windpipe of the defunct ; the stroke was repeated, without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for the present with a design to return and rifle the deceased at their leisure.

Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation ; the whole surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nerves were relaxed with an universal palsy. In short, he remained in a trance that, in all

probability, contributed to his safety ; for, had he retained the use of his senses, he might have been discovered by the transports of his fear. The first use he made of his retrieved recollection was to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their retreat, and he would have instantly availed himself of this their neglect, by sallying out upon them at the hazard of his life, had he not been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the room below, importing that the ruffians were going to set out upon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey. They accordingly departed, after having laid strong injunctions upon the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their absence ; and Ferdinand took his resolution without farther delay. So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufficient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, moved softly towards the bed, and rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well stored with ducats, of which, together with a silver watch and a diamond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple ; then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldame, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hoary hag did not behold this apparition without giving signs of infinito terror and astonishment, believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest, who had been murdered ; she fell upon her knees and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints, crossing herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate, when she was undeceived in this her supposition, and understood it was no phantom, but the real substance of the stranger, who, without staying to upbraid her with the enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse, to which being conducted, he set her upon the saddle without delay, and, mounting behind, invested her with the management of the reins, swearing, in a most peremptory tone, that the only chance she had for her life was in directing him safely to the next town ; and that, so soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fidelity in the performance of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

This declaration had its effects upon the withered Hecate, who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security, and be provided with a fresh horse, or other convenience, for pursuing his intended route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency ; and they accordingly took their departure together, she being placed astride upon the saddle, holding the bridle in one hand, and a switch in the other ; and our adventurer sitting on the crupper, superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle of a pistol close at her ear. In this equipage they travelled across part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him ; and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of those shades, which he considered as the haunts of robbery and assassination.

Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion. The first steps he had taken for his preservation were the effects of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed by despair ; but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hoarse menaces of murder, the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poniards, and every shadow of a tree became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occurrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a real dagger ; and, at every fresh fillip of his fear, he acted as a roman-

brancer to his conductress, in a new volley of imprecations, importing that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

Human nature could not longer subsist under such complicated terror. At last he found himself clear of the forest, and was blessed with the distant view of an inhabited place. He then began to exercise his thoughts upon a new subject. He debated with himself, whether he should make a parade of his intrepidity and public spirit, by disclosing his achievement, and surrendering his guide to the penalty of the law ; or leave the old hag and her accomplices to the remorse of their own consciences, and proceed quietly on his journey to Paris in undisturbed possession of the prize he had already obtained. This last step he determined to take, upon recollecting that, in the course of his information, the story of the murdered stranger would infallibly attract the attention of justice, and, in that case, the effects he had borrowed from the defunct must be refunded for the benefit of those who had a right to the succession. This was an argument which our adventurer could not resist ; he foresaw that he should be stripped of his acquisition, which he looked upon as the fair fruits of his valour and sagacity ; and, moreover, be detained as an evidence against the robbers, to the manifest detriment of his affairs. Perhaps, too, he had motives of conscience, that dissuaded him from bearing witness against a set of people whose principles did not much differ from his own.

Influenced by such considerations, he yielded to the first importunity of the beldame, whom he dismissed at a very small distance from the village, after he had earnestly exhorted her to quit such an atrocious course of life, and atone for her past crimes, by sacrificing her associates to the demands of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favour she had found ; then she betook herself to her habitation, with full purpose of advising her fellow murderers to repair with all dispatch to the village, and impeach our hero, who, wisely distrusting her professions, stayed no longer in the place than to hire a guide for the next stage, which brought him to the city of Chalons-sur-Marne.

#### 80.—SCENE FROM OLD FORTUNATUS.

DEKKER.

[THOMAS DEKKER, or DECKER, was one of the numerous band of dramatists that belong to the Shaksperian era. The exact time of his birth and death is not known. Between Dekker and Ben Jonson there was a fearful feud, and they each satirized the other on the public stage. There is much vigour and dramatic force, with, occasionally, very beautiful poetry, in many of Dekker's plays. Like several of his contemporary dramatists he wrote many plays in union with other writers. The drama of 'Old Fortunatus' is founded upon the story of Fortunatus's purse;—it is very extravagant in parts ; but the opening scene is a favourable specimen of the author's power. It commences with the entrance of a Gardener, a Smith, a Monk, a Shepherd, all crowned ; a Nymph with a Globe, another with Fortune's Wheel, then Fortune : after her four Kings with broken Crowns and Sceptres, chained in Silver Gyves, and led by her. The first four come out singing ; the four Kings lie down at the feet of Fortune, who treads on their bodies as she ascends her Chair. After the Kings have uttered laments of her cruelty, and the others have celebrated her might, she selects Fortunatus as the object of her capricious bounty.]

*For.* Thou shalt be one of Fortune's minions ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Six gifts I spend upon mortality,  
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches ;  
Out of my bounty, one of these is thine,  
Choose then which likes thee best.

*Fort.* Oh, most divine !

Give me but leave to borrow wonder's eye,

To look, amazed, at thy bright majesty.  
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches ?

*For.* Before thy soul (at this deep lottery)  
Draw forth her prize, ordained by destiny,  
Know that here's no recanting a first choice :  
Choose then discreetly (for the laws of Fate  
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate).

*Fort.* Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,  
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right !  
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches ?

*For.* Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me speak ;  
If thou kiss wisdom's cheek and make her thine,  
She 'll breathe into thy lips divinity,  
And thou, like Phœbus, shalt speak oracle ;  
Thy heaven-inspired soul, on wisdom's wings,  
Shall fly up to the parliament of Jove,  
And read the statutes of eternity,  
And see what's past, and learn what is to come :  
If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake  
To see thee frown ; as kings at mine do lie,  
So shall thy feet trample on empery :  
Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof,  
'Gainst tho deep searching darts of surfeiting ;  
Be ever merry, ever revelling :  
Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes  
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,  
And on thy cheeks I 'll mix such white and red,  
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede  
And with immortal hands shall circle thee :  
Are thy desires long life ? thy vital thread  
Shall be stretched out ; thou shalt behold the change  
Of monarchies ; and see those children die  
Whose great-great grandsires now in cradles lie :  
If through gold's sacred \* hunger thou dost pine ;  
Those gilded wantons, which in swarms do run  
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,  
Shall stand for number of those golden piles,  
Which in rich piles shall swell before thy feet ;  
As those are, so shall these be infinite.  
Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,  
And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of Fate,  
Which strives to bless thy name of Fortunate.

*Kings.* Old man, take heed ! her smiles will murder thee.

*The others.* Old man, she 'll crown thee with felicity.

*Fort.* Oh, whither am I wrapt beyond myself !  
More violent conflicts fight in every thought,  
Than his, whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.  
Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love ?  
Then I lose riches ; and a wise man, poor,  
Is like a sacred book that's never read,  
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead :

\* *Sacra* is used in the sense of the "*Auri sacra fames*" of Virgil,

This age thinks better of a gilded fool,  
 Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.  
 I will be strong: then I refuse long life;  
 And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,  
 There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:  
 The greatest strength expires with loss of breath,  
 The mightiest (in one minute) stoop to death.  
 Then take long life, or health; should I do so,  
 I might grow ugly; and that tedious scroll  
 Of months and years much misery may enrol;  
 Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will not:  
 The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul  
 Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.  
 The wisdom of this world is idiotism;  
 Strength a weak reed; health sickness enemy,  
 (And it at length will have the victory;)  
 Beauty is but a painting; and long life  
 Is a long journey in December gone,  
 Tedious, and full of tribulation,  
 Therefore, dread sacred empress, make me rich;  
 [Kneels down.

My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise:  
 He that upon his back rich garments wears  
 Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' cars:  
 Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;  
 The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;  
 A mask of gold hides all deformities;  
 Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;  
 Oh, therefore make me rich! not as the wretch  
 That only serves lean banquets to his eye,  
 Has gold, yet starves; is furnished in his store;  
 No, let me ever spend, be never poor.

*For.* Thy latest words confine thy destiny;  
*Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor:*  
 For proof receive this purse; with it this virtue;  
 Still when thou thrust'st thy hand into the same,  
 Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,  
 Current in any realm where then thou breathest;  
 If thou canst dribble out the sea by drops,  
 Then shalt thou want; but that can no'er be done,  
 Nor this grow empty.

*Fort.* Thanks, great deity!

*For.* The virtue ends when thou and thy sons end.  
 This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee hence:  
 Farewell, vain covetous fool, thou wilt repent  
 That for the love of dross thou hast despised  
 Wisdom's divine embrace; she would have borne thee  
 On the rich wings of immortality;  
 But now go dwell with cares and quickly die.

## 61.—CHARACTERS.

[The following acute and discriminating character of Washington is from the pen of his fellow-labourer in the cause of American independence—Thomas Jefferson. As a contrast to the character of Washington, we subjoin a sketch of Napoleon Bonaparte, by an anonymous writer, published in 1821.]

## WASHINGTON.

JEFFERSON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

ANON.

To trace the wild and irregular grandeur of his career, to mark the splendour of his rise or the gloom of his declension, would be to record those extraordinary events which have rendered the last thirty years the most important period in the history of the world. The memory of these occurrences comes upon us as the remembrance of a fearful vision. It is scarcely of the earth. It is like the dim legend of a fabulous generation. We might almost doubt of the important part which this man has acted on the great stage of the world, because the last act of his "strange, eventful history," has been one of oblivion and obscurity; because he has lain down, like the commonest among us, pining with despondency and wasting with disease, to die in silence and solitude, with not a recollection of his glory about him. But his career has been one which can never be forgotten, either in its power or in its guilt. He will be the great mark of the age. For this is the man that carried revolutionary France in triumph through Europe—this is he that raised himself to the consular chair—this is he that sat down on the throne of the ancient kings of France, and put the iron crown of Italy upon his brow—this is he that kings and emperors bowed before, and that held queens captive, and gave princesses in dower—this is he that conquered at Jena and Austerlitz—this is he that seized upon the crown of Spain—this is he that defied the frosts, as well as the hardy soldiers of the north, and fell before their united fury—this is he that the power of England drove out of Spain—this is he that abdicated the throne to which the revolution had raised him—this is he that leapt a second time into the seat of his usurpation, and whose power crumbled into dust on the day of Waterloo.

The character of Bonaparte was in itself remarkable, but it is probable under ordinary circumstances, and in a tranquil state of society, he would have acquired only a secondary distinction. He naturally possessed talents of a superior order, but they were not the talents of a man who would have made himself great in any situation. He was ready in expedients, acute, and penetrating. He understood the human heart, and knew how to assail mankind through their passions, their vanities, or their prejudices; above all, he was intensely selfish, and when possessed of power, that selfishness stood him in the place of solid principles and consistent modes of action, by setting up his own *will* as his infallible guide, and determining him to act up to its dictates, however warned by the common obligations of humanity or justice, by the fear of God, or, what is more important, to a selfish mind, by an apprehension for his own security. But Bonaparte was not a great man, in the proper acceptation of greatness. He possessed no heart and no imagination; he was ignorant in some of the commonest branches of human knowledge; he wanted eloquence to sway individuals and bodies of men to his purposes; he was cunning and calculating, but his prudence did not grasp any wide extent of action; he was almost ridiculously tenacious of his personal safety: he was as imbecile in adversity, as he was tyrannous in prosperity.

Bonaparte was a man that could not have succeeded except in a revolutionary period, amongst a people led away by pretence and arrogance, and in a state of society where there was no great strength of moral perception. Had he appeared in England, he would probably have died a captain of artillery. His morose habits—his reserve—his contempt of the decencies of life, would have been an infallible bar to his advancement. Amongst a moral people the post of honour is not to be taken by storm. But Bonaparte rose in France by the very force of those qualities which, under ordinary circumstances, would have kept him down. In the revolutionary war he soon acquired opportunities of distinguishing himself, and he soon contrived to render services to the republic which any other than one sacrificing every thing to ambition would willingly have avoided. He obtained the command of the army.



of Italy; his own character and the character of the revolution led him on to success. The secret of his triumphs is now easily understood. He fought against commanders conducting the great game of warfare upon a regular and formal system of tactics, at the least expense, at the least possible waste of human life, and with a prudence which, if it did not insure victory, did not render retreat hopeless. Bonaparte always set his fortune "upon a cast." He won every thing by risking every thing; he would assign thousands and tens of thousands of his own men to certain destruction, to insure the safety of the remainder; where other generals paid for the subsistence of their forces, Bonaparte plundered. Such a system was new, and was therefore terrific. The world saw the activity with which he moved great masses of men, the fearlessness with which he attacked superior force, his contempt of the elements and of the barriers opposed by rivers and mountains to military movements—and whilst they wondered they were lost. He continued this practice from the commencement of his career to its close—from the passage of the Alps to the flight from Moscow. We may form some idea of the wholesale destruction of human life which this system induced, by knowing that the annual addition to the French army, by conscription, was for many years upwards of 150,000 men, whilst in England the recruits of each year were not more than 5000. The world at last learned to imitate the boldness and the rapidity of his military movements, and it was reserved for England and her allies to beat him by the adoption of those weapons, and yet leave him in the exclusive possession of his system of plunder and bloodshed.

If we could divest ourselves of the abhorrence which we feel of Bonaparte's merciless principles of warfare, we should be ready to acknowledge that he was the greatest general of modern times. But it required even greater military abilities to defeat him, without sacrificing the principles of justice and humanity. This was accomplished by the Englishman who freed Spain from the yoke of his oppression.

But Bonaparte is not to be looked at only as a general;—he aspired to and filled the character of a sovereign, and a head of sovereigns. His merits in this particular are easily summed up. He had but one notion of government, and that was founded upon the fear, not the love, of the governed. He was one of the greatest enemies to liberty that ever appeared in the world. He found the French people in the possession of the wildest and most unbridled principles of republicanism, and he made them the willing slaves of his absolute monarchy. Under his rule there was no representation of the people, no freedom of the press, no appeal from the enormities of his cruel and all-pervading police. His sway was a despotism of the most arbitrary character. But he gilded the chains of the French. He filled them with the intoxication of national vanity—he astounded them by his victories—he flattered them by his insolent demeanour to other nations—he imposed no restraints upon their licentious habits, except when they interfered with the even progress of his government—he obtained the suffrages of men of letters by his patronage—and he took care to raise many splendid public works, amongst a people who enjoy themselves only in public, and are insensible to the comforts and securities of domestic life. In his private demeanour as a sovereign he was haughty and repulsive;—coarse and offensive, except upon occasions of show;—overbearing and insolent even to the fair sex. But he appears to have been affectionate to his relations;—and the force of his talents, and the magnificence of his power, could not fail to procure him many warm and faithful friends.

In a word, Bonaparte was the living symbol of the French Revolution. He was the representative of its ferocity, its selfishness, its contempt of ordinary restraints, its mighty daring, its defiance of God, its cruelty to man. What Cromwell was in a fanatical age, Bonaparte was in an atheistical. The world will never again behold

two such men, because the circumstances that made them can never again exist. They were both, to a certain extent, impostors; and they both exhausted the materials of their deceptions.

## 82.—DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

CAVENDISH.

[*Amongst the earliest memoirs on English history, and certainly far exceeding most memoirs in interest and importance, is 'The Life of Wolsey, by George Cavendish, his Gentleman Usher.'* It was long a question who wrote this remarkable book; but the doubt was satisfactorily cleared up by Mr. Hunter, who found that it was written by the brother of Sir William Cavendish, a faithful follower of the great Cardinal. There are ten MSS. in existence of this ancient work; but it has been very carefully edited by Mr. Singer. We confine our extracts to those striking passages which relate to the death of the great Cardinal.]

Wolsey had been dismissed from Court and had retired to his palace at Cawood, previous to his installation at York as Archbishop. He was suddenly arrested on a charge of high treason, by the Earl of Northumberland, and was forced to set out for the metropolis. Very soon the Cardinal fell ill; and it is evident, from the cautions observed, that those about him suspected that he intended to poison himself. Ill as he was, the Earl of Shrewsbury put the fallen man under the charge of Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, whom the king had sent for the Cardinal, with twenty-four of his guard; and with this escort he departed on his last journey. "And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes. Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times, by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one, and sometime with another; at night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall\*, very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day he rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule, and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where at his coming in at the gates the Abbot of the place with all his convent met him with the light of many torches; and whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' whom they brought on his mule to the stairs' foot of his chamber, and there alighted, and Master Kingston then took him by the arm, and led him up the stairs; who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there: 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I; 'How do you?' quoth he to me: 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well:' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me; 'Forsooth sir, said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock?' quoth he: 'that cannot be;' rehearsing divers times 'Eight of the clock, eight of the clock; Nay nay,' quoth he at last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock: for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master; for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.'"

The rapacity of the king is strikingly exhibited in the following passage: "And after dinner, Master Kingston called for me (Cavendish) into his chamber, and at

\* Not the Hardwick of Derbyshire, but of Nottinghamshire.

my being there, said to me, 'So it is that the king hath sent me letters by this gentleman, Master Vincent, one of your old companions, who hath<sup>h</sup> been of late in trouble in the Tower of London for money that my lord should have at his last departing from him, which now cannot be found. Wherefore the king, at this gentleman's request, for the declaration of his truth, hath sent him hither with his grace's letters directed unto me, commanding me by virtue thereof to examine my lord in that behalf, and to have your council herein, how it may be done, that he may take it well and in good part. This is the chief cause of my sending for you ; therefore I pray you what is your best council to use in this matter for the true acquittal of this gentleman ?' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'as touching that matter, my simple advice shall be this, that your own person shall resort unto him and visit him, and in communication break the matter unto him ; and if he will not tell the truth, there be that can satisfy the king's pleasure therein ; and in any wise speak nothing of my fellow Vincent. And I would not advise you to tract the time with him : for he is very sick, and I fear me he will not live past to-morrow in the morning.' Then went Master Kingston unto him, and asked first how he did, and so forth proceeded in communication, wherein Master Kingston demanded of him the said money, saying, 'That my lord of Northumberland hath found a book at Cawood that reporteth how ye had but fifteen hundred pounds in ready money, and one penny thereof will not be found, who hath made the king privy by his letters thereof. Wherefore the king hath written unto me, to demand of you if you know where it is become ; for it were pity that it should be embezzled from you both. Therefore, I shall require you, in the king's name, to tell me the truth herein, to the intent that I may make just report unto his majesty what answer ye make therein.' With that my lord paused awhile, and said, 'Ah, good lord ! how much doth it grieve me that the king should think in me such deceit, wherein I should deceive him of any one penny that I have. Rather than I would, Master Kingston, embezzle or deceive him of a mite, I would it were moulte, and put in my mouth ;' which words he spake twice or thrice very vehemently. 'I have nothing, no never had (God being my judge), that I esteemed, or had in it any such delight or pleasure, but that I took it for the king's goods, having but the bare use of the same during my life, and after my death to leave it to the king ; wherein he hath but prevented my intent and purpose. And for this money that ye demand of me, I assure you it is none of mine ; for I borrowed it of divers of my friends to bury me, and to bestow among my servants, who have taken great pains about me, like true and faithful men. Notwithstanding, if it be his pleasure to take this money from me, I must hold me therewith content. Yet I would most humbly beseech his majesty to see them satisfied, of whom I borrowed the same for the discharge of my conscience.' . . . 'Sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'there is no doubt in the king ; ye need not to mistrust that, but when the king shall be advertised thereof, to whom I shall make report of your request, that his grace will do as shall become him. But, sir, I pray you, where is this money ?' 'Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I will not conceal it from the king ; I will declare it to you, (ere) I die, by the grace of God. Take a little patience with me I pray you.' 'Well, sir, then will I trouble you no more at this time, trusting that ye will show me to-morrow.'

"Howbeit my lord waxed very sick, most likeliest to die that night, and often swooned, and, as me thought, drew fast toward his end, until it was four of the clock in the morning, at which time, I asked him how he did : 'Well,' quoth he, 'if I had any meat ; I pray you give me some.' 'Sir, there is none ready,' said I. 'I wis,' quoth he, 'ye be the more to blame, for you should have always some meat for me in a readiness, to eat when my stomach serveth me ; therefore I pray you get me some ; for I intend this day, God willing, to make me strong, to the intent I may occupy

myself in confession, and make me ready to God.' The dying man ate a spoonful or two. Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston bade him good-morrow (for it was seven of the clock in the morning), and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render unto him my simple soul into his divine hands.' 'Not yet so, sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'with the grace of God, ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer.' 'Master Kingston, my disease is such, that I cannot live; I have had some experience in my disease, and thus it is: I have a flux, with a continual fever; the nature whereof is this: that if there be no alteration with me of the same within eight days, then must either ensue excoiation of the cutrails, or frenzy, or else present death; and the best thereof is death. And as I suppose, this is the eighth day; and if ye see in me no alteration, then is there no remedy (although I may live a day or twain), but death which is the best remedy of the three.' 'Nay, sir, in good faith' quoth Master Kingston, 'you be in such dolor and pensiveness, doubting that thing that indeed ye need not to fear, which maketh you much worse than ye should be.' 'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he. 'I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I may have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. Wherefore I pray you, with all my heart, to have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty; beseeching him in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me, from the beginning of the world unto this day, and the progress of the same: and most chiefly in the weighty matter yet depending (meaning the matter newly began between him and the good Queen Katherine), then shall his conscience declare whether I have offended him or no. He is sure a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one-half of his realm in danger. For I assure you, I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, if it chauce hereafter you to be one of his privy council, as for your wisdom and other qualities ye are meet to be, I warn you to be well advised and assured what matter ye put in his head, for ye shall never put in out again.' "

The narrative then goes on to exhibit a long speech of the Cardinal's against "this new pernicious sect of Lutherans." At last Wolsey said: "Master Kingston, farewell; I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better." And even with these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to aneal him, who came with all speed and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging: and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life. And calling to our remembrance his words the day before, how he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he prophesied of his departure.

"Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of such men, exalted by fortune to honours and high dignities; for I assure you, in his time of authority and glory,

he was then the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession; wherein should be all meekness, humility, and charity; the process whereof I leave to them that be learned and seen in divine laws."

## 83.—WHAT IS POETRY

LEIGH HUNT.

[LEIGH HUNT, one of the most original and fascinating of English prose writers—one, also, who has won an enduring station amongst English poets, is the son of a West Indian who came to England and took orders in the Church. He was born in 1784, and was educated at Christ's Hospital. As early as 1805 he was a writer of theatrical criticism in his brother's paper, 'The News';—in 1808 the brothers established 'the Examiner'—a weekly paper which surpassed all its then contemporaries in ability and taste. In those days it was almost impossible for a public writer to speak out; and Leigh Hunt had to expiate a sarcasm upon the Prince Regent by two years' imprisonment. Mr. Hunt's subsequent connection with Lord Byron was not a fortunate one; and we are inclined to think that in future literary history most honest sympathies will be with the plebeian asserting his independence as a brother in letters, instead of with the patrician,—heartless and insolent,—a declaimer for liberty but in practice a tyrant. Mr. Hunt, who has borne much adversity with a cheerfulness beyond all praise, writes as freshly and brilliantly as ever. Long may those unflinching spirits which are the delight of his social and family circle be the sunshine of his old age. The following extract is from a delightful volume, published in 1847, entitled, 'Selections from the English Poets—Imagination and Fancy.']

If a young reader should ask, after all, What is the best way of knowing bad poets from good, the best poets from the next best, and so on? the answer is, the only and twofold way; first, the perusal of the best poets with the greatest attention; and second, the cultivation of that love of truth and beauty which made them what they are. Every true reader of poetry partakes a more than ordinary portion of the poetic nature; and no one can be completely such, who does not love, or take an interest in every thing that interests the poet, from the firmament to the daisy—from the highest heart of man, to the most pitiable of the low. It is a good practice to read with pen in hand, marking what is liked or doubted. It rivets the attention, realizes the greatest amount of enjoyment, and facilitates reference. It enables the reader also, from time to time, to see what progress he makes with his own mind, and how it grows up to the stature of its exalter.

If the same person should ask, What class of poetry is the highest? I should say, undoubtedly, the Epic; for it includes the drama, with narration besides; or the speaking and action of the characters, with the speaking of the poet himself, whose utmost address is taxed to relate all well for so long a time, particularly in the passages least sustained by enthusiasm. Whether this class has included the greatest poet, is another question still under trial; for Shakspeare perplexes all such verdicts, even when the claimant is Homer; though if a judgment may be drawn from his early narratives ('Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Rape of Lucrece'), it is to be doubted whether even Shakspeare could have told a story like Homer, owing to that incessant activity and superfotation of thought, a little less of which might be occasionally desired even in his plays;—if it were possible, once possessing anything of his, to wish it away. Next to Homer and Shakspeare come such narrators as the less universal but intenser *Dante*; Milton, with his dignified imagination; the universal profoundly simple Chaucer; and luxuriant remote Spenser—immortal child in poetry's most poetic solitudes; then the great second-rate dramatists; unless those who are better acquainted with Greek tragedy than I am, demand a place for them before Chaucer: then the airy yet robust universality of Ariosto; the hearty out-of-door nature of Theocritus, also a universalist; the finest lyrical poets (who only take short flights, compared with the narrators); the purely contemplative poets who have

more thought than feeling; the descriptive, satirical, didactic, epigrammatic. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the first poet of an inferior class may be superior to followers in the train of a higher one, though the superiority is by no means to be taken for granted; otherwise Pope would be superior to Fletcher, and Butler to Pope. Imagination, teeming with action and character, makes the greatest poets; feeling and thought the next; fancy (by itself) the next; wit the last. Thought by itself makes no poet at all; for the mere conclusions of the understanding can at best be only so many intellectual matters of fact. Feeling, even destitute of conscious thought, stands a far better poetical chance; feeling being a sort of thought without the process of thinking—a grasper of the truth without seeing it. And what is very remarkable, feeling seldom makes the blunders that thought does. An idle distinction has been made between taste and judgment. Taste is the very maker of judgment. Put an artificial fruit in your mouth, or only handle it, and you will soon perceive the difference between judging from taste or tact, and judging from the abstract signment called judgment. The latter does but throw you into guesses and doubts. Hence the conceits that astonish us in the gravest and even subtlest thinkers, whose taste is not proportionate to their mental perceptions; men like Donne, for instance; who, apart from accidental personal impressions, seem to look at nothing as it really is, but only as to what may be thought of it. Hence, on the other hand, the delightfulness of those poets who never violate truth of feeling, whether in things real or imaginary; who are always consistent with their object and its requirements; and who run the great round of nature, not to perplex and be perplexed, but to make themselves and us happy. And luckily, delightfulness is not incompatible with greatness, willing soever as men may be in their present imperfect state to set the power to subjugate above the power to please. Truth, of any kind whatsoever, makes great writing. This is the reason why such poets as Ariosto, though not writing with a constant detail of thought and feeling like Dante, are justly considered great as well as delightful. Their greatness proves itself by the same truth of nature, and sustained power, though in a different way. Their action is not so crowded and weighty; their sphere has more territories less fertile; but it has enchantments of its own which excess of thought would spoil—luxuries, laughing graces, animal spirits; and not to recognise the beauty and greatness of these, treated as they treat them, is simply to be defective in sympathy. Every planet is not Mars or Saturn. There is also Venus and Mercury. There is one genius of the south, and another of the north, and others uniting both. The reader who is too thoughtless or too sensitive to like intensity of any sort, and he who is too thoughtful or too dull to like anything but the greatest possible stimulus of reflection or passion, are equally wanting in complexional fitness for a thorough enjoyment of books. Ariosto occasionally says as fine things as Dante, and Spenser as Shakspeare; but the business of both is to enjoy; and in order to partake their enjoyment to its full extent, you must feel what poetry is in the general as well as the particular, must be aware that there are different songs of the spheres, some fuller of notes, and others of a sustained delight; and as the former keep you perpetually alive to thought or passion, so from the latter you receive a constant harmonious sense of truth and beauty, more agreeable perhaps on the whole, though less exciting. Ariosto, for instance, does not *tell a story* with the brevity and concentrated passion of Dante; every sentence is not so full of matter, nor the style so removed from the indifference of prose; yet you are charmed with a truth of another sort, equally characteristic of the writer, equally drawn from nature, and substituting a healthy sense of enjoyment for intense emotion. Exclusiveness of liking for this or that mode of truth, only shows, either that the reader's perceptions are limited, or that he would sacrifice truth itself to his favourite form of it. Sir

Walter Raleigh, who was as trenchant with his pen as his sword, hailed the 'Faerie Queene' of his friend Spenser in verses in which he said that "Petrarch" was henceforward to be no more heard of; and that, in all English poetry, there was nothing he counted "of any price" but the effusions of the new author. Yet Petrarch is still living; Chaucer was not abolished by Sir Walter; and Shakspeare is thought somewhat valuable. A botanist might as well have said that myrtles and oaks were to disappear because acacias had come up. It is with the Poet's creations as with Nature's, great or small. Wherever truth and beauty, whatever their amount, can be shaped into verse, and answer to some demand for it in our hearts, there poetry is to be found; whether in productions grand and beautiful as some great event, or some mighty, leafy solitude, or no bigger and more pretending than a sweet face or a bunch of violets; whether in Homer's epic or Gray's 'Elegy' in the enchanted gardens of Ariosto and Spenser, or the very pot-herbs of the 'Schoolmistress' of Shenstone, the balms of the simplicity of a cottage. Not to know and feel this, is to be deficient in the universality of Nature herself, who is a poetess on the smallest as well as the largest scale, and who calls upon us to admire all her productions; not indeed with the same degree of admiration, but with no refusal of it, except to defect.

I cannot draw this essay towards its conclusion better than with three memorable words of Milton; who has said, that poetry, in comparison with science, is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." By simple, he means imperplexed and self-evident; by sensuous, genial and full of imagery; by passionate, excited and enthusiastic. I am aware that different constructions have been put on some of these words; but the context seems to me to necessitate those before us. I quote, however, not from the original, but from an extract in the 'Remarks on Paradise Lost' by Richardson.

What the poet has to cultivate above all things is love and truth;—what he has to avoid, like poison, is the fleeting and the false. He will get no good by proposing to be "in earnest at the moment." His earnestness must be innate and habitual; born with him, and felt to be his most precious inheritance. "I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings," says Coleridge, in the Preface to his Poems; "and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its *own exceeding great reward*; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."—*Pickering's edition*, p. 10.

"Poetry," says Shelley, "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and *makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar*. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it coexists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists, in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others: the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause."—*Essays and Letters*, vol. i. p. 16.

I would not willingly say anything after perorations like these; but as treatises on poetry may chance to have auditors who think themselves called upon to vindicate the superiority of what is termed useful knowledge, it may be as well to add, that if the poet may be allowed to pique himself on any one thing more than another, compared with those who undervalue him, it is on that power of undervaluing nobody,

and no attainments different from his own, which is given him by the very faculty of imagination they despise. The greater includes the less. They do not see that their inability to comprehend him argues the smaller capacity. No man recognises the worth of utility more than the poet: he only desires that the meaning of the term may not come short of its greatness, and exclude the noblest necessities of his fellow-creatures. He is quite as much pleased, for instance, with the facilities for rapid conveyance afforded him by the railroad, as the dullest confiner of its advantages to that single idea, or as the greatest two-ideal man who varies that single idea with hugging himself on his "buttons" or his good dinner. But he sees also the beauty of the country through which he passes, of the towns, of the heavens, of the steam-engine itself, thundering and fuming along like a magic horse; of the affections that are carrying, perhaps, half the passengers on their journey, nay, of those of the great two-ideal man; and, beyond all this, he discerns the incalculable amount of good, and knowledge, and refinement, and mutual consideration, which this wonderful invention is fitted to circulate over the globe, perhaps to the displacement of war itself and certainly to the diffusion of millions of enjoyments.

"And a button-maker, after all, invented it!" cries our friend.

Pardon me—it was a nobleman. A button-maker may be a very excellent, and a very poetical man too, and yet not have been the first man visited by a sense of the gigantic powers of the combination of water and fire. It was a nobleman who first thought of this most poetical bit of science. It was a nobleman who first thought of it—a captain who first tried it—and a button-maker who perfected it. And he who put the nobleman on such thoughts was the great philosopher, Bacon, who said that poetry had "something divine in it," and was necessary to the satisfaction of the human mind.

#### 84.—THE INDUSTRY OF A GENTLEMAN.

BARROW.

[ISAAC BARROW, a great mathematician, a learned divine, a man of the most exemplary private life, was born in 1630, and died at the early age of forty-seven. It is stated that he was a negligent boy, and more than commonly addicted to fighting with his schoolfellows. His negligence was probably the result of the quickness of his capacity; at any rate it very readily gave place to the most unwearied industry: his pugnacious habits were soon transformed into an energy that enabled him to accomplish the many great things which distinguished his short life. His disinterestedness was amongst the most remarkable of his characteristics. He resigned his Lucasian professorship at Cambridge to make way for his pupil, Isaac Newton; he resigned his small living, and a prebend of Salisbury Cathedral, when he was appointed Master of Trinity College. In this position his most earnest labours were devoted to the formation of the library of that noble institution. The great object of his life—and it was an object that had the highest reward—was to benefit his fellow-creatures. Barrow's sermons furnish abundant evidence of the comprehensiveness and vigour of his mind.]

---

"*Not slothful in business.*"—JAMES i. 20.

I have largely treated on the duty recommended in this precept, and urged the observance of it in general, at a distance: I now intend more particularly and closely to apply it in reference to those persons who seem more especially obliged to it, and whose observing it may prove of greatest consequence to public good; the which application may also be most suitable and profitable to this audience. Those persons are of two sorts; the one gentlemen, the other scholars.

I. The first place, as civility demandeth, we assign to gentlemen, or persons of eminent rank in the world, well allied, graced with honour, and furnished with wealth: the which sort of persons I conceive in a high degree obliged to exercise industry in business.



This, at first hearing, may seem a little paradoxical and strange; for who have less business than gentlemen? who do need less industry than they? He that hath a fair estate, and can live on his means, what hath he to do, what labour or trouble can be exacted of him, what hath he to think on, or trouble his head with, but how to invent recreations and pastimes to divert himself, and spend his waste leisure pleasantly? Why should not he be allowed to enjoy himself, and the benefits which nature or fortune have freely dispensed to him, as he thinketh best, without offence? Why may he not say with the rich man in the gospel, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry?" Is it not often said by the wise man, that there is "nothing better under the sun, than that a man should make his soul to enjoy good" in a cheerful and comfortable fruition of his estate? According to the passable notion and definition, "What is a gentleman but his pleasure?"

If this be true, if a gentleman be nothing else but this, then truly he is a sad piece, the most inconsiderable, the most despicable, the most pitiful and wretched creature in the world: if it is his privilege to do nothing, it is his privilege to be most unhappy; and to be so will be his fate if he will according to it; for he that is of no worth or use, who produceth no beneficial fruit, who performeth no service to God or to the world, what title can he have to happiness? What capacity thereof? What reward can he claim? What comfort can he feel? To what temptations is he exposed? What guilts will he incur?

But, in truth, it is far otherwise; to suppose that a gentleman is loose from business is a great mistake; for, indeed, no man hath more to do, no man lieth under greater engagements to industry than he.

He is deeply obliged to be continually busy in more ways than other men, who have but one simple calling or occupation allotted to them; and that on a triple account; in respect to God, to the world, and to himself.

1. He is first obliged to continual employment in respect to God.

He, out of a grateful regard to divine bounty for the eminency of his station, adorned with dignity and repute, for the plentiful accommodations and comforts of his life, for his exemption from those pinching wants, those meaner cares, those sordid entertainments, and those toilsome drudgeries, to which other men are subject, is bound to be more diligent in God's service, employing all the advantages of his state to the glory of his munificent Benefactor, to whose good providence alone he doth owe them; for "who maketh him to differ" from another? And what hath he that he did not receive from God's free bounty?

In proportion to the bulk of his fortune, his heart should be enlarged with a thankful sense of God's goodness to him; his mouth should ever be filled with acknowledgments and praise; he should always be ready to express his grateful resentment\* of so great and peculiar obligations.

He should dedicate larger portions of that free leisure which God hath granted to him, in waiting on God, and constant performances of devotion.

He, in frequently reflecting on the particular ample favours of God to him, should imitate the holy Psalmist, that illustrious pattern of great and fortunate men; saying after him, with his spirit and disposition of soul, "Thou hast brought me to great honour, and comforted me on every side; therefore will I praise thee and thy faithfulness, O God." "Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong;" "Thou hast set my feet in a large room:" "Thou preparest a table before me:" "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over:" "To the end that my glory may sing praise unto thee, and not be silent:" "The Lord is the portion

\* *Resentment* is used by old writers in the sense of *strong feeling* in general. Its limitation to *angry feeling* is a modern use of the word.

of mine inheritance, and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage;" therefore "I will bless the Lord."

In conceiving such meditations, his head and his heart should constantly be employed; as also in contriving ways of declaring and discharging real gratitude; asking himself, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" What shall I render to him, not only as a man, for all the gifts of nature; as a Christian, for all the blessings of grace; but as a gentleman also, for the many advantages of this my condition, beyond so many of my brethren, by special Providence indulged to me?

He hath all the common duties of piety, of charity, of sobriety, to discharge with fidelity; for being a gentleman doth not exempt him from being a Christian, but rather more strictly doth engage him to be such in a higher degree than others; it is an obligation peculiarly incumbent on him, in return for God's peculiar favour, to pay God all due obedience, and to exercise himself in all good works; disobedience being a more heinous crime in him, than in others who have not such encouragements to serve God.

His obedience may be inculcated by those arguments which Joshua and Samuel did use in pressing it on the Israelites: "Only," said Samuel, "fear the Lord, and serve him in truth: for consider how great things God hath done for you." And, "I have given you," saith God by Joshua, "a land for which ye did not labour, and cities which ye built not; and ye dwell in them: of the vineyards and olive-yards which ye planted not, do ye eat. Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth."

His disobedience may be aggravated, as Nehemiah did that of the Israelites: "They took strong cities and a fat land, and possessed houses full of all goods, wells digged, vineyards and oliveyards, and fruit trees in abundance; so they did eat, and were filled, and became fat; and delighted themselves in thy great goodness: nevertheless they were disobedient, and rebelled against thee, and cast thy law behind their backs." "They have not served thee in their kingdom, and in thy great goodness, which thou gavest them; neither turned they from their wicked works."

\* \* \* \* \*

He particularly is God's steward, intrusted with God's substance for the sustenance and supply of God's family; to relieve his fellow-servants in their need, on seasonable occasions, by hospitality, mercy, and charitable beneficence; according to that intimation of our Lord, "Who is that faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord shall make ruler of his household, to give them their portion and meat in due season?" And according to those apostolical precepts, "As every one hath received a gift (or special favour), even to minister the same to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God:" and "Charge the rich in this world, that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

And he that is obliged to purvey for so many, and so to abound in good works, how can he want business? How can he pretend to a writ of ease? Surely that gentleman is very blind, and very barren of invention, who is to seek for work fit for him, or cannot easily discern many employments belonging to him, of great concern and consequence.

It is easy to prompt and show him many businesses, indispensably belonging to him, as such.

It is his business to administer relief to his poor neighbours, in their want and distresses, by his wealth. It is his business to direct and advise the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim the wicked, and encourage the good, by his wisdom. It is his business to protect the weak, to rescue the oppressed, to ease those who groan under heavy burdens, by his power; to be such a gentleman and so employed

as Job was ; who , " did not eat his morsel alone , so that the fatherless did not eat thereof ; " who " did not withhold the poor from their desire , or cause the eyes of the widow to fail ; " who " did not see any perish for want of clothing , or any poor without covering ; " who " delivered the poor that cried , and the fatherless , and him that had none to help him . "

It is his business to be hospitable ; kind and helpful to strangers ; following those noble gentlemen , Abraham and Lot , who were so ready to invite and entertain strangers with bountiful courtesy .

It is his business to maintain peace , and appease dissensions among his neighbours , interposing his counsel and authority in order thereto : whereto he hath that brave gentleman , Moses , recommended for his pattern .

It is his business to promote the welfare and prosperity of his country with his best endeavours , and by all his interest ; in which practice the Sacred History doth propound divers gallant gentlemen ( Joseph , Moses , Samuel , Nehemiah , Daniel , Mordecai , and all such renowned patriots ) to guide him .

It is his business to govern his family well ; to educate his children in piety and virtue ; to keep his servants in good order .

It is his business to look to his estate , and to keep it from wasting ; that he may sustain the repute of his person and quality with decency ; that he may be furnished with ability to do good , may provide well for his family , may be hospitable , may have wherewith to help his brethren ; for if , according to St. Paul's injunction , a man should " work with his own hands , that he may have somewhat to impart to him that needeth ; " then must he that hath an estate be careful to preserve it , for the same good purpose .

It is his business to cultivate his mind with knowledge , with generous dispositions , with all worthy accomplishments befitting his condition , and qualifying him for honourable action ; so that he may excel , and bear himself above the vulgar level , no less in real inward worth , than in exterior garb ; that he be not a gentleman merely in name or show .

It is his business ( and that no slight or easy business ) to eschew the vices , to check the passions , to withstand the temptations , to which his condition is liable ; taking heed that his wealth , honour , and power do not betray him unto pride , insolence , or contempt of his poorer brethren ; unto injustice or oppression ; unto luxury and riotous excess ; unto sloth , stupidity , forgetfulness of God , and irreligious profaneness .

It is a business especially incumbent on him to be careful of his ways , that they may have good influence on others , who are apt to look on him as their guide and pattern .

He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue , and a notable promoter thereof ; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation ; encouraging them by his countenance and authority ; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour ; he should be such a gentleman as Noah , who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world .

Such particular affairs hath every person of quality , credit , wealth , and interest , allotted to him by God , and laid on him as duties ; the which to discharge faithfully will enough employ a man , and doth require industry , much care , much pains ; excluding sloth and negligence : so that it is impossible for a sluggard to be a worthy gentleman , virtuously disposed , a charitable neighbour , a good patriot , a good husband of his estate ; anything of that , to which God , by setting him in such a station , doth call him .

Thus is a gentleman obliged to industry in respect of God , who justly doth exact those labours of piety , charity , and all virtue from him . Farther ,

2. He hath also obligations to mankind, demanding industry from him, on accounts of common humanity, equity, and ingenuity; for,

How can he fairly subsist on the common industry of mankind, without bearing a share thereof? How can he well satisfy himself to dwell stately, to feed daintily, to be finely clad, to maintain a pompous retinue, merely on the sweat and toil of others, without himself rendering a compensation, or making some competent returns of care and pain redounding to the good of his neighbour?

How can he justly claim or reasonably expect from the world the respect agreeable to his rank, if he doth not by worthy performances conduce to the benefit of it? Can men be obliged to regard those from whom they receive no good?

If no gentleman be tied to serve the public, or to yield help in sustaining the common burdens, and supplying the needs of mankind, then is the whole order merely a burden, and an offence to the world; a race of drones, a pack of ciphers in the commonwealth, standing for nothing, deserving no consideration or regard: and if any are bound, then all are; for why should the whole burden lie on some, while others are exempted?

It is indeed supposed that all are bound thereto, seeing that all have recompenses publicly allowed to them on such considerations; divers respects and privileges peculiar to the order, grounded on supposition, that they deserve such advantages by conferring notable benefit on the public, the which indeed it were an arrogance to seek and an iniquity to accept for doing nothing.

It is an insufferable pride for any man to pretend or conceit himself to differ so much from his brethren, that he may be allowed to live in ease and sloth, while the rest of mankind are subject to continual toil and trouble. Moreover,

3. A gentleman is bound to be industrious for his own sake; it is a duty which he oweth to himself, to his honour, to his interest, to his welfare. He cannot without industry continue like himself, or maintain the honour and repute becoming his quality and state, or secure himself from contempt and disgrace; for to be honourable and slothful are things inconsistent, seeing honour does not grow, nor can subsist without undertaking worthy designs, constantly pursuing them, and happily achieving them; it is the fruit and reward of such actions which are not performed with ease.

External respect and a semblance of honour, for the sake of public order, may be due to an exterior rank or title: but to pay this, is not to honour the person, but his title; because it is supposed that men of real worth and use do bear it; or lest, by refusing it to one, the whole order may seem disrespected; but yet true honour or mental esteem is not due on such accounts; nor is it possible to render it unto any person who doth not by worthy qualities and good deeds appear to merit it.

Nor can a gentleman without industry uphold his real interests against the attempts of envy, of treachery, of flattery, of sycophantry, of avarice, to which his condition is obnoxious; to preserve his wealth and estate, which are the supports of his quality, he must endure care and pains; otherwise he will by greedy harpies and crafty lurchers be rifled or cozened of his substance; it will of itself go to wreck, and be embzzled by negligence.

He cannot without industry guard his personal welfare from manifold inconveniences, molestations, and mischiefs; idleness itself will be very troublesome and irksome to him. His time will lie on his hands as a pestering incumbrance. His mind will be infested with various distractions and distempers; vain and sad thoughts, foul lusts, and unquiet passions will spring up therein as weeds in a neglected soil. His body will languish and become destitute of health, of vigour, of activity, for want of due exercise. All the mischiefs which naturally do spring from sloth and stupidity will seize on him.

4. Thus, on various accounts, a gentleman is engaged to business, and concerned to exercise industry therein ; we may add, that indeed the very nature of gentility, or the true notion of a gentleman, doth imply so much.

For what, I pray, is a gentleman, what properties hath he, what qualities are characteristic or peculiar to him, whereby he is distinguished from others, or raised above the vulgar ? Are they not especially two, courage and courtesy ? which he that wanteth is not otherwise than equivocally a gentleman, as an image or a carcass is a man ; without which, gentility in a conspicuous degree is no more than a vain show, or an empty name : and these plainly do involve industry, do exclude slothfulness ; for courage doth prompt boldly to undertake, and resolutely to despatch great enterprises and employments of difficulty ; it is not seen in a flaunting garb, or strutting deportment ; not in hectoring, ruffian-like swaggering or huffing ; not in high looks or big words ; but in stout and gallant deeds, employing vigour of mind and heart to achieve them : how can a man otherwise approve himself courageous, than by signalizing himself in such a way ?

And for courtesy, how otherwise can it be well displayed than in sedulous activity for the good of men ? It surely doth not consist in modish forms of address, or complimentary expressions, or hollow professions, commonly void of meaning or sincerity ; but in real performances of beneficence, when occasion doth invite, and in waiting for opportunities to do good ; the which practice is accompanied by some care and pain, adding a price to it ; for an easy courtesy is therefore small, because easy, and may be deemed to proceed rather from ordinary humanity, than from gentle disposition : so that, in fine, he alone doth appear truly a gentleman who hath the heart to undergo hard tasks for public good, and willingly taketh pains to oblige his neighbours and friends.

5. The work indeed of gentlemen is not so gross, but it may be as smart and painful as any other. For all hard work is not manual ; there are other instruments of action beside the plough, the spade, the hammer, the shuttle : nor doth every work produce sweat and tiring of body : the head may work hard in contrivance of good designs ; the tongue may be very active in dispensing advice, persuasion, comfort, and edification in virtue : a man may bestir himself in "going about to do good : " these are works employing the cleanly industry of a gentleman.

6. In such works it was that the truest and greatest pattern of gentility that ever was did employ himself. Who was that ? Even our Lord himself ; for he had no particular trade or profession : no man can be more loose from any engagement to the world than he was ; no man had less need of business or pains-taking than he ; for he had a vast estate, being "heir of all things," all the world being at his disposal ; yea, infinitely more, it being in his power with a word to create whatever he would to serve his need, or satisfy his pleasure ; omnipotency being his treasure and supply ; he had a retinue of angels to wait on him, and minister to him ; whatever sufficiency any man can fancy to himself to dispense with his taking pains, that had he in a far higher degree : yet did he find work for himself, and continually was employed in performing service to God, and imparting benefits to men ; nor was ever industry exercised on earth comparable to his.

Gentlemen, therefore, would do well to make him the pattern of their life, to whose industry they must be beholden for their salvation : in order whereto we recommend them to his grace.

# HALF-HOURS

## THIRTEENTH WEEK.

### 85.—THE PROGRESS OF THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

PEPYS.

[SAMUEL PEPYS, Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., left behind him one of the most curious records of the 17th century—a 'Diary,' which was first published in 1825, and has been recently reprinted, with large additions. Pepys was an able man of business, and a tolerably honest public officer in a corrupt age; but we should perhaps care little for him now, in common with many better and wiser whose good actions have been written in water, had he not left us, in this Diary, the most amusing exhibition of garrulous egotism that the world has seen. But he had a right to be egotistic. How could he know that a hundred and fifty years after he was gone he was to be, 'a good jest for ever?' His narrative of the Great Plague, which we pick out from his Diary here and there, is almost as interesting as Defoe's artistical but imaginary history.]

April 30th.—Great fears of the sickness here in the city, it being said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all!

May 7th. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us," writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw.

July 12th. A solemn fast-day for the plague growing upon us.

13th. Above 700 died of the plague this week.

18th. I was much troubled this day to hear at Westminster, how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields, pretending want of room elsewhere.

20th. Walked to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost every where. There dying 1089 of the plague this week. My lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me.

21st. Late in my chamber, setting some papers in order; the plague growing very raging, and my apprehensions of it great.

26th. The king having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door. Down to Woolwich (and there I just saw, and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the king), and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though (blessed be God!) they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish, leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting or leaping, or clambering. Sad news of the deaths of so many in the parish of the plague, forty last night. The bell always going. This day poor Robin Shaw at Backewell's died, and Backewell himself now in Flanders. The King himself asked about Shaw, and, being told he was dead, said he was very sorry for it. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, every where; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God enable me to put both as to soul and body.

28th. Set out with my lady Sandwich all alone with her with six horses to Dagen-lot QUARTER.

hams, going by water to the Ferry. And a pleasant going, and a good discourse ; and when there, very merry, and the young couple now well acquainted. But, Lord ! to see in what fear all the people here do live. How they are afraid of us that come to them, insomuch that I am troubled at it, and wish myself away. But some cause they have ; for the chaplain, with whom but a week or two ago we were here mighty high disputing, is since fallen into a fever and dead, being gone hence to a friend's a good way off. A sober and healthful man. These considerations make us all hasten the marriage, and resolve it upon Monday next.

30th. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to day, either for deaths or burials ; I think five or six times.

31st. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money ; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides. Thus we end this month, as I said, after the greatest glut of content that ever I had ; only under some difficulty because of the plague, which grows mightily upon us, the last week being about 1700 or 1800 of the plague.

August 3rd. To Dagenhams. All the way people, citizens, walking to and fro, enquire how the plague is in the city this week by the bill ; which by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2020 of the plague, and 3000 and odd of all diseases. By and by, met my Lord Crewe returning ; Mr. Marr telling me by the way how a maid-servant of Mr. John Wright's (who lives thereabouts) falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her ; who, being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window, and run away. The nurse coming a knocking, and having no answer believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so ; who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried. At last resolved to go to Brentwood hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not ; so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before ; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did ; and they got one of the pest coaches and put her into it to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody look very ill, and in a sick dress, and stunk mightily ; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they come up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's, carried away sick of the plague ; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again.

8th. To my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's about some business. The streets empty all the way, now even in London, which is a sad sight. And to Westminster Hall, where talking, hearing very sad stories from Mrs. Mumford ; among others, of Mr. Michell's sons' family. And poor Will, that used to sell us ale at the Hall-door, his wife and three children died, all I think in a day. So home through the City again, wishing I may have taken no ill in going ; but I will go, I think, no more thither.

10th. By and by to the office, where we sat all the morning ; in great trouble to see the bill this week rise so high, to above 4000 in all, and of them about 3000 of the plague. Home to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch to-morrow night ; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

12th. The people die so, that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by day-light, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for air.

13th. It was dark before I could get home, and so land at Churchyard stairs, where, to my great trouble, I met a dead corpse of the plague, in the narrow alley just bringing down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

16th. To the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change. Jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague; and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up.

20th. To Brainford; and there at the inn that goes down to the water-side I light and paid off my post-horses, and so slipped on my shoes, and laid my things by, the tide not serving, and to church, where a dull sermon, and many Londoners.

After church to my room, and eat and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got between nine and ten to Queenhive, very dark. And I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but (blessed be God!) met none, but did see now and then a link (which is the mark of them) at a distance.

22nd. I went away and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome Park, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed any body to bury it, but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence; this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs.

30th. Abroad, and met with Hadley, our clerk, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, told me it increases much, and much in our parish.

31st. Up, and after putting several things in order to my removal to Woolwich, the plague having a great increase this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2,000, making the general bill 7,000, odd 100; and the plague above 6,000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the public, through the greatness of the plague every where through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its increase. In the city died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others, that will not have any bell ring for them.

September 3rd (Lord's Day). Up, and put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up to the vestry, at the desire of the justices of the peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will (because they are forbid) come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town for taking a child from London from an infected house Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street,



saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up, and in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child ; and so prevailed to have it received stark naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it (having put it into new clothes) to Greenwich ; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the town.

20th. To Lambeth. But, Lord ! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river, and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets ! and, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor ; that it is increased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8,297, and of them the plague 7,165 ; which is more in the whole by above 50 than the biggest bill yet : which is very grievous on us all.

October 16th. I walked to the Tower ; but, Lord ! how empty the streets are and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores ; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, every body talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician, and but one apothecary left, all being dead ; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week : God send it !

29th. In the streets did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them ; I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

November 27th. I into London, it being dark night, by a hackney-coach ; the first I have durst to go in many a day, and with great pain now for fear. But it being unsafe to go by water in the dark and frosty cold, and unable, being weary with my morning walk, to go on foot, this was my only way. Few people yet in the streets, nor shops open, here and there twenty in a place almost ; though not above five or six o'clock at night.

30th. Great joy we have this week in the weekly bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague, so that we are encouraged to get to London as soon as we can.

January 5. I with my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams, by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent Garden. But, Lord ! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town ; and porters every where bow to us ; and such begging of beggars ! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again ; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut ; but yet the town is full, compared with what it used to be ; I mean the city end ; for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no court nor gentry being there.

13th. Home with his Lordship to Mrs. Williams's, in Covent Garden, to dinner, (the first time I ever was there), and there met Captain Cocke ; and pretty merry, though not perfectly so, because of the fear that there is of a great increase again of the plague this week.

22nd. The first meeting of Gresham College since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow-physicians going out of town in the plague time ; saying, that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty ; and a great deal more, &c.

30th. This is the first time that I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard, where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

February 4th (Lord's Day). And my wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon, expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before any body went, and now staying till all are come home: but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid for going through.

## 86.—HAPPINESS.

COLTON.

[THE following is an extract from 'Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words,'—a work originally published in 1820, and which attained a high popularity. The author was the Rev. C. C. Colton, who also wrote some satirical poems. His career, it is understood, was unfortunate; but he was a man of great ability and varied acquirements.]

What is earthly happiness? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession, deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience, that *must*. Happiness, that great mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although, like some other gallants, they all boasted of more favours than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit; he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed that, by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of a cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and, when unexpected, often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently fail the most; because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, avarice, love, revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To ambition, she sends power; to avarice, wealth; to love, jealousy; to revenge, remorse; alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment. Neither is she to be won by flattery or by bribes; she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any

particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able, to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is travelling incognito to keep a private assignation with contentment, and to partake of a *déjeûner* and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear, then, mighty queen! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstances, and an Ephemera of time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent to thine own subsistence; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by content on the one hand, and by health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated fragment to the ground.

## 87.—THE OLD ENGLISH ADMIRAL.

K. H. LOCKER.

[The following graphic picture of "a true old English officer" was published in 1823, in 'The Plain Englishman,'—a little periodical work which was amongst the first to recognise the necessity of meeting the growing ability of the people to read, by improving and innoxious reading. The editor and publisher of 'Half-Hours' was associated in this endeavour with one of the worthiest of men, Mr. Edward Hawke Locker, who was then resident at Windsor, but subsequently filled the responsible and honourable posts, first of Secretary of Greenwich Hospital, and afterwards of Commissioner. Mr. Locker some few years ago retired from his official duties, under the pressure of severe illness, through which calamity his fine faculties and his energetic benevolence ceased to be useful to his fellow-creatures; and he died in 1849.]

*Hamlet.* My father—methinks I see my father!

*Horatio.* O where, my Lord?

*Hamlet.* In my mind's eye, Horatio . . .

He was a man, take him all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

Act 1. Scene 2.

Two-and-twenty years have this day expired since the decease of my much-honoured father. The retrospect presents to me the lively image of this excellent man, and carries me back to a distant period, when I was a daily witness of his benevolence. It is natural that I should dwell with affection upon this portrait, and I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of thinking that it may interest my readers also. The earliest of my impressions represents him as coming to see my little sister and me, when we were but five or six years old, residing in an obscure village under the care of a maiden aunt. Nor should I, perhaps, have remembered the occasion, but for my taking a violent fancy to a rude sketch of a stag which he drew to amuse us on the fragment of one of our playthings. So whimsical are the records of our childish days! Only a few years before, he had the grievous misfortune to lose my mother in child-birth in the flower of her age, leaving him, with an infant family, almost heart-broken under this severe privation. I have often heard him say, that, but for our sakes, he would gladly have been then released; and, indeed, he had every prospect of soon following her. He had recently returned in ill health from Jamaica, and the violence of his grief so much augmented his malady, that the physicians at one time despaired of his recovery. A firm reliance upon the goodness of Providence, and the strength of a powerful constitution, carried him through all his sufferings. He was by nature of a cheerful disposition; but though his spirits recovered with his health, the remembrance of his beloved wife, however mellowed

by time, was indelibly expressed by the fondest affection. He never mentioned her name without a sigh, or handled any trifle which had once been hers, without betraying the yearnings of a wounded heart. He attached a sanctity to every thing allied to her memory. Her ornaments, her portrait, her letters, her sentiments, were objects of his constant regard. When he spoke of her, his tremulous voice proved the unabated interest with which he remembered their happy union. When alone, her image was continually present to his thoughts. In his walks he delighted to hum the airs she was accustomed to play; and I remember the vibration of an old guitar, which had been preserved as one of her reliques, immediately drew tears from his eyes, while he described to us the skill with which she accompanied her own melody.

From all I have heard of her, she must have been a woman of very superior merit. With many personal charms, she was accomplished in a degree which rendered her society highly attractive. She had accompanied her father to the West Indies, where he held the chief command, and, during that period, she had abundant occasions of showing the sweetness of her disposition, and the steadiness of her resolution. Her father was an admiral of the old *régime*; and I believe it sometimes required all her discretion to steer her light bark amidst the stormy seas she had to navigate.

My father was no ordinary character. One of the most remarkable features of his mind was simplicity. He was the most natural person I ever knew, and this gave a very agreeable tone to all he said and did. I verily believe he hated nothing but *hypocrisy*. He was blessed moreover with a sound understanding, an intrepid spirit, a benevolent heart. From his father, who was a man of distinguished learning, and from his mother, who (as a *Stillinger*) inherited much of the same spirit, he derived a taste for literature, which, though thwarted by the rough duties of a sea life, was never quenched, and afterwards broke forth amidst the leisure of more gentle associations on shore. He had been taken from a public school too early to secure a classical education; but such was the diligence with which he repaired this defect, that few men of his profession could be found so well acquainted with books and their authors. In the retirement of his later years, he was enabled to cultivate this taste with every advantage, and numbered among his familiar friends some of the most eminent persons of his own time. Saturday was devoted to receiving men of literature and science at his table. On these occasions we were always permitted to be present, and looked forward with delight to this weekly festival, which contributed essentially to our improvement as well as to our amusement. He lost no opportunity of affording us instruction. All departments of literature had attractions for him; and, without the science of a proficient, he had a genuine love of knowledge wherever it was to be found. He was a great reader. I think Shakspeare was his favourite amusement; and he read his plays with a native eloquence and feeling, which sometimes drew tears from our eyes, and still oftener from his own.

He always considered himself a fortunate man in his naval career, although he persevered through a long and arduous course of service before he attained the honours of his profession. Having greatly distinguished himself in boarding a French man-of-war, his conduct at length attracted the notice of Sir Edward Hawke, to whom he ascribed all his subsequent success. My father often said that it was that great officer who first weaned him from the vulgar habits of a cockpit; and he considered him as the founder of the more gentlemanly spirit which has gradually been gaining ground in the navy. At the period when he first went to sea, a man-of-war was characterized by the coarseness so graphically described in the novels of Smollett. Tobacco and a checked shirt were associated with lace and a cockade; and the manners of a British Admiral partook of the language and demeanour of a boatswain's mate. My father accompanied his distinguished patron to the Mediterranean

in the year 1757, when he was despatched to relieve the unfortunate Admiral Byng in the command, with orders to send him a close prisoner to England. I stop to relate a curious anecdote regarding that affair, which I have often heard from my father's lips.

When Sir Edward reached Gibraltar, he found Byng, with his fleet lying at anchor in the bay. On communicating the nature of his instructions, he forbore to place the Admiral in arrest, and conducted the affair with so much delicacy, that none else suspected the serious nature of his orders. The two Admirals met at the table of Lord Tyrawley, then Governor of Gibraltar, who, after dinner, withdrew with Byng to another apartment, where he assured him, that, by private letters just then received, he was convinced the ministry meant to sacrifice him to the popular fury, advising him to take this opportunity of escaping to Spain, as the only chance of saving his life. Byng, in reply, confided to his lordship the generous conduct of Hawke, declaring that no personal consideration could induce him to betray that honourable man; adding, that he was determined to meet his fate, whatever might be the consequence of his return to England. This transaction, which does equal honour to both Admirals, shows the generous nature of Hawke, who found in my father a kindred spirit, worthy of his future friendship and protection. Under the auspices of this patron, he shared in the glory of the fight with the French fleet, under Marshal Conflans, off Quiberon, in 1759, and, being preferred after the action to the post of first lieutenant of the *Royal George*, bearing Sir Edward's flag, he advanced him through the successive stages of his subsequent promotion—their mutual attachment only ceasing with the life of that illustrious commander.

A reputation so well earned was rewarded, not only with preferment, but by the esteem and affection both of officers and men. The sailors respected him for his gallantry, and loved him for his humanity—virtues in which he emulated the brilliant example of his patron. In the selection of his earliest naval friends, he had shown great discernment; for they subsequently became the most distinguished officers in the service. When, in his turn, he became a patron, his example as a commander, aided by the high integrity of his character, and the native benevolence of his disposition, drew around him a number of young officers, whose brilliant career richly repaid the obligations they received from him. Several of them, who rose to distinction, afterwards presented him with their portraits. These were hung round his room, and he took an honest pride in showing to his visitors these memorials of his "youngsters," relating some honourable trait of each of them in succession. Among these was Horatio Nelson, who, to the last hour of his life, regarded him with the affection of a son, and with the respect of a pupil. The following extract from a letter written many years after, amidst the anxieties of his exalted station, shows the unabated attachment with which he regarded the guide of his youth.

Palermo, Feb. 9, 1799.

My dear Friend,

I well know your own goodness of heart will make all due allowance for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years' acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a French man-of-war by your conduct when in the *Experiment*. It is you who always said, "Lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him;" and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life; but you have always been too partial to me. The Vesuvian republic being fixed, I have

now to look out for Sicily ; but revolutionary principles are so prevalent in the world, that no monarchical government is safe, or sure of lasting ten years.

Believe me ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

NELSON.

While Nelson was yet a private captain, and his merits unknown beyond the limits of his own immediate friends, my father always spoke of him with a prophetic anticipation of his future greatness, such was the sagacity with which he penetrated the character of that extraordinary man. When at length Nelson returned to England his old friend was rapidly sinking into the grave ; yet the desire to behold once more the hero whom he still regarded with the affection of a parent, occupied his thoughts during the last days of his life. But this wish was not gratified—he never saw him again. Nelson, when informed of his death, hastened to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains ; and though on that occasion I was deeply engaged with my own sorrows, I could not be insensible to the unequivocal proofs of grateful attachment which he then showed to his early patron.

The principles of my father's character are, perhaps, better understood by viewing him in the retirement of domestic life, than in his professional relations ; for it is only in private that the more delicate traits of disposition are to be observed. There is a certain exterior worn by most men in their intercourse with the world, which produces a general resemblance ; but this is thrown aside upon their return home, and the nicer peculiarities of character, hidden from the public eye, are disclosed without reserve in the bosom of their own families. Thus it was with my father. The playfulness of his disposition never appeared to such advantage as at his own fireside ;—and though the warmth of his benevolence, which beamed on his venerable countenance, diffused itself wherever he came, it glowed with peculiar ardour towards those more closely connected with him. He was no party man. Though cordially attached to his church and king, he was neither a bigot in religion nor in politics. He had great reluctance to controversy, and enjoyed the friendship of men of worth of all parties. His father, indeed, was a staunch Jacobite, and he thus inherited Tory principles. He used to relate that, when a boy, he was often sent with presents to relieve the poor Highlanders confined in the Tower, after the rebellion of 1745. One of these poor fellows (who deserved a better fate) gave him his leathern belt as a keepsake a few days before his execution ; and in treasuring up this simple relic, he fostered the political opinions with which it was associated. With all this partiality, he reprobated the heartless ingratitude of Prince Charles ; and among the honourable distinctions of his late sovereign's character, he most of all admired his tenderness to the last of the Stuarts.

The remembrance of any considerable act of kindness became a part of my father's constitution. It cost him no effort to retain it in his memory. He never seemed to feel the *burden* of an obligation, and it arose to his mind whenever he had an opportunity to requite it. The child, the friend, nay, even the dog of any one to whom he was obliged, was sure to receive some acknowledgment. I shall never forget a visit to the tomb of his naval patron, in the little village of Swatheling, which called up all his gratitude at the distance of twenty years. A rough old admiral who accompanied us struggled hard to hide his emotion, but my father gave free course to his feelings, while the tears stole down their rugged cheeks in sympathy.

Good breeding is said to be the daughter of good nature. There was an unaffected cordiality in my father's hospitality, a frank familiarity towards an old friend, a respect and tenderness to women of all ranks and ages, and complexions, which marked the generous spirit of an English gentleman of the old school. Towards young persons he had none of the chilliness and austerity of age. He treated them

on equal terms ; and they learned many a valuable lesson from his conversation, while they fancied themselves only amused. He had an excellent library, which before his death was nearly exhausted in presents to his youthful friends. Of this I had some years ago a very gratifying proof, on visiting a Spanish gentleman, in the island of Majorca, who unexpectedly to me opened a little cabinet filled with the best English authors, which my father had given him when a student in London.

The fireside, on a winter evening, was a scene highly picturesque, and worthy of the pencil of Wilkie. The veteran sat in his easy chair, surrounded by his children. A few grey hairs peeped from beneath his hat, worn somewhat awry, which gave an arch tone to the head, which it seldom quitted. The anchor button, and scarlet waistcoat trimmed with gold, marked the fashion of former times. Before him lay his book, and at his side a glass prepared by the careful hand of a daughter, who devoted herself to him with a tenderness peculiarly delightful to the infirmities of age. The benevolent features of the old man were slightly obscured by the incense of a "cigárre" (the last remnant of a cock-pit education) which spread its fragrance in long wreaths of smoke around himself and the whole apartment. A footstool supported his wounded leg, beneath which lay the old and faithful Newfoundland dog stretched on the hearth. Portraits of King Charles the First and Van Tromp (indicating the characteristic turn of his mind) appeared above the chimney-piece ; and a multitude of prints of British heroes covered the rest of the wainscot. A knot of antique swords and Indian weapons garnished the old-fashioned pediment of the door ; a green curtain was extended across the room, to fence off the cold air, to which an old sailor's constitution is particularly sensitive. Such was the picture.

The servants, who revered his peculiarities, served him with earnest affection. Even his horse confided in his benevolence as much as the rest of the household ; for when he was of opinion that the morning ride was sufficiently extended, he commonly faced about, and as my father generally rode in gambadoes, (not the most convenient armour for a conflict with a self-willed steed,) he generally yielded to the caprice of his horse. The chief personage in his confidence was old Boswell, the self-invested minister of the extraordinaries of the family, who looked upon the footman as a jackanapes, and on the female servants as incapable of "understanding his honour." Boswell had been in his time a smart young seaman, and formerly rowed the stroke-oar in the captain's barge. After many a hard gale and long separation, the association was renewed in old age, and to a bystander had more of the familiarity of ancient friendship, than of the relation of master and servant. "Has your honour any further commands ?" said Boswell, as he used to enter the parlour in the evening, while, throwing his body into an angle, he made his reverence, and shut the door with his opposite extremity at the same time. "No, Boswell, I think not, unless indeed you are disposed for a glass of grog before you go." "As your honour pleases," was the established reply. A word from my father soon produced the beverage, at the approach of which the old sailor was seen to slide a quid into his cuff, and prepare for action. "Does your honour remember when we were up the Mississippi, in the *Nautilus* sloop of war ?" "Ay, my old friend, I shall never forget it, 'twas a happy trip, the poor Indians won all our hearts." "Ah, but your honour, there was worse company than they in the woods there. Mayhap you recollect the great black snake that clung about the serjeant of marines, and had well nigh throttled him ?" "I do, I do, and the poor fellow was obliged to beat its head to pieces against his own thigh. I remember it as though it was but yesterday." "And the rattle-snake too, that your honour killed with your cane, five and forty feet." "Avast, Boswell !" cried my father, "mind your reckoning

there, 'twas but twelve, you rogue, and that's long enough in all conscience." These scenes were highly amusing to our occasional visitors, and are still remembered with delight by those of his familiar friends who yet survive him.

If benevolence was the striking feature of his disposition, religion was the guide of his conduct, the anchor of his hope, the stay of all his confidence. There was an habitual energy in his private devotions, which proved the firm hold which Christianity had obtained over his mind. Whether in reading or in conversation, at the name of God he instantly uncovered his head, by a spontaneous movement of religious feeling. Nothing but illness ever kept him from church. His example there was a silent reproof to the idle and indifferent. I see him still in imagination; kneeling, unconscious of all around him, absorbed in earnest prayer, and though his features were concealed, the agitation of his venerable head indicated the fervour of his supplications. The recollection has often quickened my own indolence.

Such was the man whose memory was endeared to all who knew his worth, affording us a beautiful example of a true old English officer.

Dec. 26, 1822.

#### 88.—THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

[In a singular book, first printed about 1502, called 'Arnold's Chronicle,' the strangest medley of the most prosaic things—appears, for the first time, as far as we know, the ballad of 'The Nut-Brown Maid.' Upon this ballad Prior founded his poem of 'Henry and Emma.' Thomas Warton, in his 'History of English Poetry,' truly says that Prior "paraphrased the poem without improving its native beauties;" and he adds, "there is hardly an obsolete word, or that requires explanation, in the whole piece." Prior spoilt the story, enfeebled the characters, and utterly obliterated the simplicity of his original. The reader will bear in mind that the poem, after the first sixteen lines, is conducted in dialogue. We distinguish the beginning and end of each speech by inverted commas.]

Be it right or wrong, these men among, on women do complain,  
Affirming this, how that it is a labour spent in vain  
To love them well, for never a deal they love a man again;  
For let a man do what he can their favour to attain,  
Yet if a new do them pursue, their first true lover than\*  
Labourereth for nought, for from her thought he is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day it is both writ and said,  
That woman's faith is, as who saith, all utterly decayed;  
But, nevertheless, right good witness in this case might be laid,  
That they love true, and continue; record the Nut-Brown Maid;  
Which from her love, when her to prove, he came to make his moan,  
Would not depart, for in her heart she loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss, what was all the maner†  
Between them two; we will also tell all the pain and fear  
That she was in. Now I begin, so that ye me answer.

Wherefore all ye that present be, I pray you give an ear:  
"I am the knight, I come by night, as secret as I can,  
Saying—Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a banished man!"

"And I your will for to fulfil, in this will not refuse;  
Trusting to shew, in wordes few, that men have an ill use,  
To their own shame, women to blame, and causeless them accuse;  
Therefore to you I answer now, all women to excuse;  
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer? I pray you tell anon,  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

\* then.

† manner.



"It standeth so; a deed is do wherefore much harm shall grow,  
My de-tiny is for to die a shameful death I trow,  
Or else to flee; the one must be; none other way I know  
But to withdraw, as an outlaw, and take me to my bow;  
Wherefore adieu, my own heart true, none other rede\* I can,  
For I must to the green wood go, alone, a banished man."

"O Lord, what is the world's bliss, that changeth as the moon,  
My summer's day, in lusty May, is darked before the noon:  
I hear you say farewell; nay, nay, we depart† not so soon;  
Why say ye so? whither will ye go? alas, what have ye done?  
All my welfare to sorrow and care should change if ye were gone  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"I can believe it shall you grieve, and somewhat you distrust;  
But afterward, your pains hard within a day or twain  
Shall soon aslake, and ye shall take comfort to you again.  
Why should ye nought? for to make thought your labour were in vain  
And thus I do, and pray you lo‡, as heartily as I can,  
For I must to the green wood go, alone, a banished man."

"Now sith that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mind,  
I shall be plain to you again, like as ye shall me find;  
Sith it is so, that ye will go, I will not leave behind,  
Shall never be said, the Nut-Brown Maid was to her love unkind;  
Make you ready, for so am I, although it were anon,  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"Yet I you rede to take good heed what men will think and say,  
Of young and old, it shall be told, that ye be gone away,  
Your wanton will for to fulfil, in green wood yon to play,  
And that ye might, from your delight, no longer make delay.  
Rather than ye should thus for me be called an ill woman,  
Yet would I to the green wood go, alone, a banished man."

"Though it be sung of old and young that I should be to blame,  
Theirs be the charge that speak so large in hurting of my name;  
For I will prove that faithful love, it is devoid of shame;  
In your distress and heaviness, to part with you the same;  
And sure all tho'§ that do not so, true lovers are they none;  
But, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"I counsel you, remember how it is no maiden's law,  
Nothing to doubt, but to run out to wood with an outlaw:  
For ye must there in your hand bear a bow ready to draw,  
And as a thief thus must ye live, ever in dread and awe,  
By which to you great harm might grow, yet had I liefor then  
That I had to the green wood go, alone, a banished man." G

"I think not nay, but as ye say, it is no maiden's law,  
But love may make me for your sake, as I have said before,  
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot to get us meat in store,  
For so that I your company may have, I ask no more;  
From which to part, it maketh mine heart as cold as any stone,  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

\* counsel.

† part.

‡ mark.

§ those.



"Nay, nay, not so, ye shall not go, and I shall tell you why  
Your appetite is to be light of love, I well espy;  
For like as ye have said to me, in like wise hardely,  
Ye would answer who so ever it were, in way of company.  
It is said of old, soon hot soon cold, and so is a woman;  
Wherefore I to the wood will go, alone, a banished man."

"If ye take heed, it is no need such words to say by me,  
For oft ye pray'd, and long essay'd, or I you loved, perdie  
And though that I of ancestry a baron's daughter be,  
Yet have you proved how I you loved, a squire of low degree  
And ever shall, whatso befall, to die therefore anon;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"A baron's child to be beguiled, it were a cursed deed;  
To be fellow with an outlaw, Almighty God forbid:  
Yet better were, the poor squier alone to forest yede\*,  
Than ye shall say, another day, that by my wicked deed  
Ye were betrayed; wherefore, good maid, the best rede that I can  
Is that I to the greenwood go, alone, a banished man."

"Whatever befall, I never shall of this thing you upbraid,  
But if ye go, and leave me so, then have ye me betrayed;  
Remember you well, how that ye deal, for if ye, as ye said,  
Be so unkind, to leave behind your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,  
Trust me truly that I die soon after ye be gone,  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"If that ye went ye should repent, for in the forest now  
I have purvey'd me of a maid, whom I love more than you.  
Another fairer than ever ye were, I dare it well avow;  
And of you both, each should be wroth with other, as I trow  
It were mine case to live in peace; so-will I if I can;  
Wherefore I to the wood will go, alone, a banished man."

"Though in the wood I understood ye had a paramour,  
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your  
And she shall find me soft and kind, and courtuous every hour,  
Glad to fulfil all that she will command me to my power,  
For had ye loo† an hundred mo, yet would I be that one;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"Mine own dear love, I see the proof that ye be kind and true:  
Of maid and wife, in all my life, the best that ever I knew.  
Be merry and glad, be no more sad, the case is changed new  
For it were ruth, that, for your truth, you should have cause to rue  
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said to you when I began  
I will not to the green wood go, I am no banished man."

"These tidings be more glad to me than to be made a queen,  
If I were sure they should endure: but it is often seen,  
When men will break promise, they speak the wordes on the spleen:  
Ye shape some wile, me to beguile, and steal from me, I ween;  
Then were the case worse than it was, and I more woe-begone;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone,

\* went.

† loved.

"Ye shall not need further to drede, I will not disparage  
 You, God defend, sith you descend of so great a lineage:  
 Now understand; to Westmoreland, which is my heritage,  
 I will you bring, and with a ring, by way of marriage,  
 I will ye take, and lady make, as shortly as I can;  
 Thus have ye won an earle's son, and not a banished man."

Here may ye see, that women be, in love, meek, kind, and stable,  
 Let never man reprove them then; or call them variable;  
 But rather pray God that we may to them be comfortable,  
 Which sometime proveth such as loveth, if they be charitable:  
 For sith men would that women should be meek to them each one,  
 Much more ought they to God obey, and serve but Him alone.

## 89.—SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—IV

ADDISON.

We give the 'Spectator,' No. 335, without abridgment. It is by Addison.

"My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy ('The Distressed Mother') with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play those twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that 'if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

"The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned

with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

"When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus's threatening to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking on something else, he whispered me in my ear, 'These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

"The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage.'

"As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags, who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smother the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

"As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it, being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same

manner that we brought him to the playhouse, being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man."

The following is from the 'Spectator,' No. 383, by Addison.

"As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next 'Spectator,' I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door; and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered, very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden (Vauxhall) in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below until I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend; and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him to be a good child and mind his book.

"We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

"My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

"After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says Sir Roger: 'there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow.'

"I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in Sir Roger's character his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a Good-morrow or a Good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity; though, at the same time, it renders him so popular among his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great

deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first ; but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that, if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

"We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrance of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales.

'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale !'

"We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy ; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look."

We now conclude this series of papers. The account of the death of Sir Roger is in Addison's best style. It is said that he killed his good knight to prevent others misrepresenting his actions and character. It certainly was not easy to preserve the true balance between our amusement at the eccentricities of his hero and our love for his goodness, as Addison alone has preserved it. Steele vulgarized Sir Roger.

"We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead ! He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him that the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my readers a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

'Honoured Sir,

'Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman ; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a surloin, which was served up according to custom ; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the

last forty years of his life ; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl nocklace and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him ; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge ; and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church : for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits ; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never enjoyed himself since ; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honoured Sir, your most sorrowful servant,

‘EDWARD BISCUIT.’

P.S. My master desired some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

“This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger, the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight had left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.”

[RICHARD DE BURY, Bishop of Durham, was born in 1287 ; was tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward III. ; subsequently received the highest ecclesiastical preferments from the King ; and died at his episcopal palace at Auckland, in 1345. He was an admirable scholar,



and a most diligent collector of books. He bequeathed his valuable MSS. to a company of scholars at Oxford. The following extract is from the only known work of this learned prelate, entitled 'Philobiblon, a Treatise on the Love of Books.' This was written in Latin in 1344; was printed in 1473; and was translated into English in 1832, by a gentleman of great acquirements, who published a limited impression.]

The desirable treasure of wisdom and knowledge, which all men covet from the impulse of nature, infinitely surpasses all the riches of the world; in comparison with which, precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold grains of sand; in the splendour of which, the sun and moon grow dim to the sight; in the admirable sweetness of which, honey and manna are bitter to the taste. The value of wisdom decreaseth not with time; it hath an ever flourishing virtue that cleaueth its possession from every venom. O celestial gift of divine liberality, descending from the Father of light to raise up the rational soul even to heaven! Thou art the celestial alimony of intellect, of which whosoever eateth shall yet hunger, and whose drinketh shall yet thirst; a harmony rejoicing the soul of the sorrowful, and never in any way discomposing the hearer. Thou art the moderator and the rule of morals, operating according to which none will err. By thee kings reign, and lawgivers decree justly. Through thee, the rusticity of nature being cast off, wits and tongues being polished, and the thorns of vice utterly eradicated, the summit of honour is reached, and they become fathers of their country and companions of princes, who, without thee, might have forged their lances into spades and ploughshares, or perhaps have fed swine with the prodigal son. Where, then, most potent, most longed-for treasure, art thou concealed? and where shall the thirsty soul find thee? Undoubtedly, indeed, thou hast placed thy desirable tabernacle in books, where the Most High, the Light of light, the Book of Life, hath established thee. There then all who ask receive, all who seek find thee, to those who knock thou openest quickly. In books Cherubim expand their wings, that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting sun, from the north and from the south. In them the Most High incomprehensible God himself is contained and worshipped. In them the nature of celestial, terrestrial and infernal beings is laid open. In them the laws by which every polity is governed are decreed, the offices of the celestial hierarchy are distinguished, and tyrannies of such demons are described as the ideas of Plato never surpassed, and the chair of Crato never sustained.

In books we find the dead as it were living; in books we foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are methodised; the rights of peace proceed from books. All things are corrupted and decay with time. Saturn never ceases to devour those whom he generates, inasmuch that the glory of the world would be lost in oblivion if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in books. Alexander the ruler of the world, Julius the invader of the world and of the city, the first who in unity of person assumed the empire in arms and arts, the faithful Fabricius, the rigid Cato, would at this day have been without a memorial if the aid of books had failed them. Towers are razed to the earth, cities overthrown, triumphal arches mouldered to dust; nor can the king or pope be found, upon whom the privilege of a lasting name can be conferred more easily than by books. A book made, renders succession to the author; for as long as the book exists, the author remaining *adivarus*, immortal, cannot perish; as Ptolemy witnesseth in the prologue of his *Almazett*, he (he says) is not dead, who gave life to science.

What learned scribe, therefore, who draws out things new and old from an infinite treasury of books, will limit their price by any other thing whatsoever of another kind? Truth, overcoming all things, which ranks above kings, wine, and women, to honour which above friends obtains the benefit of sanctity, which is the way that

deviates not, and the life without end, to which the holy Boetius attributes a three-fold existence, in the mind, in the voice, and in writing, appears to abide most usefully and fructify most productively of advantage in books. For the truth of the voice perishes with the sound. Truth, latent in the mind, is hidden wisdom and invisible treasure; but the truth which illuminates books, desires to manifest itself to every disciplinable sense, to the sight when read, to the hearing when heard: it moreover, in a manner commends itself to the touch, when submitting to be transcribed, collated, corrected, and preserved. Truth confined to the mind, though it may be the possession of a noble soul, while it wants a companion and is not judged of, either by the sight or the hearing, appears to be inconsistent with pleasure. But the truth of the voice is open to the hearing only, and latent to the sight (which shows us many differences of things fixed upon by a most subtle motion, beginning and ending as it were simultaneously). But the truth written in a book, being not fluctuating, but permanent, shows itself openly to the sight passing through the spiritual ways of the eyes, as the porches and halls of common sense and imagination; it enters the chamber of intellect, reposes itself upon the couch of memory, and there congenerates the eternal truth of the mind.

Lastly, let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books, how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferulas, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

#### 91.—UPON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

BUTLER.

[JOSEPH BUTLER, Bishop of Durham, was born in 1692, and died in 1752. He was the son of a shopkeeper at Wantage, in Berkshire, who was a dissenter of the Presbyterian denomination. Joseph Butler was brought up in a dissenting academy at Tewkesbury. In 1714 he conformed to the established church, having been led to this determination by the result of his own anxious inquiries. He accordingly entered Oriel College, Oxford, and subsequently was admitted into holy orders. The most remarkable of his writings is 'The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the constitution and course of Nature'—a work of somewhat abstruse reasoning, requiring a diligent study, but admirably calculated to fix the religion of an inquiring mind upon the most solid foundation. His 'Sermons,' fifteen in number, were preached at the Rolls Chapel, in London, and were first published in 1726. The following is an extract from his sermon on the text from James, i. 26.—"*If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridlETH not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.*" ]

The due and proper use of any natural faculty or power, is to be judged of by the end and design for which it was given us. The chief purpose for which the faculty of speech was given to man, is plainly that we might communicate our thoughts to each other, in order to carry on the affairs of the world; for business, and for our improvement in knowledge and learning. But the good Author of our nature designed us not only necessities, but likewise enjoyment and satisfaction, in that being he hath graciously given, and in that condition of life he hath placed us in. There are secondary uses of our faculties which administer to delight, as the primary administer to necessity: and as they are equally adapted to both, there is no doubt but he intended them for our gratification, as well as for the support and continuance of our being. The secondary use of speech is to please and be entertaining to each other in conversation. This is in every respect allowable and right; it unites men closer in alliances and friendships; gives us a fellow feeling of the

prosperity and unhappiness of each other; and is in several respects serviceable to virtue, and to promote good behaviour in the world. And provided there be not too much time spent in it, if it were considered only in the way of gratification and delight, men must have strange notions of God and of religion, to think that he can be offended with it, or that it is any way inconsistent with the strictest virtue. But the truth is, such sort of conversation, though it has no particular good tendency, yet it has a general good one; it is social and friendly, and tends to promote humanity, good nature, and civility. Therefore as the end and use, so likewise the abuse of speech, relates to the one or other of these; either to business, or to conversation. As to the former; deceit in the management of business and affairs does not properly belong to the subject now before us; though one may just mention that multitude, that endless number of words, with which business is perplexed, when a much fewer would, as it should seem, better serve the purpose; but this must be left to those who understand the matter. The government of the tongue, considered as a subject of itself, relates chiefly to conversation, to that kind of discourse which usually fills up the time spent in friendly meetings and visits of civility: and the danger is, lest persons entertain themselves and others at the expense of their wisdom and their virtue, and to the injury or offence of their neighbour. If they will take heed and keep clear of these, they may be as free, and easy, and unreserved, as they can desire. The cautions to be given for avoiding them, and to render conversation innocent and agreeable, fall under the following particulars: silence; talking of indifferent things; and, which makes up too great a part of conversation, giving of characters, speaking well or evil of others.

The wise man observes, that "there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence." One meets with people in the world who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not at all speak from their having any thing to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue; no other human faculty has any share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting, that, unless they have in truth a superior capacity, and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect, whether or no it be to their advantage to shew so very much of themselves? "O that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom." (Job xiii. 5.) Remember likewise there are persons who love fewer words, an inoffensive sort of people, and who deserve some regard, though of too still and composed tempers for you. Of this number was the son of Sirach: for he plainly speaks from experience, when he says, "As hills of sand are to the steps of the aged, so is one of many words to a quiet man." But one would think it should be obvious to every one, that when they are in company with their superiors of any kind, in years, knowledge, and experience, when proper and useful subjects are discoursed of which they cannot bear a part in, that these are times for silence, when they should learn to hear and be attentive; at least in their turn. It is indeed a very unhappy way these people are in; they in a manner cut themselves out from all advantage of conversation, except that of being entertained with their own talk; their business in coming into company not being at all to be informed—to hear, to learn—but to display themselves; or rather to exert their faculty and talk without any design at all. And if we consider conversation as an entertainment—as somewhat to unbend the mind—as a diversion from the cares, the business, and the sorrows of life, it is of the very nature of it, that the discourse be mutual. This, I say, is implied in the very notion of what we distinguish by conversation, or being in company. Attention to the continued discourse of one alone grows more painful often than the cares and

business we came to be diverted from. He, therefore, who imposes this upon us, is guilty of a double offence; by arbitrarily enjoining silence upon all the rest, and likewise by obliging them to this painful attention. I am sensible these things are apt to be passed over, as too little to come into a serious discourse; but in reality men are obliged, even in point of morality and virtue, to observe all the decencies of behaviour. The greatest evils in life have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to. And as to the matter we are now upon, it is absolutely necessary to be considered: for if people will not maintain a due government over themselves, in regarding proper times and seasons for silence, but *will* be talking; they certainly, whether they design it or not at first, will go on to scandal, and evil speaking, and divulging secrets. If it were needful to say any thing farther to persuade men to learn this lesson of silence, one might put them in mind how insignificant they render themselves by this excessive talkativeness; insomuch that if they do chance to say any thing which deserves to be attended to and regarded, it is lost in the variety and abundance which they utter of another sort. The occasions of silence then are obvious, and one would think should be easily distinguished by every body; namely, when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid: better, either in regard to the particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation itself, or to conversation of a more agreeable kind; or better, lastly, with regard to himself. I will end this particular with two reflections of the wise man; one of which in the strongest manner exposes the ridiculous part of this licentiousness of the tongue: and the other, the great danger and viciousness of it. "When he that is a fool walketh by the wayside, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool." (Eccles. x. 3.) The other is, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." (Prov. x. 19.)

As to the government of the tongue in respect to talking upon indifferent subjects, after what has been said concerning the due government of it in respect to the occasions and times for silence, there is little more necessary than only to caution men to be fully satisfied that the subjects are indeed of an indifferent nature; and not to spend too much time in conversation of this kind. But persons must be sure to take heed that the subject of their discourse be at least of an indifferent nature; that it be no way offensive to virtue, religion, or good manners; that it be not of a licentious dissolute sort, this leaving always ill impressions upon the mind; that it be no way injurious or vexatious to others; and that too much time be not spent this way, to the neglect of those duties and offices of life which belong to their station and condition in the world. But though there is not any necessity that men should aim at being important and weighty in every sentence they speak, yet since useful subjects, at least of some kinds, are as entertaining as others, a wise man, even when he desires to unbend his mind from business, would choose that the conversation might turn upon somewhat instructive.

The last thing is, the government of the tongue as relating to discourse of the affairs of others, and giving of characters. These are, in a manner, the same; and one can scarce call it an indifferent subject, because discourse upon it almost perpetually runs into somewhat criminal. And first of all, it were very much to be wished that this did not take up so great a part of conversation; because it is indeed a subject of a dangerous nature. Let any one consider the various interests, competitions, and little misunderstandings which arise amongst men, and he will soon see that he is not unprejudiced and impartial; that he is not, as I may speak, neutral enough, to trust himself with talking of the character and concerns of his neighbour in a free, careless, and unreserved manner. There is perpetually, and often it is not attended to, a rivalry amongst people of one kind or another, in respect of

wit, beauty, learning, or fortune, and that one thing will insensibly influence them to speak to the disadvantage of others, even where there is no formed malice or ill design. Since, therefore, it is so hard to enter into this subject without offending, the first thing to be observed is, that people should learn to decline it, to get over that strong inclination most have to be talking of the concerns and behaviour of their neighbour. But since it is impossible that this subject should be wholly excluded conversation, and since it is necessary that the characters of men should be known; the next thing is, that it is a matter of importance what is said; and, therefore, that we should be religiously scrupulous and exact to say nothing, either good or bad, but what is true. I put it thus, because it is in reality of as great importance to the good of society that the characters of bad men should be known, as that the characters of good men should. People who are given to scandal and detraction, may indeed make an ill use of this observation; but truths which are of service towards regulating our conduct, are not to be disowned, or even concealed, because a bad use may be made of them. But this would be effectually prevented, if these two things were attended to: *First*, That though it is equally of bad consequence to society that men should have either good or ill characters which they do not deserve, yet when you say somewhat good of a man which he does not deserve, there is no wrong done him in particular; whereas when you say evil of a man which he does not deserve, here is a direct formal injury, a real piece of injustice, done him. This, therefore, makes a wide difference; and gives us, in point of virtue, much greater latitude in speaking well, than ill, of others. *Secondly*, A good man is friendly to his fellow creatures, and a lover of mankind; and so will upon every occasion, and often without any, say all the good he can to every body; but so far as he is good, will never be disposed to speak evil of any, unless there be some other reason for it besides barely that it is true. If he be charged with having given an ill character, he will scarce think it a sufficient justification of himself to say it was a true one, unless he can also give some farther account how he came to do so; a just indignation against particular instances of villany, where they are great and scandalous; or to prevent an innocent man from being deceived and betrayed, when he has great trust and confidence in one who does not deserve it. Justice must be done to every part of a subject when we are considering it. If there be a man who bears a fair character in the world, whom yet we know to be without faith or honesty, to be really an ill man; it must be allowed in general, that we shall do a piece of service to society by letting such an one's true character be known. This is no more than what we have an instance of in our Saviour himself, though he was mild and gentle beyond example. (Mark xii. 38, 40.) However, no words can express too strongly the caution which should be used in such a case as this.

Upon the whole matter, if people would observe the obvious occasions of silence, if they would subdue the inclination to tale-bearing, and that eager desire to engage attention, which is an original disease in some minds, they would be in little danger of offending with their tongue, and would in a moral and religious sense have due government over it. I will conclude with some precepts and reflections of the son of Sirach upon this subject; "Be swift to hear, and if thou hast understanding, answer thy neighbour; if not, lay thy hand upon thy mouth. Honour and shame is in talk. A man of an ill tongue is dangerous in his city; and he that is rash in his talk shall be hated. A wise man will hold his tongue till he see opportunity but a babbler and a fool will regard no time. A backbiting tongue hath disquieted many; strong cities hath it pulled down, and overthrown the houses of great men. The tongue of a man is his fall; but if thou love to hear, thou shalt receive understanding."

# HALF-HOURS

## FOURTEENTH WEEK.

### 92.—ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

DE LATUDE.

[In the year 1749, De Latude, who was of a respectable family in Languedoc, and intended for the engineers, came to Paris, and being unsuccessful in obtaining an appointment, he formed a scheme to gain the good-will of Madame Pompadour, the king's mistress, by disclosing to her a pretended plot for poisoning her. This artifice being detected, he was seized and confined in the castle of Vincennes, from which he escaped after nine months' confinement, but was retaken and imprisoned in the Bastille. He had for a fellow-prisoner a young man of the name of D'Alegre, who had been in confinement, at the instance of Madame de Pompadour, for three years. These two unfortunate men occupied the same chamber. The then governor of the Bastille, Monsieur Berryer, treated them with humanity, and used his best endeavours to procure their discharge by forwarding and backing their memorials and petitions. At length, however, he was under the painful necessity of announcing to them, that, in consequence of Madame de Pompadour's positive orders never to be spoken to on their behalf, there was no prospect of their release, but with the death or disgrace of that implacable woman. D'Alegre was reduced to despair; but the courage of De Latude was raised by this intelligence, and he resolved to escape or perish in the attempt. We will now let him tell his own story:—]

"To any man who had the least notion of the situation of the Bastille, its extent, its towers, its discipline, and the incredible precautions which despotism had multiplied more surely to chain its victims, the mere idea of escaping from it would appear the effect of insanity, and would inspire nothing but pity for a wretch so devoid of sense as to dare to conceive it. A moment's reflection would suffice to show that it was hopeless to attempt an escape by the gates. Every physical impossibility was united to render this impracticable. We had no resource but by the outside. There was in our chamber a fire-place, the chimney of which came out in the extreme height of the tower—it was full of gratings and bars of iron, which in several parts of it scarcely left a free passage for the smoke. Should we be able to get to the top of the tower, we should have below us a precipice of great height, at the bottom of which was a fosse or broad ditch, surrounded by a very lofty wall, to be got over. We were without assistance, without tools, without materials, constantly watched night and day, and guarded besides by a great number of sentinels, who surrounded the outworks of the Bastille. So many obstacles, so many dangers did not deter me. I hinted my scheme to my comrade; he thought me a madman, and relapsed into despair. I was obliged alone to digest my plan, to anticipate the frightful host of difficulties which opposed its execution, and find the means of remedying them all. To accomplish our object we had to climb to the top of the chimney, notwithstanding the many iron gratings which were opposed to our ascent; and then, in order to descend from the top of the tower into the fosse, we required a ladder of eighty feet at least, and another ladder, necessarily of wood, to get out of the fosse. If I could get these materials I must hide them from every eye, must work without noise, deceive all our spies, and this for months together. Now for the details of my operations. Our first object was to find a place of concealment for our tools and materials, in case we should be so fortunate as to procure any. By dint of reflecting on the subject, a thought struck me which appeared to

END QUARTER.

me a very happy one. I had occupied several different chambers in the Bastille, and had always observed, whenever the chambers either above or below me were inhabited, that I had heard very distinctly any noise made in either. On the present occasion I heard all the movements of the prisoner above but not of him below, nevertheless I felt confident there was a prisoner there. I conjectured at last that there might be a double floor with a space between each. I took the following means to satisfy myself on the point. There was in the Bastille a chapel, at which, by special favour of Monsieur Berryer, we, as well as the prisoner below, in No. 3, were allowed to hear mass. I resolved to take advantage, when mass should be over, of a moment before the prisoner below was locked up to take a view of his chamber. I pointed out to D'Alegre how he was to assist me. I told him to put his tooth-pick case in his pocket-handkerchief, and when we should be on the second floor, by pulling out his pocket-handkerchief, to let his tooth-pick case fall all the way down stairs, and then to request the turnkey to go and pick it up. My little plan succeeded. While the turnkey was going after the tooth-pick case, I ran quickly up to No. 3, I drew back the bolt of the door—I examined the height of the chamber from the floor, and found it about ten feet six inches. I shut the door and from this room to ours I counted thirty-two steps, measured the height of one of them, and making my calculation, I came to the conclusion, that there must be between the floor of our chamber and the ceiling of that below a space of five feet six inches, which could not be filled up either by stones or wood on account of their weight. As soon as we were shut up, and bolted in, I embraced D'Alegre with delight. 'My friend,' said I, 'patience and courage—we are saved! We can hide our ropes and materials,—that is all that is wanted! We are saved!' 'What,' said he, 'have you not given up your dreams? Ropes and materials! where are they, and where shall we get them?' 'Ropes,' said I, 'why we have more than we want, that trunk (showing him mine) contains a thousand feet of them.' Looking at me steadfastly, he replied, 'My good friend, endeavour to regain your senses and to calm the frenzy which agitates you. I know the contents of your trunk, there is not a single inch of rope in it.' 'Ay,' said I, 'but have I not a large stock of linen—twelve dozen of shirts, a great number of napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other things;—will not they supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have ropes enough.' 'But how are we to extract the iron gratings of our chimney?' said D'Alegre; 'where are we to get the materials for the wooden ladder which we shall want? where obtain tools for all these works? we cannot create things.' 'My friend,' I replied, 'it is genius which creates, and we have that which despair gives, that will guide our hands; once more, we are saved!' We had a flat table supported by iron legs; we gave them an edge by rubbing them on the tiled floor; of the steel of our tinder-box, we made, in less than two hours, a good knife with which we formed two handles to these iron legs; the principal use of these was to force out the gratings of our chimney. In the evening, the daily inspection being over, with these iron legs we raised some tiles of our floor, and by digging for about six hours we discovered that our conjectures were well founded, and that there was a vacant space between the floor and ceiling of about four feet. We replaced the tiles, so that they scarcely appeared to have been raised. This done, we ripped the seams and hems of two shirts, and drew out the threads of them one by one. These we tied together and wound them on a number of small balls, which we afterwards re-wound on two larger balls, each of which was composed of fifty threads sixty feet long. We twisted these and formed a cord about fifty-five feet long, and with it constructed a rope ladder which was intended to support us aloft, while we drew out of the chimney the bars and spikes of iron with which it was armed. This was the most painful and troublesome of our labours, and cost us six month's

toil, the recollection of which makes one shudder. We could only work by bending our bodies in the most painful positions ; an hour at a time was all we could bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. The iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar which we had no means of softening but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them. Judge what this work must have been, when we were well pleased, if, in a whole night, we had worked away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out we replaced it in its holes, that when we were inspected, the deficiency might not appear, and so as to enable us to take all of them out at once should we be in a situation to escape. After six months of this obstinate and cruel work, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder which was necessary to mount from the fosse upon the parapet, and from thence into the governor's garden. This ladder required to be twenty feet long? We devoted to this part of our work nearly all our fuel ; it consisted of round logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We found we should want blocks or pulleys, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one with an iron candlestick by means of half of the steel of the tinder-box from which I had made the knife ; with this piece of the steel, the saw, and the iron leg of our table, we reduced the size of our logs ; we made tenons and mortices in them to join them one into the other, with two holes through each, and two joints, to prevent swugging. We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each round being fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches diameter, so that each round projected clear, six inches on each side of the upright. To every piece of which the ladder was composed, the proper round of each joint was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece we concealed it between the two floors. With the tools we had made we completed the tools of our workshop. We had a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, &c., &c., and hid them in our magazine."

De Latude goes on to detail the precautions which he and his companion in misfortune took, in case any of the jailors should be listening, to give figned names for every thing they used in their work, and states the names used by them for each article. He then proceeds with his narrative :—

"These things being complete we set about our principal ladder, which was to be at least eighty feet long. We began by unravelling our linen ; shirts, napkins, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, pocket-handkerchiefs—every thing which could supply thread or silk. As we made a ball we concealed it in Polyphemus, (the name they called the hiding-place,) and when we had a sufficient quantity we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope ; and I defy a rope-maker to have done it better. The upper part of the building of the Bastille overhangs three or four feet. This would necessarily occasion our ladder to wave and swing about as we came down it, enough to turn the strongest head. To obviate this, and to prevent our fall, we made a second rope 160 feet long. This rope was to be reeved through a kind of double block, without sheaves, in case the person descending should be suspended in the air without being able to get down lower. Besides these we made several other ropes of shorter lengths, to fasten our ladder to a cannon, and for other unforeseen occasions. When all these ropes were finished we measured them—they amounted to 1400 feet. We then made 308 rounds for the rope and wooden ladders. To prevent the noise which the rounds would make against the wall during our descent, we gave them coverings formed of pieces of the linings of our morning gowns, of our waistcoats, and our under-waistcoats. In all these preparations we employed eighteen months, but still they were incomplete. We had provided means to get to the top of the tower, to get into and out of the fosse: two more were wanting—one to climb upon the parapet ; from the parapet into the governor's



garden ; from thence to get down into the fossé of the Port St. Antoine ; but the parapet which we had to cross was always well furnished with sentinels. We might fix on a dark and rainy night, when the sentinels did not go their rounds, and escape by those means, but it might rain when we climbed our chimney, and might clear up at the very moment when we arrived at the parapet : we should then meet with the chief of the rounds, who constantly inspected the parapet, and he being always provided with lights, it would be impossible to conceal ourselves, and we should be inevitably ruined. The other plan increased our labours, but was the less dangerous of the two. It consisted in making a way through the wall which separates the fossé of the Bastille from that of the Port St. Antoine. I considered that in the numerous floods, during which the Seine had filled this fossé, the water must have injured the mortar, and rendered it less difficult, and so we should be enabled to break a passage through the wall. For this purpose we should require an auger to make holes in the mortar, so as to insert the points of the two iron bars to be taken out of our chimney, and with them force out the stones, and so make our way through. Accordingly we made an auger with one of the feet of our bedsteads, and fastened a handle to it in the form of a cross. We fixed on Wednesday, the 25th February, 1756, for our flight : the river had overflowed its banks : there were four feet of water in the fossé of the Bastille, as well as in that of the Port St. Antoine, by which we hoped to effect our deliverance. I filled a leathern portmanteau with a change of clothes for both, in case we were so fortunate as to escape.

"Dinner was scarcely over when we set up our great ladder of ropes, that is, we put the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds ; then we arranged our wooden ladder in three pieces. We put our iron bars in their cases to prevent their making a noise ; and we packed up our bottle of usquebaugh to warm us, and restore our strength during our work in the water, up to the neck, for nine hours. These precautions taken, we waited till our supper was brought up. I first got up the chimney. I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain : I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney sweepers. I was nearly choked by the soot ; and having no guards on my knees and elbows, they were so excoriated that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. As soon as I got to the top of the chimney I let down a piece of twine to D'Alegre : to this he attached the end of the rope to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, unfastened it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles : we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down to aid D'Alegre in getting up, while I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the cord and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means my companion avoided suffering what I did. This done, I came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us were on the platform of the Bastille. We now arranged our different articles. We began by making a roll of our ladder of ropes, of about four feet diameter, and one thick. We rolled it to the tower called *La Tour du Tréson*, which appeared to us the most favourable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder of ropes to a piece of cannon, and then lowered it down the wall ; then we fastened the block, and passed the rope of 160 feet long through it. This I tied round my body, and D'Alegre slackened it as I went down. Notwithstanding this precaution I swung about in the air at every step I made. Judge what my situation was, when one shudders at the recital of it. At length I landed without accident in the fossé. Immediately D'Alegre lowered my portmanteau and other things. I found a little spot uncovered by water, on which I put them. Then my companion followed my example ; but he had an ad-

vantage which I had not had, for I held the ladder for him with all my strength, which greatly prevented its swinging. It did not rain; and we heard the sentinel marching at about four toises' distance, and we were therefore forced to give up our plan of escaping by the parapet and the governor's garden. We resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the fossé straight over to the wall which divides it from the Port St. Antoine, and went to work sturdily. Just at this point there was a small ditch about six feet broad and one deep, which increased the depth of the water. Elsewhere it was about up to our middles; here, to our armpits. It had thawed only a few days, so that the water had yet floating ice in it: we were nine hours in it, exhausted by fatigue, and benumbed by the cold. We had hardly begun our work before the chief of the watch came round with his lantern, which cast a light on the place we were in: we had no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, which was every half-hour. At length, after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall of four feet six inches thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were giving way to our transports when we fell into a danger which we had not foreseen, and which had nearly been fatal to us. In crossing the fossé St. Antoine, to get into the road to Bercy, we fell into the aqueduct which was in the middle. This aqueduct had ten feet water over our heads, and two feet of mud on the side. D'Alegre fell on me, and had nearly thrown me down: had that misfortune happened we were lost, for we had not strength enough left to get up again, and we must have been smothered. Finding myself laid hold of by D'Alegre, I gave him a blow with my fist, which made him let go, and at the same instant throwing myself forward I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for D'Alegre, and getting hold of his hair, drew him to me; we were soon out of the fossé, and just as the clock struck five were on the high road. Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and after a long embrace we fell on our knees to offer our thanks to the Almighty, who had snatched us from so many dangers."

## 93.—THE DEATH OF LORD FALKLAND.

CLARENDON.

In this unhappy battle of Newbury was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed Civil War, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Before this Parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune; which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was Lord Deputy; so that when he returned into England, to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company; which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity, and friendship for the most part, was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transaction of human affairs. In the last short Parliament, he was a Burgess in the House of Commons; and, from the debates which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to Parliament, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom; or that the kingdom could be tolerable happy in the intermission of them.

The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially of Mr. Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom; and though he differed from them commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest. When he grew better informed what was law, and discerned in them a desire to control that law by a vote of one or both Houses, no man more opposed those attempts, and gave the adverse party more trouble; by reason and argumentation; insomuch as he was, by degrees, looked upon as an advocate for the Court; to which he contributed so little, that he declined those addresses, and even those invitations which he was obliged almost by civility to entertain. And he was so jealous of the least imagination that he should incline to preferment, that he affected even a moroseness to the Court and to the courtiers; and left nothing undone which might prevent and divert the king's or queen's favour towards him, but the deserving it.

For this reason, when he heard it first whispered, "that the king had a purpose to make him a Privy Councillor," for which there was, in the beginning, no other ground but because he was known sufficient, he resolved to decline it; and at last suffered himself only to be overruled, by the advice and persuasions of his friends, to submit to it. Afterwards when he found that the king intended to make him Secretary of State, he was positive to refuse it.

Two reasons prevailed with him to receive the seals, and but for those he had resolutely avoided them. The first, the consideration that his refusal might bring some blemish upon the king's affairs, and that men would have believed that he had refused so great an honour and trust, because he must have been with it obliged to do somewhat else not justifiable. And, this he made matter of conscience, since he knew the king made choice of him before other men, especially because he thought him more honest than other men. The other was, lest he might be thought to avoid it out of fear to do an ungracious thing to the House of Commons, who were sore troubled at the displacing Sir Harry Vane, whom they looked upon as removed for having done them those offices they stood in need of; and the disdain of so popular an incumbrance wrought upon him next to the other. For as he had a full appetite of fame by just and generous actions, so he had an equal contempt of it by any servile expedients: and he so much the more consented to and approved the justice upon Sir Harry Vane, in his own private judgment, by how much he surpassed most men in the religious observation of a trust, the violation whereof he would not admit any excuse for.

For these reasons, he submitted to the king's command, and became his secretary, with as humble and devoted an acknowledgment of the greatness of the obligation as could be expressed, and as true a sense of it in his heart. Yet two things he could never bring himself to whilst he continued in that office, that was to his death; for which he was contented to be reproached as for omissions in a most necessary part of his place. The one, employing of spies, or giving any countenance or entertainment to them. I do not mean such emissaries as with danger would venture to view the enemy's camp, and bring intelligence of their number, or quartering, or

any particulars that such an observation can comprehend; but those who, by communication of guilt, or dissimulation of manners, wind themselves into such trusts and secrets as enable them to make discoveries. The other, the liberty of opening letters, upon a suspicion that they might contain matter of dangerous consequence.

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance, made necessary: inso-much that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away: so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirits stole upon him which he had never been used to: yet, being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side, that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor (which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of), he resisted those indispositions. But after the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he, who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness, and less pleasantness of the visage, a kind of rudeness or incivility, became, on a sudden, less communicable; and thence, very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious but too negligent: and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary, or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *peace, peace*; and would passionately profess, "that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, "that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;" which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect on conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit: for at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friend passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger, (for he delighted to visit the trenches, and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did,) as being so much beside the duty

of his place, that it might be understood rather to be against it, he would say merrily, "that his office could not take away the privilege of his age; and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret in danger;" but withal, alleged seriously, "that it concerned him to be more active in enterprizes of hazard than other men; that all might see that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person."

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself in the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly: and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when there was some hope that he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his disposition, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age: having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

#### 94.—TREES.

TREES—so beautiful in their individual attributes, so magnificent in their forest groups—are amongst the most lovely and glorious of the materials which Nature spreads before the poets. Spenser makes his Catalogue of Trees full of picturesque associations, by his wonderful choice of epithets:

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,  
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,  
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky;  
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,  
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,  
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
 The boulder oak, sole king of forests all;  
 The aspen good for staves; the cypress, funeral.  
 The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors  
 And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,  
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,  
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will,  
 The birch for shafts, the saw for the mill,  
 The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,  
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,  
 The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,  
 The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

Scott associates the "forest fair" with the feudal grandeur of hunt and falconry:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>The scenes are desert now, and bare,<br/>         Where flourish'd once a forest fair;<br/>         When these waste glens with copse were<br/>           lined,<br/>         And peopled with the hart and hind.<br/>         Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly<br/>           spears<br/>         Have fenced him for three hundred<br/>           years,<br/>         While fall around his green compeers—</p> | <p>Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell<br/>         The changes of his parent dell,<br/>         Since he, so gray and stubborn now,<br/>         Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;<br/>         Would he could tell how deep the shade,<br/>         A thousand mingled branches made;<br/>         How broad the shadows of the oak<br/>         How clung the rowan to the rock.<br/>         And through the foliage show'd his head,<br/>         With narrow leaves and berries red;</p> |
|---|--|

What pines on every mountain sprung,  
 O'er every dell what birches hung,  
 In every breeze what aspens shook,  
 What alders shaded every brook!  
 "Here in my shade," methinks he'd say,  
 "The mighty stag at noontide lay:  
 The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,  
 (The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)  
 With lurching step around me prowled,  
 And stop against the moon to howl;  
 The mountain-boar, on battle set,  
 His tusks upon my stem would whet;  
 While doe and roe, and red-deer good,  
 Have bounded by through gay green-wood.  
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,  
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power;  
 A thousand vassals muster'd round,  
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;

And I might see the youth intent  
 Guard every pass with cross-bow bent;  
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,  
 And falconers hold the ready hawk;  
 And foresters, in green-wood trim,  
 Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,  
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay  
 From the dark covert drove the prey,  
 To slip them as he broke away.  
 The startled quarry bounds amain,  
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain:  
 Whistles the arrow from the bow  
 Answers the arquebuss below;  
 While all the rocking hills reply  
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry,  
 And bugles ringing lightsomely."

SCOTT.

Keats makes the "leafy month of June" fresher and greener, with remembrances of the 'Sherwood clan'—"the woodland heroes of the people's ballads:

No! those days are gone away,  
 And their hours are old and gray,  
 And their minutes buried all  
 Under the down-trodden fall  
 Of the leaves of many years:  
 Many times have winter's shears,  
 Frozen north, and chilling east,  
 Sounded tempests to the feast  
 Of the forest's whispering fleeces,  
 Since men knew not rents nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,  
 And the twanging bow no more;  
 Silent is the ivory shrill  
 Past the heath and up the hill;  
 There is no mid-forest laugh,  
 Where lone echo gives the half  
 To some wight, amazed to hear  
 Jestings, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June  
 You may go with sun or moon,  
 Or the seven stars to light you,  
 Or the polar ray to right you;  
 But you never may behold  
 Little John, or Robin bold;

Never one, of all the clan,  
 Thrumming on an empty can  
 Some old hunting ditty, while  
 He doth his green way beguile  
 To fair hostess Merriment,  
 Down beside the pasture Trent  
 For he left the merry tale,  
 Messenger for spiey ale.

Gone, the merry morris den;  
 Gone, the song of Gamelyn;  
 Gone, the tough-belted outlaw  
 Idling in the "grené-shawe:"  
 All are gone away and past!  
 And if Robin should be cast  
 Sudden from his tufted grave,  
 And if Marian should have  
 Once again her forest days,  
 She would weep, and he would craze:  
 He would swear, for all his oaks,  
 Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,  
 Have rotted on the briny seas;  
 She would weep that her wild bees  
 Sang not to her—strange! that honey  
 Can't be got without hard money!

KEATS.

A living writer dwells upon the solemn stillness of the forest, with a poet's love built upon knowledge. No one can understand that peculiar stillness who has not passed many a thoughtful hour beneath the "melancholy boughs," amidst which there is ever sound which seems like silence:

I love the forest; I could dwell among  
 That silent people, till my thoughts up grew.

In nobly ordered form, as to my view  
 Rose the succession of that lofty throng:—  
 The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves  
 Form'd by the slow decay of num'rous years,—  
 The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears,  
 Beneath the fir's inhospitable caves,—  
 The chirp and flutter of some single bird,  
 The rustle in the brake,—what precious store\*  
 Of joys have these on poets' hearts conferred?  
 And then at times to send one's own voice out,  
 In the full frolic of *one* startling shout,  
 Only to feel the after stillness more!

MILNES.

The American poet's reverence for the forest rises into devotion:—

Father, thy hand  
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns, thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,  
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
 Those winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
 The boast of our vain race to change the forms  
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st  
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
 That run along the summit of these trees  
 In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,  
 That from the inmost darkness of the place,  
 Comes, scarcely felt—the barky trunks, the ground  
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
 Here is continual worship;—nature, here,  
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,  
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,  
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots  
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—  
 By whose immovable stem I stand and seem  
 Almost annihilated—not a prince,  
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which

Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
 A visible token of the upholding Love,  
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

BRYANT.

## 95.—HIGHLAND SNOW STORM.

JOHN WILSON.

[JOHN WILSON, the distinguished Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was born at Paisley in 1788. He was the son of an opulent manufacturer, and received his elementary education at Glasgow University, proceeding afterwards to Magdalen College, Oxford. His poetical genius was developed at the university. He obtained the Newdegate Prize, and amidst a passion for athletic exercises, which distinguished him in after-life, he was looked upon as one of the most remarkable young men of his day. Upon his leaving Oxford he purchased a charming property, Ellera, on Lake Windermere. At this period he published the first of his beautiful poems, 'The Isle of Palms.' Subsequently he became a member of the Scottish bar, and in a few years received the appointment to that chair which he has so long filled with honour. His permanent reputation will, we think, rest upon his prose writings. His contributions to 'Blackwood's Magazine' raised the whole tone and character of periodical literature. The keenest wit, the most playful fancy, the most genial criticism, the deepest pathos, were lavished year after year with a profusion almost miraculous. Some of the finest of these productions have been collected as 'The Recreations of Christopher North.' It would be difficult to point to three volumes of our own times that have an equal chance of becoming immortal.]

One family lived in Glenoreran, and another in Glenco—the families of two brothers—seldom visiting each other on working days, seldom meeting even on sabbaths, for theirs was not the same parish kirk—seldom coming together on rural festivals or holidays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore; yet, all these sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together,—as the gossamer keeps floating from one tree to another, each with its own secret nest. And nestlike both dwellings were. That in Glenco, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock,—lone in all storms,—with greensward and garden on a slope down to a rivulet, the clearest of the clear (oh! once wofully reddened!) and *growing*, so it seems, in the mosses of its own roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it, out of the earth. That in Glenoreran more conspicuous, on a knoll among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun is shining high, is darkened by their meeting shadows,—and dark indeed, even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oak-like pines. A little further down, and Glenoreran is very sylvan; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descend upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase between you and Glen-Etiva. And, except this old oak-like grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hay-field, though these are kept by many a rill, there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual lustre, that seems to be as native to the grass, as its light is to the glow-worm. Such are the two huts—for they are huts and no more—and you may see them still, if you know how to discover the beautiful sights of nature from descriptions treasured in your heart, and if the spirit of change, now nowhere at rest on the earth, not even in its most solitary places,



have not swept from the scenes the beautified, the humble, but hereditary dwellings that ought to be allowed, in the fulness of the quiet time, to relapse back into the bosom of nature, through insensible and unperceived decay.

These huts belonged to brothers, and each had an only child—a son and a daughter—born on the same day, and now blooming on the verge of youth. A year ago, and they were but mere children; but what wondrous growth of frame and spirit does nature at that season of life often present before our eyes! So that we almost see the very change going on between morn and morn, and feel that these objects of our affection are daily brought closer to ourselves, by partaking daily more and more in all our most sacred thoughts, in our cares and in our duties, and in knowledge of the sorrows as well as the joys of our common lot. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parents' eyes—Flora Macdonald, a name hallowed of yore, the fairest, and Ronald Cameron, the boldest of all the living flowers in Glenco and Glencreran. It was now their seventeenth birthday, and never had a winter sun smiled more serenely over a knoll of snow. Flora, it had been agreed on, was to pass that day in Glencreran, and Ronald to meet her among the mountains, that he might bring her down the many precipitous passes to his parents' hut. It was the middle of February, and the snow had lain for weeks with all its drifts unchanged, so calm had been the weather and so continued the frost. At the same hour, known by horologe on the cliff touched, by the finger of dawn, the happy creatures left each their own glen, and mile after mile of the smooth surface glided away past their feet, almost as the quiet water glides by the little boat that in favouring breezes walks merrily along the sea. And soon they met at the trysting place—a bank of birch trees beneath a cliff that takes its name from the eagles.

On their meeting, seemed not to them the whole of nature suddenly inspired with joy and beauty? Insects, unheard by them before, hummed and glittered in the air; from tree roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flower-like, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive; the trees themselves seemed budding, as if it were already spring; and rare as in that rocky region are the birds of song, a faint trill for a moment touched their ears, and the flutter of a wing, telling them that somewhere near there was preparation for a nest. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreached by the frost, and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. Not Summer's self, in its deepest green, so beautiful had ever been to them before, as now the mild white of Winter; and as their eyes were lifted up to heaven, when had they ever seen before a sky of such perfect blue, a sun so gentle in its brightness, or altogether a week-day in any season so like a sabbath in its stillness, so like a holiday in its joy? Lovers were they, although as yet they scarcely knew it; for from love only could have come such bliss as now was theirs,—a bliss, that while it beautified was felt to come from the skies.

Flora sang to Ronald many of her old songs, to those wild Gaelic airs that sound like the sighing of winds among fractured cliffs, or the branches of storm-tossed rees, when the subsiding tempest is about to let them rest. Monotonous music! but irresistible over the heart it has once awakened and enthralled, so sincere seems to be the mournfulness it breathes—a mournfulness brooding and feeding on the same note, that is at once its natural expression and sweetest aliment, of which the singer never wearyeth in her dream, while her heart all the time is haunted by all that is most piteous,—by the faces of the dead in their paleness returning to the shades of life, only that once more they may pour from their fixed eyes those strange showers of unaccountable tears!

How merry were they between those mournful airs! How Flora trembled to see her lover's burning brow and flashing eyes, as he told her tales of great battles fought

in foreign lands, far across the sea—tales which he had drunk in with greedy ears from the old heroes scattered all over Lochaber and Badenoch, on the brink of the grave still garrulous of blood!

“The sun sat high in his meridian tower.”

But time had not been with the youthful lovers, and the blessed beings believed that 'twas but a little hour since beneath the Eagle Cliff they had met in the prime of the morn!

The boy starts to his feet, and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle—for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was hereditary in his blood. Lo! a deer from Dalness, hound-driven, or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, then away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow-cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a certain but not sudden death-wound. Oh! for Fingal now to pull him down like a wolf! But labouring and lumbering heavily along, the snow spotted as he bounds with blood, the huge animal at last disappears round some rocks at the head of the glen. “Follow me, Flora!” the boy-hunter cries; and flinging down their plaids, they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the long glen after the stricken deer. Fleet was the mountain girl; and Ronald, as he ever and anon looked back to wave her on, with pride admired her lightsome motion as she bounded along the snow. Redder and redder grew that snow, and more heavily trampled, as they winded round the rocks. Yonder is the deer, staggering up the mountain, not half a mile off—now standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off. “Rest, Flora, rest! while I fly to him with my rifle—and shoot him through the heart!”

Up—up—up the interminable glen, that kept winding and winding round many a jutting promontory and many a castellated cliff, the red-deer kept dragging his goro-ozing bulk, sometimes almost within, and then for some hundreds of yards just beyond, rifle-shot; while the boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forwards, now all alone, nor any more looking behind for Flora, who had entirely disappeared; and thus he was hurried on for miles by the whirlwind of passion,—till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet. Then leaped Ronald upon the red-deer like a beast of prey, and lifted up a look of triumph to the mountain-tops.

Where is Flora! Her lover has forgotten her—and he is alone—nor knows it—he and the red-deer—an enormous animal, fast stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air, and they seem to waver and whirl, though an hour ago there was not a breath. Faster they fall and faster—the flakes are almost as large as leaves; and overhead whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud! “Flora, where are you! where are you, Flora!” and from the huge hide the boy leaps up, and sees that no Flora is at hand. But yonder is a moving speck, far off upon the snow. ‘Tis she—’tis she; and again Ronald turns his eyes upon the quarry, and the heart of the hunter burns within him like a new-stirred fire. Shrill as the eagle’s cry disturbed in his eyry he sends a shout down the glen, and Flora, with cheeks pale and bright by fits, is at last by his side. Panting and speechless she stands, and then dizzily sinks on his breast. Her hair is ruffled by the wind that revives her, and her face all moistened by the snow-flakes, now not falling, but driven—for the day has undergone a dismal change, and all over the sky are now lowering savage symptoms of a fast-coming night-storm.

Bare is poor Flora's head, and sorely drenched her hair, that an hour or two ago glittered in the sunshine. Her shivering frame misses now the warmth of the plaid, which almost no cold can penetrate, and which had kept the vital current flowing freely in many a bitter blast. What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which, in his foolish passion, he flung down to chase that fatal deer! "Oh, Flora! if you would not fear to stay here by yourself, under the protection of God, who surely will not forsake you, soon will I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying; and under the shelter of the deer we may be able to outlive the hurricane,—you wrapped up in them,—and folded, O my dearest sister, in my arms!" "I will go with you down the glen, Ronald!" and she left his breast; but, weak as a day-old lamb, tottered and sank down on the snow. The cold—intense as if the air were ice—had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race; and it was manifest that here she must be for the night—to live or to die. And the night seemed already come, so full was the lift of snow; while the glimmer every moment became gloomier, as if the day were expiring long before its time. Howling at a distance down the glen was heard a sea-born tempest from the Linnhe Loch, where now they both knew the tide was tumbling in, bringing with it sleet and snow-blasts from afar; and from the opposite quarter of the sky an inland tempest was raging to meet it, while every lesser glen had its own uproar, so that on all hands they were environed with death.

"I will go—and, till I return, leave you with God." "Go, Ronald!" and he went and came, as if he had been endowed with the raven's wings.

Miles away and miles back had he flown, and an hour had not been with his going and his coming; but what a dreary wretchedness meanwhile had been hers! She feared that she was dying—that the cold snow-storm was killing her—and that she would never more see Ronald, to say to him farewell. Soon as he was gone, all her courage had died. Alone, she feared death, and wept to think how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die. He came, and her whole being was changed. Folded up in both the plaids, she felt resigned. "Oh! kiss me, kiss me, Ronald; for your love—great as it is—is not as my love. You must never forget me, Ronald, when your poor Flora is dead."

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the sabbath-day—and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth. The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents' will,—and the same was their living obedience to its decrees. If she was to die, supported now by the presence of her brother, Flora was utterly resigned; if she was to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her grateful worship. But all at once she closed her eyes, ceased breathing,—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in the gloom that fell around them like blindness, Ronald almost sunk down, thinking that she was dead.

"Wretched sinner that I am!—my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold!" And he smote his breast, and tore his hair, and feared to look up, lest the angry eye of God were looking on him through the storm.

All at once, without speaking a word, Ronald lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen, here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of a child. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off; whether or not they had any roof he had forgotten,—but the thought even of such a shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door—snow up the holes—once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snow-flakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled, as if by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, he saw the place was filled with a

flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and that, all huddled together, looked on him as on the shepherd, come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All colour, all motion, all breath seemed to be gone; and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive: The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pine-branches had been flung, as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather—some pine-branches left by the wood-cutters, who had felled the few trees that once stood at the very head of the glen. Into that corner the snow drift had not yet forced its way, and he sat down there, with Flora in the cherishing of his embrace, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her, who was as cold as a corpse. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible that she might revive, miserable as it was with the mire-mixed snow, and almost as cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive, and under the half open lids the dim blue appeared to be not yet life-deserted. It was yet but the afternoon,—night-like though it was,—and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt the kisses he dropt on them to drive death away.

"Oh! father, go seek for Ronald, for I dreamt to-night that he was perishing in the snow." "Flora, fear not,—God is with us." "Wild swans, they say, are come to Loch Phoil. Let us go, Ronald, and see them; but no rifle—for why kill creatures said to be so beautiful!" Over them where they lay bended down the pine-branch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight; but there it still hung, though the drift came over their feet, and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upwards to be their shroud. "Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me—and what noise is this in our house?" "Fear not, fear not, Flora,—God is with us." "Mother! am I lying in your arms? My father surely is not in the storm. Oh, I have had a most dreadful dream!" and with such mutterings as these Flora relapsed again into that perilous sleep, which soon becomes that of death.

Night itself came, but Flora and Ronald knew it not; and both lay motionless in one snow-shroud. Many passions, though earth-born, heavenly all—pity, and grief, and love, and hope, and at last despair, had prostrated the strength they had so long supported; and the brave boy—who had been for some time feeble as a very child after a fever, with a mind confused and wandering, and in its perplexities sore afraid of some nameless ill—had submitted to lay down his head beside his Flora's, and had soon become, like her, insensible to the night and all its storms.

Bright was the peat fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glenco,—and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this the birthday of their blameless child. They thought of her, singing her sweet songs by the fire-side of the hut in Glenkeran, and tender thoughts of her cousin Ronald were with them in their prayers. No warning came to their ears in the sigh or the howl; for fear it is that creates its own ghosts, and all its own ghostlike visitings; and they had seen their Flora, in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the quiet mountains, like a fawn to play. Sometimes too, Love, who starts at shadows as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to realities that might well inspire dismay. So was it now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glenkeran. Their Ronald had left them in the morning,—night had come, and he and Flora were not there,—but the day had been almost like a summer day, and in their infatuation they never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glenco. Ronald had laughingly said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her

birth-day, and—strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be—that belief prevented one single fear from touching his mother's heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in untroubled sleep.

And what could have been done for them, had they been told by some good or evil spirit that their children were in the clutches of such a night? As well seek for a single bark in the middle of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King's-House, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart in regions where the traveller sees no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff-pass of Mealanumy, between Buchael-Etive and the Black Mount, towards the lone House of Dalness, that lies in everlasting shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength, and then away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows in the van, Fingal the Red Reaver, with his head aloft on the look-out for deer, grimly eyeing the corrie where last he tasted blood. All "plaided in their tartan array," these shepherds laughed at the storm,—and hark, you hear the bagpipe play—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

"They think then of the owrie cattle,  
And silly sheep;"

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night,—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven,—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at midfall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old grove of pines. Following their dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom. Yet life in both is frozen—and will the red blood in their veins ever again be thawed! Almost pitch dark is the roofless ruin; and the frightened sheep know not what is that terrible shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies giving it into the arms of those at the doorway, and then lifts up the other; and by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Ronald Cameron and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death. Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there, and licks the face of Ronald, as if he would restore life to his eyes. Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids,—how gentlest to carry them along; for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body, yet living, of the youthful warrior, who had shown that of such a clan he was worthy to be the chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen; nor could they have heard each others' voices had they spoke; but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand, thinking of the hut in Glenco, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or the dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets, unpausing turn round corners, unhesitating plunge down steep stairs, wind their way fearlessly through whirlwinds of life, and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For God is with the blind. So is He with all who walk on walks of mercy. This saving band had no fear, therefore there was no danger, on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains, shown momentarily by ghastly gleamings

through the fitful night, and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow, at places where in other weather there was a pool or a water-fall. The dip of the hills, in spite of the drifts, familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then the dogs, in their instinct, were guides that erred not; and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glenco. He led the way as if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild-fowl feed. And thus instinct, and reason, and faith, conducted the saving band along,—and now they are at Glenco, and at the door of the hut.

To life were brought the dead; and there, at midnight, sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they for a while to each others' eyes,—and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved. Then, as if in holy fear, they gazed in each others' faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Ronald,—and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees; and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them, but she was powerless as a broken reed; and when she thought to join with them in thanksgiving, her voice was gone. Still as death sat all the people in the hut, and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep.

## 96.—PREFACE TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

ASCHAM.

[ROGER ASCHAM was born in 1515. His father was a house steward in a wealthy family. By the patronage of Sir Anthony Wingfield he was placed at St. John's College, Cambridge. The Greek language had only been recently taught at the Universities, and Ascham devoted himself to its study with great ardour, applying himself with the utmost diligence to the instruction of others. In 1543, he was appointed instructor in the learned languages to the Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Queen; and, with the interval of three years, during which he travelled through Italy and Germany, he held offices at Court during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. He died in 1568. When Queen Elizabeth heard the news of his death she exclaimed, "she would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost her Ascham."]

When the great plague was at London, the year 1563, the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, lay at her Castle of Windsor: whereupon, the 10th day of December, it fortune'd that in Sir William Cecil's chamber, her Highness's Principal Secretary, there dined together these personages, Mr. Secretary himself, Sir William Peter, Sir I. Mason, Dr. Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville, Treasurer of the Exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Haddon, Master of Requests, Mr. John Astley, Master of the Jewel House, Mr. Bernard Hampton, Mr. Nicasius, and I. Of which number, the most part were of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and the rest serving her in very good place. I was glad then, and do rejoice yet to remember, that my chance was so happy, to be there that day, in the company of so many wise and good men together, as hardly there could have been picked out again, out of all England beside.

Mr. Secretary hath this accustomed manner, though his head be never so full of most weighty affairs of the realm, yet at dinner-time he doth seem to lay them always aside: and finding ever fit occasion to talk pleasantly of other matters, but most gladly of some matter of learning; wherein he will courteously hear the mind of the meanest at his table.

Not long after our sitting down, I have strange news brought me, saith Mr. Secre-

tary, this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school, for fear of beating. Whereupon Mr. Secretary took occasion to wish, that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is. Wherewith many times punish rather the weakness of nature than the fault of the scholar. Whereby many scholars that might else prove well be driven to hate learning, before they know what learning meaneth; and so are made willing to forsake their book, and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

Mr. Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly, that the rod only was the sword that must keep the school in obedience, and the scholar in good order. Mr. Wotton, a man mild of nature, with soft voice, and few words, inclined to Mr. Secretary's judgment, and said, in mine opinion the schoolhouse should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage; and as I do remember, so saith Socrates in one place of Plato. And therefore, if a rod carry the fear of a sword it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature choose rather to forsake the play, than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond man's handling. Mr. Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing, both with shrewd touches of many courtes boys, and with the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters. Mr. Haddon was fully of Mr. Peter's opinion, and said that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater, and named the person. Though, quoth I, it was his good fortune to send from his school unto the University one of the best scholars indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar, than by the great beating of the master; and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness. I said somewhat farther in the matter, how and why young children were sooner allured by love than driven by beating, to attain good learning; wherein I was the bolder to say my mind, because Mr. Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto; or else, in such a company, and namely in his presence, my wont is to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue.

Sir Walter Mildmay, Mr. Astley, and the rest said very little; only Sir Richard Sackville said nothing at all. After dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Aeschines, for his false dealing in his ambassage to King Philip of Macedonia. Sir Richard Sackville came up soon after, and finding me in Her Majesty's privy chamber, he took me by the hand, and carrying me to a window, said, Mr. Aschem, I would not for a good deal of money, have been, this day, absent from dinner, where, though I said nothing, yet I gave as good ear, and do consider as well the talk that passed, as any one did there. Mr. Secretary said, very wisely, and most truly, that many young wits be driven to hate learning, before they know what learning is. I can be good witness to this myself; for a fond schoolmaster, before I was fully fourteen years old, drove me so, with fear of beating, from all love of learning, as now, when I know what difference it is to have learning and to have little or none at all, I feel it my greatest grief, and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me, that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a schoolmaster. But seeing it is but in vain to lament things past, and also wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me life, I will make this, my mishap, some occasion of good hap to little Robert Sackville, my son's son. For whose bringing up I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age: we will deal thus together. Point you out a schoolmaster, who, by your order, shall teach my son and yours, and for all the rest I will provide, yet though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year: and beside, you shall find me as fast a



friend to you and yours, as perchance any you have. Which promise the worthy gentleman surely kept with me, until his dying day.

We had then further talk together of bringing up of children: of the nature of quick and hard wits: of the right choice of a good wit: of fear and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely, gentlemen: we talked of their too much liberty, to live as they list; of their letting loose too soon, to overmuch experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many old common-wealths of the Persians and Greeks: of wit gathered, and good fortune gotten by some, only by experience, without learning. And lastly, he required of me very earnestly to shew what I thought of the common going of Englishmen into Italy. But, saith he, because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore I pray you, at my request, and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk, concerning the right order of teaching and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men. And surely, beside contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others. I made some excuse by lack of ability, and weakness of body: Well, saith he, I am not now to learn what you can do. Our dear friend, good Mr. Goodricke, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say, not long ago, that you may thank Sir John Cheke for all the learning you have; and I know very well myself that you did teach the Queen. And, therefore, seeing God did so bless you to make you the scholar of the best master, and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar, that ever were in our time, surely you should please God, benefit your country, and honour your own name, if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of such a master, and how ye taught such a scholar. And in uttering the stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall never lack neither matter nor manner what to write, nor how to write in this kind of argument.

I beginning some farther excuse, suddenly was called to come to the Queen. The night following I slept little, my head was so full of this our former talk, and I so mindful somewhat to satisfy the honest request of so dear a friend, I thought to prepare some little treatise for a New Year's gift at Christmas; but as it chanceth to busy builders, so in building this my poor school-house (the rather because the form of it is somewhat new and differing from others) the work rose daily higher and wider than I thought it would at the beginning.

And though it appear now, and be in very deed but a small cottage, poor for the stuff, and rude for the workmanship, yet in going forward, I found the site so good as I was loath to give it over, but the making so costly outreaching my ability, as many times I wished that some one of those three, my dear friends with full purses, Sir Thomas Smith, Mr. Haddon, or Mr. Watson, had had the doing of it. Yet, nevertheless, I myself spending gladly that little that I gat at home by good Sir John Cheke, and that that I borrowed abroad of my friend Sturmius, beside somewhat that was left me in reversion by my old masters Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, I have at last patched it up as I could, and as you see.

#### BY.—THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

A DREAM.

ADDISON.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, (Sat. i. l. 1, ver. 1,) which im-



plica, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion, I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but, after a few vain efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones, who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made; that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came laden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was

startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length, I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the cholick, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, who had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned before, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the

ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done ; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it ; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure : after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure ; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings ; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

#### 98.—PRAYER.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

MANY times good men pray, and their prayer is not a sin, but yet it returns empty ; because, although the man may be, yet the prayer is not, in proper disposition : and here I am to account to you concerning the collateral and accidental hindrances of the prayer of a good man.

The first thing that hinders the prayer of a good man from obtaining its effects, is a violent anger and a violent storm in the spirit of him that prays. For anger sets the house on fire, and all the spirits are busy upon trouble, and intend propulsion, defence, displeasure, or revenge ; it is a short madness, and an eternal enemy to discourse, and sober counsels, and fair conversation ; it intends its own object with all the earnestness of perception, or activity of design, and a quicker motion of a too warm and distempered blood ; it is a fever in the heart, and a calenture in the head, and a fire in the face, and a sword in the hand, and a fury all over ; and therefore can never suffer a man to be in a disposition to pray. For prayer is an

action, and a state of intercourse and desire, exactly contrary to this character of anger. Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy: prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below; so is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Indifference and easiness of desire is a great enemy to the success of a good man's prayer. When Plato gave Diogenes a great vessel of wine, who asked but a little, and a few caraways, the Cynic thanked him with his rude expression: "Thou neither answerest to the question thou art asked, nor givest according as thou art desired: being inquired of, how many are two and two? thou answerest, twenty." So it is with God and us in the intercourse of our prayers; we pray for health, and he gives us, it may be, a sickness that carries us into eternal life; we pray for necessary support for our persons and families, and he gives us more than we need; we beg for a removal of a present sadness, and he gives us that which makes us able to bear twenty sadnesses, a cheerful spirit, a peaceful conscience, and a joy in God, as an antepast of eternal rejoicings in the kingdom of God. But, then, although God doth very frequently give us beyond the matter of our desires, yet he does not so often give us great things beyond the spirit of our desires, beyond the quickness, vivacity, and fervour of our minds: for there is but one thing in the world that God hates besides sin, that is, indifference and lukewarmness; which, although it hath not in it the direct nature of sin, yet it hath this testimony from God, that it is loathsome and abominable; and excepting this thing alone, God never said so of anything in the New Testament, but what was a direct breach of a commandment.

The reason of it is, because lukewarmness, or an indifferent spirit, is an undervaluing of God and of religion; it is a separation of reason from affections, and a perfect conviction of the understanding to the goodness of a duty, but a refusing to follow what we understand. For he that is lukewarm always, understands the better way, and seldom pursues it; he hath so much reason as is sufficient, but he will not obey it; his will does not follow the dictate of his understanding, and therefore it is unnatural. It is like the fantastic fires of the night, where there is light and no heat; and therefore may pass on to the real fires of hell, where there is heat and no light; and therefore, although an act of lukewarmness is only an indecency, and no sin, yet a state of lukewarmness is criminal, and a sinful state of imperfection and indecency; an act of indifference hinders a single prayer from being accepted; but a state of it makes the person ungracious and despised in the court of heaven: and therefore St. James, in his accounts concerning an effective prayer, not only requires that he be a just man who prays, but his prayer must be fervent; "an effectual fervent prayer," so our English reads it; it must be an intent, zealous, busy, operative prayer; for consider what a huge indecency it is, that a man should speak to God for a thing that he values not; or that he should not value a thing, without which he cannot be happy; or that he should spend his religion upon a trifle; and if it be not a trifle, that he should not spend his affections upon it. If our prayers be for temporal things, I shall not need to stir up your affections to be passionate for their purchase; we desire them greedily, we run after them intemperately, we are kept from them with huge impatience, we are delayed with infinite regrets; we prefer them before our duty, we ask them unseasonably; we receive them with our own prejudice, and we care not; we choose them to our hurt and hindrance, and yet delight in the purchase; and when we do pray for them, we can hardly bring ourselves to it to submit to God's will, but will have them (if we can,) whether he be pleased or no; like the parasite in the comedy, "*Qui comedit quod fuit et quod non fuit*:" "he ate all, and more than all; what was set before him, and what was kept from him." But then, for spiritual things, for the interest of our souls, and the affairs of the kingdom, we pray to God with just such a zeal as a man begs of a chirurgeon to cut him of the stone; or a condemned man desires his executioner quickly to put him out of his pain, by taking away his life; when things are come to that pass it must be done, but God knows with what little complacency and desire the man makes his request: and yet the things of religion and the spirit are the only things that ought to be desired vehemently, and pursued passionately, because God hath set such a value upon them, that they are the effects of his greatest loving-kindness; they are the purchases of Christ's blood, and the effect of his continual intercession, the fruits of his bloody sacrifice, and the gifts of his healing and saving mercy; the graces of God's Spirit, and the only instruments of felicity: and if we can have fondnesses for things indifferent or dangerous, our prayers upbraid our spirits when we beg coldly and tamely for those things for which we ought to die, which are more precious than the globes of kings and weightier than imperial sceptres, richer than the spoils of the sea or the treasures of the Indian hills.

# HALF-HOURS

## FIFTEENTH WEEK.

### 99.—SISTERS OF CHARITY.

[In Mr. Southey's 'Sir Thomas More,' the following account of the Beguines of Belgium, and the Sisters of Charity, of France, is reprinted from the 'London Medical Gazette,' Vol. I.]

A few summers ago I passed through Flanders on my way to Germany, and at the hospital at Bruges saw some of the Beguines, and heard the physician, with whom I was intimate, speak in strong terms of their services; he said, "There are no such nurses." I saw them in the wards attending on the sick, and in the chapel of the hospital on their knees washing the floor. They were obviously a superior class of women, and the contrast was striking between these menial offices and the respectability of their dress and appearance; but the Beguinage of Ghent is one of their principal establishments, and, spending a Sunday there, I went in the evening to vespers. It was twilight when I entered the chapel. It was dimly lighted by two or three tall tapers before the altar and a few candles at the remotest end of the building in the orchestra, but the body of the chapel was in deep gloom, filled from end to end with several hundred of these nuns seated in rows, in their dark dresses and white cowls, silent and motionless, excepting now and then when one of them started up, and stretching out her arms in the attitude of the crucifixion, stood in that posture many minutes, then sank and disappeared among the crowd. The gloom of the chapel—the long line of these unearthly-looking figures, like so many corpses propped up in their grave-clothes—the dead silence of the building, once only interrupted by a few voices in the distant orchestra chanting vespers, was one of the most striking sights I ever beheld. To some readers, the occasional attitude of the nuns may seem an absurd expression of fanaticism, but they are any thing but fanatics. Whoever is accustomed to the manners of continental nations, knows that they employ grimace in every thing. I much doubt whether, apart from the internal emotion of piety, the external expression of it is graceful in any one, save only in a little child in his night-shirt, on his knees, saying his evening prayer.

The Beguinage, or residence of the Beguines at Ghent, is a little town of itself, adjoining the city, and inclosed from it. The transition from the crowded streets of Ghent to the silence and solitude of the Beguinage is very striking. The houses in which the Beguines reside are contiguous, each having its small garden, and on the door the name, not of the resident, but of the protecting saint of the house; these houses are ranged into streets. There is also the large church, which we visited, and a burial-ground, in which there are no monuments. There are upwards of six hundred of these nuns in the Beguinage of Ghent, and about six thousand in Brabant and Flanders. They receive sick persons into the Beguinage, and not only nurse but support them until they are recovered; they also go out to nurse the sick. They are bound by no vow excepting to be chaste and obedient while they remain in the order; they have the power of quitting it and returning again into the world whenever they please, but this it is said they seldom or never do. They are most of them women unmarried, or widows past the middle of life. In 1244, a synod

at Fritzlaui decided that no Beguine should be younger than forty years of age. They generally dine together in the refectory; their apartments are barely yet comfortably furnished, and, like all the habitations of Flanders, remarkably clean. About their origin and name little is known by the Beguines themselves, or is to be found in books. For the following particulars I am chiefly indebted to the *Histoire des Ordres Monastiques*, (tome viii.) Some attribute both their origin and name to St. Beghe, who lived in the seventh century: others to Lambert le Begue, who lived about the end of the twelfth century. This latter saint is said to have founded two communities of them at Liege, one for women, in 1173, the other for men, in 1177. After his death they multiplied fast, and were introduced by St. Louis to Paris, and other French cities. The plan flourished in France, and was adopted under other forms and names. In 1443, Nicholas Rollin, Chancellor to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, founded a hospital at Beaune and brought six Beguines from Malines to attend upon it, and the hospital became so famed for the care of its patients, that the opulent people of the neighbourhood when sick were often removed to it, preferring its attendance to what they received at home. In one part of the hospital there was a large square court, bordered with galleries leading to apartments suitable to such patients; when they quitted the hospital the donations which they left were added to its funds.

The *Sœurs de la Charité* of France are another order of religious nurses, but different from the Beguines in being bound by monastic vows. They originated in a charity sermon, perhaps the most useful and extensive in its influence that ever was preached. Vincent de Paul, a celebrated missionary, preaching at Chatillon, in 1617, recommended a poor sick family of the neighbourhood to the care of his congregation. At the conclusion of the sermon a number of persons visited the sick family with bread, wine, meat, and other comforts. This led to the formation of a committee of charitable women, under the direction of Vincent de Paul, who went about relieving the sick poor of the neighbourhood, and met every month to give an account of their proceedings to their superior. Such was the origin of the celebrated order of the *Sœurs de la Charité*. Wherever this missionary went he attempted to form similar establishments. From the country they spread to cities, and first to Paris, where, in 1629, they were established in the parish of St. Saviour.

About 1625, a female devotee, named Le Gras, joined the order of the *Sœurs de la Charité*. She was married young to M. Le Gras, one of whose family had founded a hospital at Puy, but becoming a widow in 1625, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, she made a vow of celibacy, and dedicated the rest of her life to the service of the poor. In her Vincent de Paul found a great accession. Under his direction she took many journeys, visiting and inspecting the establishments which he had founded. She was commonly accompanied by a few pious ladies. Many women of quality enrolled themselves in the order, but the superiors were assisted by inferior servants. The *Hôtel Dieu* was the first hospital in Paris where they exercised their vocation. This they visited every day, supplying the patients with comforts above what the hospital afforded, and administering, besides, religious consolation. By degrees they spread into all the provinces of France, and at length the Queen of Poland requested Mademoiselle Le Gras, for though a widow that was her title, to send her a supply of *Sœurs de la Charité*, who were thus established in Warsaw, in 1652. At length, after a long life spent in the service of charity and religion, Mademoiselle Le Gras died on the 15th of March, 1660, nearly seventy years of age, and for a day and a half her body lay exposed to the gaze of the pious.

A country clergyman, who spent several years in various parts of France, gives an account of the present state of the order, which, together with what I have gathered from other sources, is in substance as follows:—It consists of women of

all ranks, many of them of the higher orders. After a year's noviciate in the convent, they take a vow which binds them to the order for the rest of their lives. They have two objects, to attend the sick and to educate the poor; they are spread all over France, are the superior nurses at the hospitals, and are to be found in every town, and often even in villages. Go into the Paris hospitals at almost any hour of the day, and you will see one of these respectable looking women, in her black gown and white hood, passing slowly from bed to bed, and stopping to enquire of some poor wretch what little comfort he is fancying will alleviate his sufferings. If a parochial curé wants assistance in the care of his flock, he applies to the order of *les Sœurs de la Charité*. Two of them (for they generally go in couples) set out on their charitable mission: wherever they travel their dress protects them. "Even more enlightened persons than the common peasantry hail it as a happy omen when on a journey a *Sœur de la Charité* happens to travel with them, and even instances are recorded in which their presence has saved travellers from the attacks of robbers." During the revolution they were rarely molested. They were the only religious order permitted openly to wear their dress and pursue their vocation. Government gives a hundred francs a-year to each sister, besides her travelling expenses; and if the parish where they go cannot maintain them, they are supported out of the funds of the order. In old age they retire to their convent, and spend the rest of their lives in educating the noviciates. Thus, like the vestal virgins of old, the first part of their life is spent in learning their duties; the second in practising them, and the last in teaching them.

#### 100.—CONTENTMENT AND THANKFULNESS.

ISAAC WALTON.

[ISAAC WALTON, whose character as an author is known wherever English literature is cultivated, was born in 1593. 'The Complete Angler' was the production of a haberdasher of Fleet Street, who was the friend of the truly eminent Dr. Donne. Pursuing his business through many years of his blameless life, his recreation was angling. His chief haunt was the river Lea. Of the old scenery and the old manners of a district within ten miles of London, he has left the most delicious pictures—the reflection of nature in the heart of a good man. Walton was the biographer of Hooker, Donne, Wotton, and Herbert. He left his business after the death of his wife in 1644; and lived till the age of ninety, in the quiet enjoyment of literary leisure, beloved and respected by the worthiest men of his time.]

I will, as we walk in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys which have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do even at this very time lie under the torment of diseases that we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these, and all those other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are freed from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estate, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us. I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The dili-



gent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed : but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy ; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty ; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches ; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness ; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself ; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and a competence ; and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair ; where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks ; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that made a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need !" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy ? No, doubtless ; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want ; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will ; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him ; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller ; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I know another to whom God hath given health and plenty ; but a wife that nature hath made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud ; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church ; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other : and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits ; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their will. Well ! this wilful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband ; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave ; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts ; for those only can make us happy. I know a man that had health and riches ; and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished ; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another : and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him ; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel ; for he there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom

of heaven ; but in the mean time, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better ; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share : but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him ; because they be common ; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together ? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and would so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praise, but let not us ; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

My meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul ; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich or contentedly poor : but be sure that your riches be justly got or you spoil all. For it is well said, " He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health : and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience ; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of ; a blessing that money cannot buy ; and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money, (which may be said to be the third blessing,) neglect it not : but note, that there is no necessity of being rich ; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them : and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings ; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart ; which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar.

#### 101, 102.—THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

DAVY.

[In 1787 were published two octavo volumes, entitled 'Letters addressed chiefly to a Young Gentleman upon the Subject of Literature,' by the Rev. Charles Davy. In these letters there is nothing very remarkable, with the exception of a most graphic account of the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755. We remember that our attention was first called to the book by a passage in some one of Mr. De Quincey's writings, in which he exclaims "Oh, that I could describe like Davy !" It is held, however, that Davy did not write this description, but that it was given to him by an English merchant, who was residing at Lisbon at the time of the event he narrates. In some books of extract this narrative is much curtailed ; we prefer to give it entire, dividing it into two Half-hours.]

There never was a finer morning seen than the 1st of November ; the sun shone out in its full lustre ; the whole face of the sky was perfectly serene and clear ; and

not the least signal or warning of that approaching event, which has made this once flourishing, opulent, and populous city, a scene of the utmost horror and desolation, except only such as served to alarm, but scarcely left a moment's time to fly from the general destruction.

It was on the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, that I was set down in my apartment, just finishing a letter, when the papers and table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which rather surprised me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind stirring. Whilst I was reflecting with myself what this could be owing to, but without having the least apprehension of the real cause the whole house began to shake from the very foundation, which at first I imputed to the rattling of several coaches in the main street, which usually passed that way, at this time, from Belem to the palace; but on hearkening more attentively, I was soon undeceived, as I found it was owing to a strange frightful kind of noise under ground, resembling the hollow distant rumbling of thunder. All this passed in less than a minute, and I must confess I now began to be alarmed, as it naturally occurred to me that this noise might possibly be the forerunner of an earthquake, as one I remembered, which had happened about six or seven years ago, in the island of Madeira, commenced in the same manner, though it did little or no damage.

Upon this I threw down my pen, and started upon my feet, remaining a moment in suspense, whether I should stay in the apartment or run into the street, as the danger in both places seemed equal; and still flattering myself that this tremor might produce no other effects than such inconsiderable ones as had been felt at Madeira; but in a moment I was roused from my dream, being instantly stunned with a most horrid crash, as if every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The house I was in shook with such violence, that the upper stories immediately fell, and though my apartment (which was the first floor) did not then share the same fate, yet every thing was thrown out of its place, in such a manner that it was with no small difficulty I kept my feet, and expected nothing less than to be soon crushed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the frightfullest manner, opening in several places; large stones falling down on every side from the cracks, and the ends of most of the rafters starting out from the roof. To add to this terrifying scene, the sky in a moment became so gloomy that I could now distinguish no particular object; it was an Egyptian darkness indeed, such as might be felt; owing, no doubt, to the prodigious clouds of dust and lime raised from so violent a concussion, and, as some reported, to sulphureous exhalations, but this I cannot affirm; however, it is certain I found myself almost choked for near ten minutes.

As soon as the gloom began to disperse, and the violence of the shock seemed pretty much abated, the first object I perceived in the room was a woman sitting on the floor with an infant in her arms, all covered with dust, pale and trembling. I asked her how she got hither, but her consternation was so great she could give me no account of her escape. I suppose that when the tremor first began, she ran out of her own house, and finding herself in such imminent danger from the falling stones, retired into the door of mine, which was almost contiguous to hers, for shelter, and when the shock increased, which filled the door with dust and rubbish, ran upstairs into my apartment, which was then open; be it as it might, this was no time for curiosity. I remember the poor creature asked me, in the utmost agony, if I did not think the world was at an end; at the same time she complained of being choked, and begged, for God's sake, I would procure her a little drink. Upon this I went to a closet where I kept a large jar of water, (which you know is sometimes a pretty scarce commodity in Lisbon,) but finding it broken in pieces, I

told her she must not now think of quenching her thirst but saving her life, as the house was just falling on our heads, and if a second shock came, would certainly bury us both. I bade her take hold of my arm, and that I would endeavour to bring her into some place of security.

I shall always look upon it as a particular providence that I happened on this occasion to be undressed; for had I dressed myself as proposed when I got out of bed, in order to breakfast with a friend, I should, in all probability, have run into the street at the beginning of the shock, as the rest of the people in the house did, and, consequently, have had my brains dashed out, as every one of them had. However, the imminent danger I was in did not hinder me from considering that my present dress, only a gown and slippers, would render my getting over the ruins almost impracticable: I had, therefore, still presence of mind enough left to put on a pair of shoes and a coat, the first that came in my way, which was everything I saved, and in this dress I hurried down stairs, the woman with me, holding by my arm, and made directly to that end of the street which opens to the Tagus. Finding the passage this way entirely blocked up with the fallen houses to the height of their second stories, I turned back to the other end which led into the main street, (the common thoroughfare to the palace,) having helped the woman over a vast heap of ruins, with no small hazard to my own life. Just as we were going into this street, as there was one part I could not well climb over without the assistance of my hands as well as feet, I desired her to let go her hold, which she did, remaining two or three feet behind me, at which instant there fell a vast stone from a tottering wall, and crushed both her and the child in pieces. So dismal a spectacle at any other time would have affected me in the highest degree; but the dread I was in of sharing the same fate myself, and the many instances of the same kind which presented themselves all around, were too shocking to make me dwell a moment on this single object.

I had now a long narrow street to pass, with the houses on each side four or five stories high, all very old, the greater part already thrown down, or continually falling, and threatening the passengers with inevitable death at every step, numbers of whom lay killed before me, or what I thought far more deplorable—so bruised and wounded that they could not stir to help themselves. For my own part, as destruction appeared to me unavoidable, I only wished I might be made an end of at once, and not have my limbs broken, in which case I could expect nothing else but to be left upon the spot, lingering in misery, like these poor unhappy wretches, without receiving the least succour from any person.

As self-preservation, however, is the first law of nature, these sad thoughts did not so far prevail as to make me totally despair. I proceeded on as fast as I conveniently could, though with the utmost caution; and having at length got clear of this horrid passage, I found myself safe and unhurt in the large open space before St. Paul's church, which had been thrown down a few minutes before, and buried a great part of the congregation, that was generally pretty numerous, this being reckoned one of the most populous parishes in Lisbon. Here I stood some time considering what I should do, and not thinking myself safe in this situation, I came to the resolution of climbing over the ruins of the west end of the church, in order to get to the river's side, that I might be removed as far as possible from the tottering houses, in case of a second shock.

This, with some difficulty, I accomplished; and here I found a prodigious concourse of people of both sexes, and of all ranks and conditions, among whom I observed some of the principal canons of the patriarchal church, in their purple robes and rockets, as these all go in the habit of bishops; several priests who had run from the altars in their sacerdotal vestments in the midst of their celebrating

mass ; ladies half dressed, and some without shoes : all these, whom their mutual dangers had here assembled as to a place of safety, were on their knees at prayers, with the terrors of death in their countenances, every one striking his breast and crying out incessantly *Misericordia meū Dīo*.

Amidst this crowd I could not avoid taking notice of an old venerable priest, in a stole and surplice, who, I apprehend, had escaped from St. Paul's. He was continually moving to and fro among the people, exhorting them to repentance, and endeavouring to comfort them. He told them, with a flood of tears, that God was grievously provoked at their sins, but that if they would call upon the blessed Virgin, she would intercede for them. Every one now flocked around him, earnestly begging his benediction, and happy did that man think himself who could get near enough to touch the hem of his garment ; several I observed had little wooden crucifixes and images of saints in their hands, which they offered me to kiss, and one poor Irishman, I remember, held out a St. Antonio to me for this purpose, and when I gently put his arm aside, as giving him to understand that I desired to be excused this piece of devotion, he asked me with some indignation, whether I thought there was a God. I verily believe many of the poor bigoted creatures who saved these useless pieces of wood, left their children to perish. However, you must not imagine that I have now the least inclination to mock at their superstitions. I sincerely pity them, and must own, that a more affecting spectacle was never seen. Their tears, their bitter sighs and lamentations, would have touched the most flinty heart. I knelt down amongst them, and prayed as fervently as the rest, though to a much properer object, the only Being who could hear my prayers to afford me any succour.

<sup>A</sup> In the midst of our devotions, the second great shock came on, little less violent than the first, and completed the ruin of those buildings which had been already much shattered. The consternation now became so universal, that the shrieks and cries of *Misericordia* could be distinctly heard from the top of St. Catherine's Hill, at a considerable distance off, whither a vast number of people had likewise retreated ; at the same time we could hear the fall of the parish church there, whereby many persons were killed on the spot, and others mortally wounded. You may judge of the force of this shock, when I inform you it was so violent that I could scarce keep on my knees ; but it was attended with some circumstances still more dreadful than the former. On a sudden I heard a general outcry, "the sea is coming in, we shall be all lost." Upon this, turning my eyes towards the river, which in that place is near four miles broad, I could perceive it heaving and swelling in a most unaccountable manner, as no wind was stirring. In an instant there appeared, at some small distance, a large body of water, rising as it were like a mountain. It came on foaming and roaring, and rushed towards the shore with such impetuosity, that we all immediately ran for our lives as fast as possible ; many were actually swept away, and the rest above their waist in water at a good distance from the banks. For my own part, I had the narrowest escape, and should certainly have been lost, had I not grasped a large beam that lay on the ground, till the water returned to its channel, which it did almost at the same instant, with equal rapidity. As there now appeared at least as much danger from the sea as the land, and I scarce know whither to retire for shelter, I took a sudden resolution of returning back, with my clothes all dripping, to the area of St. Paul's. Here I stood some time, and observed the ships tumbling and tossing about as in a violent storm ; some had broken their cables, and were carried to the other side of the Tagus ; others were whirled round with incredible swiftness ; several large boats were turned keel upwards ; and all this without any wind, which seemed the more astonishing. It was at the time of which I am now speaking, that the fine new

quay, built entirely of rough marble, at an immense expense, was entirely swallowed up, with all the people on it, who had fled thither for safety, and had reason to think themselves out of danger in such a place : at the same time a great number of boats and small vessels, anchored near it, (all likewise full of people, who had retired thither for the same purpose,) were all swallowed up, as in a whirlpool, and never more appeared

This last dreadful incident I did not see with my own eyes, as it passed three or four stones' throws from the spot where I then was, but I had the account as here given from several masters of ships, who were anchored within two or three hundred yards of the quay, and saw the whole catastrophe. One of them in particular informed me, that when the second shock came on, he could perceive the *whole* city waving backwards and forwards, like the sea when the wind first begins to rise ; that the agitation of the earth was so great even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, which swam, as he termed it, on the surface of the water ; that immediately upon this extraordinary concussion, the river rose at once near twenty feet, and in a moment subsided ; at which instant he saw the quay, with the whole concourse of people upon it, sink down, and at the same time every one of the boats and vessels that were near it, were drawn into the cavity, which he supposes instantly closed upon them, inasmuch as not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards. This account you may give full credit to, for as to the loss of the vessels, it is confirmed by everybody ; and with regard to the quay, I went myself a few days after to convince myself of the truth, and could not find even the ruins of a place, where I had taken so many agreeable walks, as this was the common rendezvous of the factory in the cool of the evening. I found it all deep water, and in some parts scarcely to be fathomed.

This is the only place I could learn which was swallowed up in or about Lisbon, though I saw many large cracks and fissures in different parts ; and one odd phenomenon I must not omit, which was communicated to me by a friend who has a house and wine-cellars on the other side the river, viz. that the dwelling-house being first terribly shaken, which made all the family run out, there presently fell down a vast high rock near it ; that upon this the river rose and subsided in the manner already mentioned, and immediately a great number of small fissures appeared in several contiguous pieces of ground, from whence there spouted out, like a *jet d'eau*, a large quantity of fine white sand to a prodigious height. It is not to be doubted the bowels of the earth must have been excessively agitated to cause these surprising effects ; but whether the shocks were owing to any sudden explosion of various minerals mixing together, or to air pent up, and struggling for vent, or to a collection of subterraneous waters forcing a passage, God only knows. As to the fiery eruptions then talked of, I believe they are without foundation, though it is certain, I heard several complaining of strong sulphureous smells, a dizziness in their heads, a sickness in their stomachs, and difficulty of respiration, not that I felt any such symptoms myself.

I had not been long in the area of St. Paul's, when I felt the third shock, which though somewhat less violent than the two former, the sea rushed in again, and retired with the same rapidity, and I remained up to my knees in water, though I had gotten upon a small eminence at some distance from the river, with the ruins of several intervening houses to break its force. At this time I took notice the waters retired so impetuously, that some vessels were left quite dry, which rode in seven fathom water ; the river thus continued alternately rushing on and retiring several times together, in such sort, that it was justly dreaded Lisbon would now meet the same fate which a few years before had befallen the city of Lima ; and no

doubt had this place lain open to the sea, and the force of the waves not been somewhat broken by the winding of the bay, the lower parts of it at least would have been totally destroyed.

The master of a vessel, which arrived here just after the 1st of November, assured me, that he felt the shock above forty leagues at sea so sensibly, that he really concluded he had struck upon a rock, till he threw out the lead, and could find no bottom, nor could he possibly guess at the cause, till the melancholy sight of this desolate city left him no room to doubt of it. The two first shocks, in fine, were so violent, that several pilots were of opinion, the situation of the bar, at the mouth of the Tagua, was changed. Certain it is, that one vessel, attempting to pass through the usual channel, foundered, and another struck on the sands, and was at first given over for lost, but at length got through. There was another great shock after this, which pretty much affected the river, but I think not so violently as the preceding, though several persons assured me, that as they were riding on horseback in the great road leading to Belem, one side of which lies open to the river, the waves rushed in with so much rapidity, that they were obliged to gallop as fast as possible to the upper grounds, for fear of being carried away.

I was now in such a situation, that I knew not which way to turn myself; if I remained there, I was in danger from the sea; if I retired further from the shore, the houses threatened certain destruction; and, at last, I resolved to go to the Mint, which being a low and very strong building, had received no considerable damage, except in some of the apartments towards the river. The party of soldiers, which is every day set there on guard, had all deserted the place, and the only person that remained was the commanding officer, a nobleman's son, of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whom I found standing at the gate. As there was still a continued tremor of the earth, and the place where we now stood (being within twenty or thirty feet of the opposite houses, which were all tottering) appeared too dangerous, the court-yard likewise being full of water, we both retired inward to a hillock of stones and rubbish: here I entered into conversation with him, and having expressed my admiration that one so young should have the courage to keep his post, when every one of his soldiers had deserted theirs, the answer he made was, though he were sure the earth would open and swallow him up, he scorned to think of flying from his post. In short, it was owing to the magnanimity of this young man that the Mint, which at this time had upwards of two millions of money in it, was not robbed; and indeed I do him no more than justice in saying, that I never saw any one behave with equal serenity and composure, on occasions much less dreadful than the present. I believe I might remain in conversation with him near five hours; and though I was now grown faint from the constant fatigue I had undergone, and having not yet broken my fast, yet this had not so much effect upon me as the anxiety I was under for a particular friend, with whom I was to have dined that day, and who, lodging at the top of a very high house in the heart of the city, and being a stranger to the language, could not but be in the utmost danger; my concern, therefore, for his preservation, made me determine, at all events, to go and see what was become of him, upon which I took my leave of the officer.

As I thought it would be the height of rashness to venture back through the same narrow street I had so providentially escaped from, I judged it safest to return over the ruins of St. Paul's to the river side, as the water now seemed little agitated. From hence I proceeded, with some hazard, to the large space before the Irish convent of Corpo Santo, which had been thrown down, and buried a great number of people who were hearing mass, besides some of the friars; the rest of the community were standing in the area, looking, with dejected countenances, towards the ruins: from this place I took my way to the back street leading to the palace, leaving the

ship-yard on one side, but found the further passage, opening into the principal street stopped up by the ruins of the Opera House, one of the solidest and most magnificent buildings of the kind in Europe, and just finished at a prodigious expense; a vast heap of stones, each of several tons weight, had entirely blocked up the front of Mr. Bristow's house, which was opposite to it; and Mr. Ward, his partner, told me the next day, that he was just that instant going out at the door; and had actually set one foot over the threshold, when the west end of the Opera House fell down, and had he not in a moment started back, he should have been crushed into a thousand

From hence I turned back; and attempted getting by the other way into the great square of the palace, twice as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields, one side of which had been taken up by the noble quay I spoke of, now no more; but this passage was likewise obstructed by the stones fallen from the great arched gateway: I could not help taking particular notice, that all the apartments wherein the royal family used to reside, were thrown down, and themselves, without some extraordinary miracle, must unavoidably have perished, had they been there at the time of the shock. Finding this passage impracticable, I turned to the other arched way which led to the new square of the palace, not the eighth part so spacious as the other, one side of which was taken up by the Patriarchal Church, which also served for the Chapel Royal, and the other by a most magnificent building of modern architecture, probably indeed by far the most so, not yet completely finished; as to the former, the roof and part of the front walls were thrown down, and the latter, notwithstanding their solidity, had been so shaken, that several large stones fell from the top, and every part seemed disjointed. The square was full of coaches, chaises, horses, and mules, deserted by their drivers and attendants, as well as their owners.

The nobility, gentry, and clergy, who were assisting at divine service when the earthquake began, fled away with the utmost precipitation, every one where his fears carried him, leaving the splendid apparatus of the numerous altars to the mercy of the first comer; but this did not so much affect me, as the distress of the poor animals, who seemed sensible of their hard fate, some few were killed, others wounded, but the greater part, which had received no hurt, were left there to starve.

From this square, the way led to my friend's lodgings, through a long, steep, and narrow street; the new scenes of horror I met with here exceed all description; nothing could be heard but sighs and groans; I did not meet with a soul in the passage who was not bewailing the death of his nearest relations and dearest friends, or the loss of all his substance; I could hardly take a single step, without treading on the dead or the dying: in some places lay coaches, with their masters, horses, and riders, *almost* crushed in pieces; here mothers with infants in their arms; there ladies richly dressed, priests, friars, gentlemen, mechanics, either in the same condition, or just expiring; some had their backs or thighs broken, others vast stones on their breasts; some lay almost buried in the rubbish, and crying out in vain to the passengers for succour, were left to perish with the rest.

At length I arrived at the spot opposite to the house where my friend, for whom I was so anxious, resided; and finding this as well as the contiguous buildings thrown down, (which made me give him over for lost,) I now thought of nothing but saving my own life in the best manner I could, and in less than an hour got to a public-house, kept by one Motley, near the English burying-ground, about half a mile from the city, where I still remain, with a great number of my countrymen, as well as Portuguese, in the same wretched circumstances, having almost ever since lain on the ground, and never once within doors, with scarcely any covering to defend me from the inclemency of the night air, which, at this time, is exceedingly sharp and piercing.



Perhaps you may think the present doleful subject here concluded ; but, alas ! the horrors of the 1st of November are sufficient to fill a volume. As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself little less shocking than those already described : the whole city appeared in a blaze, which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress.

It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified, that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their substance ; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of women and children calling on the saints and angels for succour, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and indeed I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together. I could never learn that this terrible fire was owing to any subterraneous eruption, as some reported, but to three causes, which all concurring at the same time, will naturally account for the prodigious havoc it made. The 1st of November being All Saints Day, a high festival among the Portuguese, every altar in every church and chapel (some of which have more than twenty) was illuminated with a number of wax tapers and lamps as customary ; these setting fire to the curtains and timber-work that fell with the shock, the conflagration soon spread to the neighbouring houses, and being there joined with the fires in the kitchen chimneys, increased to such a degree, that it might easily have destroyed the whole city, though no other cause had concurred, especially as it met with no interruption.

But what would appear incredible to you, were the fact less public and notorious, is, that a gang of hardened villains, who had been confined, and got out of prison when the wall fell, at the first shock, were busily employed in setting fire to those buildings which stood some chance of escaping the general destruction. I cannot conceive what could have induced them to this hellish work, except to add to the horror and confusion, that they might, by this means, have the better opportunity of plundering with security. But there was no necessity for taking this trouble, as they might certainly have done their business without it, since the whole city was so deserted before night, that I believe not a soul remained in it, except those execrable villains, and others of the same stamp. It is possible some among them might have had other motives besides robbing, as one in particular being apprehended, (they say he was a Moor, condemned to the galleys), confessed at the gallows, that he had set fire to the King's palace with his own hand ; at the same time glorying in the action, and declaring, with his last breath, that he hoped to have burnt all the royal family. It is likewise generally believed that Mr. Bristow's house, which was an exceeding strong edifice, built on vast stone arches, and had stood the shocks without any great damage, further than what I have mentioned, was consumed in the same manner. The fire, in short, by some means or other, may be said to have destroyed the whole city, at least every thing that was grand or valuable in it.

With regard to the buildings, it was observed that the solidest in general fell the first. Every parish church, convent, nunnery, palace, and public edifice, with an infinite number of private houses, were either thrown down or so miserably shattered, that it was rendered dangerous to pass by them.

The whole number of persons that perished, including those who were burnt, or afterwards crushed to death whilst digging in the ruins, is supposed, on the lowest calculation, to amount to more than sixty thousand ; and though the damage in other respects cannot be computed, yet you may form some idea of it, when I assure

you that this extensive and opulent city is now nothing but a vast heap of ruins; that the rich and poor are at present upon a level; some thousands of families which but the day before had been easy in their circumstances, being now scattered about in the fields, wanting every conveniency of life, and finding none able to relieve them.

A few days after the first consternation was over, I ventured down into the city by the safest ways I could pick out, to see if there was a possibility of getting anything out of my lodgings, but the ruins were now so augmented by the late fire, that I was so far from being able to distinguish the individual spot where the house stood, that I could not even distinguish the street amidst such mountains of stones and rubbish which rose on every side. Some days after I ventured down again with several porters, who, having long plied in these parts of the town, were well acquainted with the situation of particular houses; by their assistance I at last discovered the spot; but was soon convinced to dig for anything here, besides the danger of such an attempt, would never answer the expense; but what further induced me to lay aside all thoughts of the matter, was the sight of the ruins still smoking, from whence I knew for certain that those things I set the greatest value on, must have been irrecoverably lost in the fire.

On both the times when I attempted to make this fruitless search, especially the first, there came such an intolerable stench from the dead bodies, that I was ready to faint away; and though it did not seem so great this last time, yet it had like to have been more fatal to be, as I contracted a fever by it, but of which, God be praised, I soon got the better. However, this made me so cautious for the future, that I avoided passing near certain places, where the stench was so excessive that people began to dread an infection. A gentleman told me, that going into the town a few days after the earthquake, he saw several bodies lying in the streets, some horribly mangled, as he supposed, by the dogs; others half burnt; some quite roasted; and that in certain places, particularly near the doors of churches, they lay in vast heaps, piled one upon another. You may guess at the prodigious havoc which must have been made, by the single instance I am going to mention. There was a high-arched passage, like one of our old city gates, fronting the west door of the ancient cathedral; on the left hand was the famous church of St. Antonio, and on the right some private houses, several stories high. The whole area surrounded by all these buildings did not much exceed one of our small courts in London. At the first shock, numbers of people who were then passing under the arch, fled into the middle of this area for shelter; those in the two churches, as many as could possibly get out, did the same: at this instant the arched gateway, with the fronts of the two churches and contiguous buildings, all inclining one towards another with the sudden violence of the shock, fell down and buried every soul as they were standing here crowded together.

Thus, my dear friend, have I given you a genuine, though imperfect account of this terrible judgment, which has left so deep an impression on my mind, that I shall never wear it off. I have lost all the money I had by me, and have saved no other clothes than what I have on my back; but what I regret most, is the irreparable loss of my books and papers. To add to my present distress, those friends to whom I could have applied on any other occasion, are now in the same wretched circumstances with myself. However, notwithstanding all that I have suffered, I do not think I have reason to despair, but rather to return my gratefulest acknowledgments to the Almighty, who hath so visibly preserved my life amidst such dangers, where so many thousands perished; and the same good Providence, I trust, will still continue to protect me, and point out some means to extricate myself out of these difficulties.

## 103.—AN ELIZABETHAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

SIR JOHN CULLUM.

[THERE is a quarto volume, little known to general readers, entitled 'The History and Antiquities of Hawsted and Hardwick, in the County of Suffolk.' Yet it is a book full of curious matter, and suggestive of valuable thought. What Gilbert White did for the Natural History of his own parish of Selborne, the Rev. Sir John Cullum, the author of this book, did for the domestic antiquities of his own parish of Hawsted. He looked with the eyes of a scholar and a general observer at the past history, and the existing state, of the various objects by which he was surrounded in the rural district of which he was the chief proprietor as well as the sacred instructor. He describes its natural features, its church, its manorial and other properties, its landed tenures and cultivation; and, by a minute investigation of every parochial record, he brings together a mass of facts that have a far higher interest than the common pedantries of antiquarianism. Sir John Cullum was born in 1733; was, in 1762, presented to the rectory of Hawsted by his father, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy and family estates in 1774; and died in 1785.]

Its situation, as of many old seats in this neighbourhood, is on an eminence, gently sloping towards the south. The whole formed a quadrangle, two hundred and two by two hundred and eleven feet within; an area formerly called the Base Court, afterwards the Court Yard. Three of the sides consisted of barns, stables, a mill-house, slaughter-house, blacksmith's shop, and various other offices, which Harrison, in his description of Britain, tells us, began in this reign to be thrown to a greater distance from the principal house than they were in the time of Henry VIII. The entrance was by a gate-house in the centre of the south side, over which were chambers for carters, &c. This was afterwards laid open, and fenced with iron palisades. The mansion-house, which was also a quadrangle, formed the fourth side, standing higher than the other buildings, and detached from them by a wide moat, faced on all its banks with bricks, and surrounded by a handsome terrace, a considerable part of which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and bespoke a taste superior to the artificial mount, which in many old gardens was to be clambered up for the sake of the prospect. The approach to the house was by a flight of steps, and a strong brick bridge of three arches, through a small jealous wicket, formed in the great well-timbered gate, that rarely grated on its hinges.

Immediately upon your peeping through the wicket, the first object that unavoidably struck you was a stone figure of Hercules, as it was called, holding in one hand a club across his shoulders, the other resting on one hip, discharging a perennial stream of water into a carved stone basin. On the pedestal of the statue is preserved the date 1578, which was the year the queen graced this house with her presence; so that doubtless this was one of the embellishments bestowed upon the place against the royal visit. A fountain was generally (yet surely injudiciously in this climate) esteemed a proper ornament for the inner court of a great house. This, which still continues to flow, was supplied with water by leaden pipes, at no small expense, from a pond near half a mile off.

This inner court, as it was called, in which this statue stood, and about which the house was built, was an area of fifty-eight feet square. The walls of the house within it were covered with the pyracantha (*Mespilus pyracantha*) of venerable growth, which, with its evergreen leaves, enlivened with clusters of scarlet berries, produced in winter a very agreeable effect.

Having crept through the wicket before mentioned, a door in the gateway on the right conducted you into a small apartment, called the smoking-room; a name it acquired probably soon after it was built, and which it retained, with good reason, as long as it stood. There is scarcely any old house without a room of this denomination. In these our ancestors, from about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth

hill within almost every one's memory, spent no inconsiderable part of their vacant hours, residing more at home than we do, and having fewer resources of elegant amusement. At one period at least, this room was thought to be the scene of wit; for in 1688, Mr. Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, in a letter to Mr. Thomas Cullum, desires "to be remembered by the witty smokers at Hausted." Adjoining to this was a large wood-closet, and a passage that led to the dining-room, of moderate dimensions, with a large buffet. These occupied half the south front. At the end of the dining-room was originally a cloister, or arcade, about forty-five feet long, fronting the east; and looking into a flower garden within the walls of the moat. The arches were afterwards closed up and glazed, and a parlour made at one end. There are few old mansions without one or more of these sheltered walking places; and they certainly had their use: but this age of list, sandbags and carpets, that dreads every breath of air as if it were a pestilence, shudders at the idea of such a body of the element being admitted into any part of a dwelling. This cloister was terminated by the spacious and lofty kitchen, still standing, and well supplied with long oaken tables.

On the left hand of the entrance, and opposite the smoking-room, was the chapel, a room of state, much affected by the whole manorial lords, who seem to have disdained attending the parochial church. The last sacred office performed in it was the christening of the author of this compilation, in July 1733. Through this was a door into the drawing-room or largest parlour, which, with the chapel, occupied the other half of the south front. Adjoining to the parlour was a large gloomy hall at one end of which was a screen of brown wainscot, in which was a door that led to the buttery, &c. These formed the west side of the square. Beneath these apartments, and those on the south side, were the cellars, well vaulted with brick. The north side was occupied by the kitchen, and at the back of it was a drawbridge. These were the apartments on the ground floor, which was raised twelve feet above the surface of the moat. Over the gateway, chapel, and largest parlour were the royal apartments, which were approached by a staircase out of the hall. On this staircase, against the wall, stood some painted boards, representing various domestic servants: I have one of them, a very pretty well-painted female, said to be for a housekeeper. I know not whether this fancy be as old as the house; the portrait I have is certainly, from the dress, not more than a century old. Several bed-chambers, of common proportions, occupied the chief part of the rest of the first story. Among the rooms on that floor was one called the still-room, an apartment where the ladies of old much amused themselves in distilling waters and cordials, as well for the use of themselves, and of their poor neighbours, as for several purposes of cookery. In this room stood a death's head; no improper emblem of the effects of the operations carried on within it.

Contiguous to one of the bedchambers was a wainscoted closet, about seven feet square; the panels painted with various sentences, emblems, and mottoes. It was called the painted closet; at first probably designed for an oratory, and, from one of the sentences, for the use of a lady. The dresses of the figures are of the age of James I. This closet was therefore fitted up for the last Lady Drury, and, perhaps, under her direction. The paintings are well executed, and now put up in a small apartment at Hardwick House. \* \* \* \*

The windows, in general, were spacious, but high above the floors. In still earlier times they were very narrow as well as high, that they might be more difficult marks for the arrows of an enemy; and that, if the arrows did enter, they might pass over the heads of those that were sitting. After this precaution was needless, the windows, though enlarged, continued to be made high, even till modern days. The beauty of landscape, so much studied now, was then but little or not at all re-

garded ; and high windows, when opened, ventilated the apartments better than low ones, and when shut, the air they admitted was less felt. \* \* \* \*

The walls of the house were chiefly built of timber and plaster. The plaster in the front was thickly stuck with fragments of glass, which made a brilliant appearance when the sun shone, and even by moonlight. Much of it still remains, and appears to be but little injured by two centuries ; perhaps will survive the boasted stucco of modern artists. I wish I could give the receipt for this excellent composition ; I can only say, it contains plenty of hair, and was made of coarse sand, abounding with stones almost as big as horse beans. And in some of the old walls round the house, where the bricks have crumbled away, the layers of mortar continue sound, and support themselves by their own compactness. The art was not lost even in the last century ; for some plaster on an outhouse, which bears the date 1661, still remains perfectly firm.

This house was no bad specimen of the skill of former artists in erecting what should last. Part has been taken down, not from decay, but because it was become useless. What is left promises to stand many years. The mode of its construction contributed to its durability ; for the tiles projected considerably over the first story, and that over the ground floor ; so that the walls and sills were scarcely ever wetted.

In the year 1685 this house paid taxes for thirty-four fire hearths ; two shillings each hearth.

The banks of the moat were planted with yews and variegated hollies ; and, at a little distance, surrounded by a terrace that commanded a fine woodland prospect. Here were orchards and gardens in abundance, and a bowling-yard, as it was called, which always used to be esteemed a necessary appendage of a gentleman's seat.

This place was well furnished with fish-ponds. There is near it a series of five large ones, on the gentle declivity of a hill, running into one another ; the upper one being fed with a perennial spring. There is another similar series of small ones that served as stews. These must have been made at a very heavy expense ; but they were necessary when fish made so considerable a part of our diet as it did before the Reformation, and when bad roads made sea fish not so easily procured as at present.

There was also a rabbit warren in the park, a spot that would have borne good wheat. But it was, like a pigeon-house, a constant appendage to a manorial dwelling. Eighth of James I., a stable near the coney warren was let with the dairy farm ; and even in the next year we hear of the *warreners's lodge*.

One principal reason of the number of warrens formerly was the great use our ancestors made of fur in their clothing. "I judge warrens of coneyes," says Harrison, "to be almost innumerable, and daily like to encrease, by reason that the black skins of those beasts are thought to countervail the prices of their naked carcasses." The latter were worth 2½d a piece, and the former 6d. 17 Henry VIII.

#### 104.—HYMN OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

SPENSER.

[THE inscription on his monument designates Edmund Spenser as "the prince of poets." Few have had a better claim to so eminent a title. Mr. Craik, in his excellent little work, 'Spenser and his Poetry,' has truly said, "Our only poets before Shakspeare who have given to the language any thing that in its kind has not been surpassed, and in some sort superseded, are Chaucer and Spenser—Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, Spenser in his *Faerie Queen*." Very little is known accurately of Spenser's life, beyond the facts that he was admitted as a sizer of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1569 ; in 1580 became Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Grey of Wilton, and for his services was rewarded by a large grant of land in the county of Cork ; in 1598 was driven from Ireland by a savage outbreak, in which his house was burned, with one of his children ; and that he died in January,

1590, "for lack of bread," as Ben Jonson records. Three books of 'The Faerie Queene' were published in 1590; and three others in 1591. The 'Two Cantos of Mutability' appeared after his death.]

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thought,  
Through contemplation of those goodly sights  
And glorious images in heaven wrought,  
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,  
Do kindle love in high-concoited sprites,  
I fain \* to tell the things that I behold,  
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Sprite !  
From whom all gifts of wit, and knowledge flow,  
To shed into my breast some sparkling light  
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show  
Some little beams to mortal eyes below  
Of that immortal beauty there with thee,  
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly sight  
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire  
Fair-seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,  
Transported with celestial desire  
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,  
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,  
The eternal fountain of that Heavenly Beauty.

[The Poet then proceeds to look around "on the frame of this wide universe"—the earth, the sky, the stars; and, finally, the spiritual heavens. He then takes up the more immediate subject of his poem :

Cease then, my tongue ! and lend unto my mind  
Leave to bethink how great that beauty is  
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find ;  
How much more these essential parts of his,  
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss,  
His grace, his doom, his mercy, and his might,  
By which he lends us of himself a sight !

Those unto all he daily does display,  
And shew himself in the image of his grace,  
As in a looking-glass, through which he may  
Be seen of all his creatures vile and base,  
That are unable else to see his face,  
His glorious face, which glistereth else so bright  
• That th' angels selves cannot endure his sight.

But we, frail wights ! whose sight cannot sustain  
The sun's bright beams when he on us doth shine.  
But that their points rebutted back again  
Are dulled, how can we see with feeble eyne  
The glory of that majesty divine  
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark.  
Compared to his least resplendent spark ?

• Fondly desire.

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent  
Him to behold is on his works to look,  
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,  
And in the same, as in a brazen book,  
To read enregistered in every nook  
His goodness, which his beauty doth declare;  
For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,  
To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,  
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation  
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,  
And, like the native brood of eagles' kind,  
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,  
Cleared from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,  
Before the footstool of his majesty  
Throw thyself down with trembling innocence.  
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye  
On the dread\* face of that great Deity,  
For fear lest, if he chance to look on thee,  
Thou turn to nought and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-seat,  
Close-covered with the Lamb's integrity  
From the just wrath of this avengeful threat  
That sits upon the righteous throne on high.  
His throne is built upon eternity,  
More firm and durable than steel or brass,  
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

His sceptre is the rod of Righteousness,  
With which he bruise all his foes to dust,  
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress  
Under the rigour of his judgment just;  
His seat is Truth, to which the faithful trust,  
From whence proceed her beams, so pure and bright,  
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light far exceeding that bright-blazing spark  
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,  
That with his beams enlumineth the dark  
And dampish air, whereby all things are read  
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled  
Of mortal wits that it doth much amaze  
The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine  
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,  
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,  
Through which to God all mortal actions here,  
And even the thoughts of men, do plain appear:  
For from the Eternal Truth it doth proceed,  
Through heavenly virtue which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light  
His throne is all encompassed around,  
And hid in his own brightness from the sight  
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound ;  
And underneath his feet are to be found  
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,  
The instruments of his avenging ire.

There in his bosom Sapience doth sit,  
The sovereign darling of the Deity,  
Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit  
For so great power and peerless majesty,  
And all with gems and jewels gorgeously  
Adorned, that brighter than the stars appear,  
And make her native brightness seem more clear.

And on her head a crown of purest gold  
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty ;  
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold  
With which she rules the house of God on high,  
And menageth the ever-moving sky,  
And in the same these lower creatures all  
Subjected to her power imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,  
And all the creatures which they both contain  
For of her fulness, which the world doth fill,  
They all partake, and do in state remain  
As their great Maker did at first ordain,  
Through observation of her high behest,  
By which they first were made and still increased.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell,  
For she the daughters of all women's race,  
And angels eke, in beauty doth excel,  
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,  
And more increased by her own goodly grace,  
That it doth far exceed all human thought,  
Ne can on earth compared be to aught :

Ne could that painter, had he lived yet,  
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill.  
That all posterity admired it,  
Have pourtrayed this, for all his maistering skill ;  
Ne she herself, had she remained still,

Could once come near this beauty sovereign.

But had those wise, the wonders of their days,  
Or that sweet Teian poet which did spend  
His plenteous vein in setting forth her praise,  
Seen but a glimpse of this which I pretend \*  
How wondrously would he her face commend,  
Above that idol of his feigning thought,  
That all the world should with his rhymes be fraught.

\* Show forth.



How then dare I, the novice of his art,  
Presume to picture so divine a wight,  
Or hope t'express her least perfection's part,  
Whose beauty fills the heavens with her light,  
And darks the earth with shadow of her sight ?  
Ah, gentle muse ! thou art too weak and faint  
The portrait of so heavenly hue to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold  
And see at will, her sovereign praises sing,  
And those most sacred mysteries unfold  
Of that fair love of mighty Heaven's King ;  
Enough is me t' admire so heavenly thing,  
And, being thus with her huge love possessed,  
In the only wonder of her self to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,  
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,  
And lets his own beloved to behold ;  
For in the view of her celestial face  
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place ;  
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight  
Who of her self can win the wishful sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,  
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,  
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie  
Within the closet of her chastest bower,  
The eternal portion of her precious dower,  
Which mighty God hath given to her free,  
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she  
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,  
And letteth them her lovely face to see,  
Whereof such wondrous pleasure they conceive,  
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave  
Their soul of sense through infinite delight,  
And them transport from flesh into the sprite ;

In which they see such admirable things  
As carries them into an extasy,  
And hear such heavenly notes and carollings  
Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky,  
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,  
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,  
And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense  
Or idle thought of earthly things remain,  
But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,  
And all that pleased erst now seems to pain :  
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,  
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;  
All other sights but feigned shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to inflame  
 The hearts of men with self-consuming fire  
 Thenceforth seagus foul, and full of sinful blame;  
 And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire  
 By name of honour, and so much desire,  
 Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,  
 And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,  
 And senses fraught with such satiety,  
 That in nought else on earth they can delight  
 But in th' aspect of that felicity,  
 Which they have written in their inward eye,  
 On which they feed and in their fastened mind  
 All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah then, my hungry soul! which long hast fed  
 On idle fancies of my foolish thought,  
 And, with false Beauty's flattering bait misled,  
 Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,  
 Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought  
 But late repentance through thy folly's prief\*,  
 Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief;

And look at last up to that sovereign light  
 From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,  
 That kindleth love in every godly sprite,  
 Even the Love of God, which loathing brings  
 Of this vile world and these gay seeming things;  
 With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,  
 Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

\* Proof.

#### 105.—FORTUNE.

LUCAS.

[RICHARD LUCAS, D.D., Prebendary of Westminster, was the author of a popular book entitled an 'Inquiry after Happiness,' from which the following extract is taken. He also published 'Practical Christianity,' and 'Sermons,' extending to five volumes. He lived in the early part of the last century. The following extract from the Preface to the 'Inquiry after Happiness,' is a charming illustration of the character of this amiable divine:—

"It has pleased God that in a few years I should finish the more pleasant and delightful part of life, if sense were to be the judge and standard of pleasure; being confined (I will not say condemned), by well-nigh utter blindness, to retirement and solitude. In this state conversation has lost much of its former air and briskness. Business (wherein I could never pretend to any great address) gives me now more trouble than formerly, and that, too, without the usual despatch or success. Study (which is the only employment left me) is clogged with this weight and incumbrance, that all the assistance I can receive from without must be conveyed by another's sense, not my own; which it may easily be believed are instruments or organs as ill fitted, and as awkwardly managed by me, as wooden legs and hands by the maimed.

"If this case, should I affect to procure myself a decent funeral, and leave an honourable remembrance of me behind, should I struggle to rescue myself from that contempt to which this condition (wherein I may seem lost to the world and myself) exposes me, should I ambitiously affect to have my name march in the train of those All (though not all equally) great ones—Homer, Appian, Cn. Aufidius, Didymus, Walkup, Pere Jean l'Avengle, &c., all of them eminent for their service and usefulness, as for their affliction of the same kind with mine; even this might seem almost a commendable infirmity; for the last thing a mind

truly great and philosophical puts off is, the desire of glory. But this treatise oweth neither its conception nor birth to this principle; for, besides that I know my own insufficiency too well to flatter myself with the hopes of a romantic immortality from any performance of mine, in this ingenious and learned age, I must confess I never had a soul great enough to be acted on by the heroic heat which the love of fame and honour hath kindled in some. I have ever loved the security and contentment of privacy and retirement, almost to the guilt of singularity and affectation.

"But the truth is plainly this: the vigour and activity of my mind, the health and strength of my body (being now in the flower of my age) continuing unbroken under this affliction, I found that, if I did not provide some employment that might entertain it, it would weary out itself with fruitless desires of, and vain attempts after, its wanted objects; and so that strength and vivacity of nature, which should render my state more comfortable, would make it much more intolerable.

"I confess, my zeal for public good, by the propagation and endearment of divine truths, was less fervent in me than could well become the particular obligations of my profession, or the common ones which every Christian, in proportion to his talents, lies under. I was almost induced to believe, that this chastisement, which had removed me from the service of the altar, did at the same time discharge me from all duty owing to the public: but my good friend, Mr. Lamb, revived the dying sparks of a decaying zeal, and restored me to a proper sense of my duty in this point; for whether by design, or by providence governing chance, I know not (for he never seemed to address or design the discourse particularly to me), he had ever and anon in his mouth this excellent principle, *that the life of man is to be esteemed by its usefulness and serviceableness in the world*. A sober reflection upon this wrought me up to a resolution strong enough to condemn all the difficulties which the loss of my sight could represent to me in an enterprize of this nature. Thus you see on what principle I became engaged in this work: I thought it my duty to set myself some task, which might serve at once to divert my thoughts from a melancholy application on my misfortune, and entertain my mind with such a rational employment as might render me most easy to myself and most serviceable to the world. Being now abundantly convinced that I am not released from that duty I owe that body of which I am still a member, by being cut off from a great part of the pleasure and advantages of it; therefore, like one that truly loves his country, when no way else is left him, he fights for it on his stumps; so will I ever, in the remains of a broken body, express, at least, my affection for mankind, and breathe out my last gasp in their service."]

What dost thou mean by fortune? If mere chance, then to envy the lot of others, or murmur at thy own, is folly; if providence, then it is impiety; for whatever goodness, guided by unerring wisdom, doth, must be so well done that it cannot be mended; and whatever is merely in the power of a blind, giddy, and inconstant humour (which is the notion by which men choose to express fortune) can neither be prevented, fixed, or regulated. But what is it, *secondly*, thou dost put in the power of fortune? the understanding and liberty of men's minds; wisdom, temperance, industry, courage, and in one word, virtue? If thou dost not, she has no influence on thy happiness, she cannot prevent thy attainment of it, nor bereave thee of it when attained. If thou dost, thou dost enlarge the empire of fortune too far; let her rule and insult over soldiers, courtiers, lovers, factious demagogues and time-servers, but not over philosophers; let those who are her minions be her slaves; let her dispose of money, lands, farms, commissions, benefices, honours, graces, fame; nay, if you will, crowns and sceptres too; virtue, and happiness, and souls are too precious commodities to be the sport and traffic of Fortune. Solomon observed long ago, "Wisdom cries out, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she cries out in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates; in the city she utters her words." Prov. i. "Our Saviour in the great day of the feast, cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." John vii, which is an invitation of the same nature with that of the prophet—"Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat, buy wine and milk without money, and without price."

Isaiah lv. This ever was, and ever will be true ; a great fortune is not necessary for the attainment of faith, hope, or charity ; and he that is endowed with these cannot be miserable : you may learn the whole system of divine and important truths ; you may acquit yourself with all the beauty and enjoyments of virtue at a very cheap rate ; and you may learn temperance, fortitude, justice, modesty, constancy, patience, contempt of the world, without the assistance of much more wealth than will serve to feed and clothe you : and canst thou not be content with these possessions ? is not this a sort of merchandize to be preferred before that of fine gold.

I know the greater part of those who accuse their fortune of misery do at least pretend that their condition and circumstances of life are so incommodious, that they have not time to attend to the great interest of the soul, or at least not with that application which they should. Alas ! thus not the mean only, but almost all talk, from the porter to the prince : the circumstances of one are too strait, too narrow ; of another too full of trouble, because too full of state ; one complains that he is withdrawn from his great end, by the many allurements and sensual temptations to which his rank and quality in the world expose him ; another that he is daily fretted and indisposed by the little cross accidents and the rugged conversation which he is necessarily obliged to bear with ; one complains of too much business, another of too little ; the hurry and multitude of things distracts the one, infidel fears and anxious despondencies the other ; one complains that his acquaintance and friends are too numerous, and intrrench too far upon his precious hours ; another is querulous, melancholy, and peevish, because he looks upon himself either for his meanness neglected, or for his misfortune deserted and forsaken ; company is burdensome to the one, and solitude to the other. Thus all conditions are full of complaints, from him that trudges on his clouted shoe, to him who can scarce mention the manners or the fortunes of the multitude without some expressions of contumely and disdain. Thou fool ! dost thou not see that all these complaints are idle contradictions ? for shame, correct the wantonness of thy humour, and thou wilt soon correct thy fortune : learn to be happy in every state, and every place : learn to enjoy thyself, to know and value the wealth that is in thine own power, I mean wisdom and goodness : learn to assert the sovereignty and dignity of thy soul. Methinks that, if philosophy could not, pride and indignation might conquer fortune. It is beneath the dignity of a soul, that has but a grain of sense, to make chance, and winds, and waves, the arbitrary disposers of his happiness ; or, what is worse, to depend upon some mushroom upstart, which a chance smile raised out of his turf and rottenness, to a condition of which his mean soul is so unequal that he himself fears and wonders at his own height. Oh, how I hug the memory of those honest heathens, who, in a ragged gown and homely cottage bade defiance to fortune, and laughed at those pains and hazards, the vanity and pride of men, not their misfortune, drove them to ! Men may call this pride or spite in them ; as the beggarly rabble doth usually envy the fortune it doth despair of : but there were a great many of these who laid by envied greatness, to enjoy this quiet though generally despicable meanness : but let the contempt of the world be what it will in a heathen ; let it be pride or peevishness, vain-glory, or any thing, rather than a reproach to Christians ; what say you to the followers of our Lord and Master ? "Then said Peter, silver and gold I have none," Acts iii. None ? what hast thou then, thou poor disciple of a poor master ? A true faith, a godlike charity, and unshaken hope : blessed art thou amongst men ; nothing can make thee greater, nothing richer, nothing happier, but heaven. You see plainly, then, a man may be virtuous, though not wealthy ; and that fortune, which prevents his being rich, cannot prevent his being happy.

This discourse will never down ; this is not calculated for this age : philosophy must be a little more mannerly, and religion a little more genteel and complaisant than formerly, ere it can be adapted and accommodated to the present state of things. Go on then, let us try how far it will be necessary to condescend. You cannot be happy ; why ? because you are not *rich* ; go then to God, and beg you may be *rich* ; I have not the face to put up such arrogant and intemperate requests to God ; it is plain, then, it is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy : for whatever is necessary to this thou mayest with good assurance beg of God. But thy desires are more humble and modest ; thou aimest at nothing but what is very necessary ; a fairer house, another servant, a dish or two of meat more for thy friends, a coach for thy convenience or ease, and a few hundred pounds apiece more for thy children : O heavenly ingredients of a rational pleasure ! O divine instruments of human happiness ! O the humble and mortified requests of modest souls ! Well, if these things be so necessary, and these desires be so decent and virtuous, if thou canst not be happy, and consequently must be miserable, without them—put up a bill, represent thy condition in it ; such a one wants a more commodious house, more servants, more dishes, &c., and desires the prayers of the congregation for support under this affliction. You are profane : far be it from me ; I would only let thee see the wantonness of thy desires. If thou thinkest this would expose thee to public laughter, go to thy minister, unfold thy case to him, let him pray for thee ; he is a good man, and his prayers will go far ; you rally and ridicule me. Enter then into thy closet, shut thy door ; thou mayest trust God, he pities and considers even human infirmities ; I could even almost *in my mind* desire it of him ; but I am ashamed to do it in a set and solemn prayer. I could almost make the petition in the *gross*, but I blush to think of descending to *particulars*. Well, then, I see plainly that wealth in any degree of it is so far from being necessary to our happiness, that it 'as so little of usefulness or convenience in it, that, in thy conscience between God and thee, thou canst not think fit to complain of the want of it.

But this answer will never satisfy him who complains of want, or of being engaged in continual troubles, and tossed by the daily changes and revolutions of the world. I confess it will not : but I must tell such a one, if Solomon's observation be true, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," Prov. x. ; and that other, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business ? he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men," Prov. xxii.

Then his poverty is his crime as well as his calamity ; he must redeem himself from this his punishment by industry and prayer. As to calamities, this must be acknowledged, that the mind of a good and great man, which stands firm upon its own basis, a good God, a good Saviour, and a good conscience, may remain unmoved, when the earth trembles, and the sea roars round about him. Chances indeed befall things temporal ; but he leans not upon them. I may say farther, that he who, upon mature deliberation and upon necessary obligations of duty, engages himself in a just cause may be unfortunate, but he cannot be miserable ; his sufferings carry a secret pleasure in them, and his misfortunes are full of hope and glory ; if he consider, if he reflect, if he do not feed on vain and airy projects, and suffer himself to be unwarily transported by very irrational, though seemingly just passions. I must lastly add, that it is not the necessity of their affairs, nor the iniquity of times, which doth commonly involve and entangle men in public or private calamities, but some secret vanity, some blind impetuous passion, some ill-laid project, or some treacherous or dishonourable fear.

# HALF-HOURS

SIXTEENTH WEEK.

## 106.—THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

[The following is an account, translated from the quaint old French, of the fearful massacre of the Huguenots, or French Protestants, which was perpetrated in the year 1572, and concerning which many disputes have been raised in modern times. The great historian, De Thou, agrees with Adriani, De Surres, and other writers who were in Paris at the time, in stating the total number of victims who perished throughout France on this fatal day at thirty thousand. The lady whose account we are about to quote was the wife and biographer of that great champion of the reformed church in France, Philip de Duplessis-Mornay. But she was twice married, and at the time of the massacre her first husband, Jean de l'as de Fenquière, was but recently dead. Her maiden name was Charlotte Arbaleste, and she and all her family were devout Huguenots, and as such, and as persons of mark and consideration, they were obnoxious to the fury of the Papists. The young and handsome widow had an only child by her first husband—the little girl of whom mention is made in her simple narrative.\*]

4th August, 1572. In order to divert myself from business, and for the sake of my health, I had made arrangements to pass the winter in the country at the house of my sister, Madame de Vaucelas; and because I had to leave Paris on the Monday after St. Bartholomew's day, I wished to go on the Sunday to the palace of the Louvre, to take leave of Madame the Princess of Condé, Madame de Bouillon, the Marchioness of Rothelin, and Madame de Dampierre. But, while I was yet in bed, one of my kitchen maids, who was a Protestant, came in to me in a great fear, and told me that they were killing all the Huguenots. I did not take any sudden alarm; but, having put on my dressing gown, I looked out of the window, and saw, in the great street of St. Anthony, where I was lodging, all the people in great agitation, and many soldiers of the guard, and every one wearing a white cross in his hat. Then I saw that the matter was serious, and I sent to my mother's, where my brothers were staying, to know what it was. There, they were all in great alarm, for my brothers made profession of the Protestant religion. Messire Pierre Chevalier, bishop of Senlis, and my uncle on the mother's side, sent to tell me that I ought to put in some safe place all the valuables I had with me, and that he would soon send to fetch me away: but, as he was about to send for me, he had news that Messire Charles Chevalier, lord of Esprunes, his brother, who was very well affectioned to Protestantism, had been killed in the street De Bétizy, where he was lodging in order to be near the Admiral†. This was the reason that M. de Senlis forgot me; besides which, he himself, wanting to go through the streets, was stopped; and if he had not made the sign of the cross he would have been in danger of his life, although he was not the least in the world concerned with the Protestants. Having waited for him about half an hour, and seeing that the commotion was increasing in the said street of St. Anthony, I sent my daughter, who was then about three years

\* Mémoires de Madame de Mornay, sur la Vie de son Mari, &c., prefixed to Mémoires et Correspondance de Duplessis-Mornay, &c.—Paris, 1824.

† The Admiral de Coligny, the head of the Huguenot party, and one of the first of those who were butchered.

and a half old, on the back of a servant, to the house of M. de Perreuze, who was master of requests in the king's hostel, and one of my best relations and friends, who admitted her by a back-door, and received her kindly, and sent to tell me that if I would go myself I should be welcome. I accepted his offer, and went thither about seven o'clock. He did not then know all that had happened; but, having sent one of his people to the Louvre, the man on his return reported to him the death of the admiral, and of so many lords and gentlemen, and told us that the massacre was raging over all the city. It was now about eight o'clock in the morning. I had scarcely left my lodgings when some of the servants of the Duke of Guise\* entered it, calling upon mine host to find me, and searching for me everywhere. In the end, not being able to discover me there, they went to my mother's, to offer that, if I would send them one hundred crowns, they would preserve my life and all my furniture. Of this my mother sent me notice: but, upon a little thought, I could not see it good that they should know where I was, or that I should go to seek them. Yet I earnestly entreated my mother to give them to understand that she did not know what had become of me, and to offer them at once the sum of money they demanded. But, as my mother did not receive this message in time, my lodgings were pillaged. To take refuge in the house of M. de Perreuze, wherein I was, there came M. de Landres and Madame his wife, Mademoiselle Duplessis Bourlelot, Mademoiselle de Chanfreau, M. de Matho, and all their families. We were more than forty; so that M. de Perreuze, in order to remove suspicion from his house, was obliged to send and seek provisions for us at the other end of the town; and either he himself or Madame de P. his wife, stood at the door of the house, to speak a few words now and then to M. de Guise, or to M. de Nevers, and other Catholic lords who passed and repassed thereby; as also to the captains of Paris, who were pillaging all the neighbouring houses that belonged to Protestants. We remained there until the Tuesday; but, however well M. de Perreuze played his part, he could not avoid being suspected; and thus an order was issued that his house should be visited and searched on this Tuesday after dinner. The greater part of those who had first taken refuge in it withdrew secretly to other houses; and now none remained except the late Mademoiselle de Chanfreau and myself. And now must we hide ourselves as best we might: she and her waiting-maid went into an out-house where they kept the firewood, I and one of my women into the hollow space between the coiling of the garret and the tiled roof of the house; the rest of our people disguised themselves, and hid themselves as they were able. Being in that dark hollow space above the garret, I heard the cries and shrieks of men, women, and children, that the Papists were massacring in the streets: and, having left mine own little daughter in the apartments below, I fell into such perplexity, and almost despair, that, but for the fear of offending God, I would have precipitated myself from the house-top, in order to escape falling alive into the hands of that populace, or seeing mine own daughter massacred, which was what I feared more than death. A woman servant of mine took away the dear child, and carried it in her arms through all those dangers and horrors, and went and found out the late dame Marie Guillard, the lady of Esprunes, my maternal grandmother, who was yet living, and left the child with her, and the child remained with her until her death. And this same Tuesday, in the afternoon, was killed in the same street in which M. de Perreuze dwelt, and which was the old street of the Temple, the late President de la Place of happy memory, those who butchered him pretending that they were going to carry him to the king in the view of saving his life. M. de Perreuze, seeing himself menaced and assailed so near at hand, in order to preserve

\* The Duke of Guise was the head of the Catholic party, and one of an atrocious cabal who had concerted with the queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, this detestable massacre.

our lives and save his house from being sacked, employed M. de Thou, King's advocate, and now president of his Court of Parliament. This tempest having passed by more hastily than we expected, we devised how we might disguise ourselves and seek some other hiding-place. Go to my dear mother I could not, for they had placed a guard in her house. I betook myself to the house of a farrier, who had married one of my mother's chamber-women, a seditious man, and one that was captain of his quarter; but, as he had received favours and benefactions from my mother, I promised myself that he would not willingly injure me. My poor mother came to see me at the farrier's in the evening; she was rather dead than living, and much more petrified by fear than I was. I passed that night in the house of the captain-farrier, hearing nothing but abuse of the Huguenots,\*and seeing nothing but the pillage that was brought in from the houses of those who professed the Protestant faith. The captain-farrier told me in strong terms that I must go to mass.

On the Wednesday morning my mother sent to the President Tambonneau, and to her mother-in-law, Madame Morin, to ask if they could not conceal me in the house they occupied. And about the hour of noon I went thitherward all alone; but because I knew not the way I followed a little boy, who went before me to show it. They were lodged in the cloisters of Notre Dame, and there was nobody in the house except Madame Morin, mother to the wife of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, Messires and Madame Tambonneau, Messire de Paroy their brother, and one of their servants named Jacques Minier, who knew that I was hid there within. Having entered quite secretly, I was concealed in the study of the President Tambonneau, and there I remained all that day and night, and all the next day. But on Thursday, towards the evening, we were warned that they were coming to seek therein for M. de Chaumont Barbesieux and Madame de Belesbat; and mine hosts, fearing that if they came they might find me, were of opinion that I ought to seek another asylum: which I did about midnight, being conducted to the house of a corn-factor, who was their servant and a good man. There I lay hid for five days, being assisted and comforted by Messire and Madame Tambonneau, and by all of that house. Besides what I feel for them as my relations, there never can be a day of my life in which I shall not be grateful for the friendship and aid they afforded me at this crisis.

On the following Tuesday my mother, having recovered a little from her excessive agitation, and having found means to save my brothers from this wreck by persuading them to go to mass, thought to save me by the same means, and spoke to me of it through M. de Paroy our cousin, who, after many conversations which we had together, found me, by the grace of God, very much averse to it. On Wednesday morning, after my mother had made several attempts to change my determination, and after receiving from me not the answer which she wished, but only an entreaty to convey me out of Paris, she sent to tell me that she would be constrained to send me back my daughter. I could only reply that if it must be so I would take her into my arms, and that then we should be left to be massacred together; but at the same time I resolved to leave Paris, whatever might happen to me in the attempt, and I prayed those who carried this message to engage a place for me on board of a passage-boat, or in any boat going up the Seine. All the time I remained in the corn-merchant's house I was in great discomfort, for I was lodged in a room above that of Madame de Foissy (a hot Papist), and so durst not walk up and down lest I should be discovered, nor could I venture to light a candle at night lest she or some of the neighbours should see it, and find me out. When they gave me to eat, it was secretly a few morsels were wrapt up in a napkin, and they came into my room under pretence of getting linen for the said dame de Foissy. At last departed from that lodging on Wednesday, the eleventh day after the massacre



about eleven o'clock in the morning, and went on board a boat which was going to Sens. In this boat I found two monks and a priest, and two merchants with their wives. When we arrived at the Tournelles, where there was a guard of soldiers, the boat was stopped, and our passports were demanded. My companions all showed theirs, but I had none to show. Then they began to call me a Huguenot, and to threaten to drown me; and they made me get out of the boat. I begged them to carry me to M. de Voysenon, auditor of accounts, who was a friend of mine, and who managed the affairs of Madame d'Esprunes, my grandmother. He was known as a staunch Roman Catholic; and I assured the soldiers that he would answer for me. Two soldiers of the guard took me and carried me to the said house. It pleased God that these two men should stay at the door, and that I should be allowed to go up stairs alone. Poor M. de Voysenon was greatly astonished at seeing me, and although I was disguised he knew me and called me by my name, and told me about some other ladies who had fled to his house for concealment. I told him that I had no time to listen to him (for I feared that the soldiers were following me up stairs), that it appeared as though God willed he should be the means of saving my life, and that otherwise I could only look upon myself as one that was dead. He went down stairs, and found the soldiers, to whom he gave assurance that he had seen me in the house of Madame d'Esprunes, whose son was Bishop of Senlis, and who was herself a good Catholic and well known as such. The soldiers replied that they did not want to know about Madame d'Esprunes and the Bishop of Senlis, but about me. M. de Voysenon told them that in former times he had known me to be a good Catholic, but that he could not answer for my being one now. At this moment, an honest woman came up and asked them what they would do with me. They said "Pardieu! It is a Huguenot that must be drowned! We can tell what she is by the fear she is in!" And in truth I did think that they were going to throw me into the river. The honest woman said to them: "You know me, I am no Huguenot; I go every day to mass: but I have been so terrified at that which I have seen done in Paris, that for these eight days past I have had a fever upon me." Then one of the soldiers said, "Pardieu! and I and all of us have symptoms of fever upon us!" And so they carried me back to the boat, telling me that if I had been a man I should not have escaped so easily. At the very time that I was stopped in the boat, the lodging in Paris which I had quitted was ransacked; and if I had been found there great would have been my danger. We continued our voyage. All the afternoon, those monks and those merchants did nothing but talk joyfully of what they had seen in Paris; and whenever I ventured to say a word they told me that I spoke like a Huguenot. I could do nothing better than pretend to fall asleep, thus escaping the necessity of talking with them. When it was night, we landed at a place called Petit la Bordo. There I perceived the afore-named Jacques Minier, who had been sent by Madame Tamboeuan to know what would become of me, that lady being much troubled on my account, because she had heard that I had been arrested at the Tournelles. He made me a sign not to recognise him; but as it was he who had taken my place in the boat, he was recognised as my acquaintance by the two women in the boat. I found means to let him know this without their observing it. He soon came into the inn where we all were, and told me that my mistress had sent him into the country to attend the vintage. At supper he sat at table with us, put on an air of ease, and calling me familiarly by my Christian name Charlotte, and bidding me fill his glass for him. This removed all the suspicions that had been entertained of me. They had but one room in this inn with three beds in it. The two monks and the priest lay down on one bed, the two merchants on another, and the two women and myself on the third. I was not without my fears and troubles. I

had on a chemise of fine Holland cloth, garnished with lace, which Madame Tambonneau had lent me, and I feared very much that, sleeping with these two women, they might guess from my attire that I was not what I pretended to be. On Thursday morning, as we were going into the boat, the said Minier said that he would walk, as the motion of a boat always made him ill; but he told me, in a whisper, to beware of going to Corbeil or to Melun, of which places our family were the feudal lords, for it was to be feared that I should be known there in spite of my disguise, and so run into danger, and that I should remember to disembark at the village of Yuri, at the distance of a short league from Corbeil. When I saw the village, I asked the boatman to land me, which he refused to do; but, as God willed it, the boat grounded just opposite to the village, and this obliged him to land us all. Having paid the fare, the said Jacques Minier and I went into the said village of Yuri. Being there, he took the resolution to conduct me to the Bouchet, a house belonging to M. the President Tambonneau, and place me under the care of the President's vine-dresser. In all we walked about fifteen miles on foot; and, having left me with this poor vine-dresser, Minier went to Wallegrand to the house of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, to learn if there were any possibility of my being harboured with Madame his wife. But he found them all in great dismay, the King having sent down a strong garrison to the Chancellor's house, under the shadow of protecting it. The Chancellor's wife, who professed the reformed religion, had already been compelled to go to mass. The Chancellor sent, through the said Minier, to offer me his house, telling me, however, that I could not stay there without going to mass; a thing which he never could think I would consent to do, seeing the desperate courage with which I had fled out of Paris in the midst of all these dangers. I abode with the vine-dresser fifteen days, and Minier betook himself back to Paris. I had trouble almost as soon as I arrived at this place, called the Bouchet. The Queen's Swiss troops came ransacking all the villages to find some poor Huguenot, but it pleased God that they entered not the house wherein I lay concealed. The presence of these Swiss served me as an excuse for not going out of the house, and prevented the vine-dresser from pressing me to go to mass. This poor man deplored the hard fate of several Huguenot gentlemen who had lived in his neighbourhood, and who had been killed and massacred on St Bartholomew, declaring that in all the country there were no better men or men more charitable than they had been. He always permitted me to say my prayers in French, and really took me to be the servant of Madame Tambonneau, even as Minier had told him. At the end of the fifteen days I was anxious to get to the village of La Brye, where I might better concert what to do for the future. I borrowed an ass from the vine-dresser, and begged him to be my guide on the road. He agreeing, we set out, and soon crossed the river Seine between Corbeil and Melun, at a place called St. Port, and then we made for Esprunes, a mansion belonging to my grandmother. As soon as we arrived there, the serving women of the house knew me, and they all came forth to salute me, skipping with joy, and crying out, "Madame, ah Madame, we thought that you had been killed!" My poor vine-dresser was greatly astonished and perplexed. He asked me if I was indeed a great lady? He offered me his house again, he offered to conceal me as long as I chose, and to prevent my being forced by his family to go to mass; and many excuses did he make for not having given me his best bed while I was lodging with him. And so the poor man returned to his home, and I stayed at Esprunes two whole weeks. I must not forget to remark that a certain priest, a chaplain of Esprunes, who lived at Melun, came to see me, and, to console me, told me, among other things, that "since the judgments of the Almighty have begun to declare themselves, the wicked and ungodly ought to be in great fear." At the end of fifteen days I mounted another ass, and so travelled four leagues to

Messire de la Borde, my eldest brother, who was in great trouble and perplexity of mind, having been constrained, in order to preserve his life, to go to mass, and being constantly beset by men who called upon him to abjure the reformed faith. Our friends of Paris, learning that I was in his house, and fearing that I might prevail upon him not to make the abjuration, sent to warn him that his ruin was certain if he kept me in his house and I still refused to go to mass. Being thus moved, my brother on the following Sunday led me into his chapel, where a Catholic priest was ready to officiate. As soon as I saw the priest, I turned my back upon him, and went away in great affliction. My brother then regretted what he had done. I took the resolution to stay there no longer. I employed a whole week in seeking out some waggoner that would convey me to Sedan\*. Out of fifteen hundred francs that were owing to me at La Borde, I received forty crowns; and during my sojourn there one of my chamber-women and one of my men-servants came and joined me. My brother found my resolution very hazardous. Nevertheless, he assisted me in procuring a waggoner, begging me, however, not to let my mother and our other friends know that he had willingly consented to my dangerous journey. In bidding me farewell, he said that he felt assured that, on account of my zeal and fidelity in serving God, God would bless my journey and protect my person, and this, by the heavenly grace, happened to me. I arrived at Sedan on the day of All Saints, being the first day of November, without having met with any hindrance, disturbance, or trouble on the way. So soon as I arrived I found many friends, who offered me all that they had. I was not one hour at Sedan ere I was properly attired as a lady of rank, everybody hastening to give me whatsoever I wanted. I received also much honour and friendship from the Duke and Duchess of Bouillon. And I resided quietly at Sedan until the time of my marriage with Duplessis-Mornay.

\* The Lordship of Sedan was, at this time, an independent principality, possessed by the Duke of Bouillon, who, together with all his family, inclined to the reformed faith. The city of Sedan was a stronghold of the French Protestants.

#### 107.—MORNING.

[THE poets luxuriate in their descriptions of Morning and Evening. These descriptions belong more especially to the mornings and evenings of Summer, when "the breath of morn" is sweet, and "the coming on of gentle evening" is "mild."

First let us hear a quaint and simple old master sing the charms of Morning]—

The Sun, when he had spread his rays,  
And showed his face ten thousand ways,  
Ten thousand things do then begin  
To show the life that they are in.  
The heaven shows lively art and hue,  
Of sundry shapes and colours new,  
And laughs upon the earth; anon,  
The earth, as cold as any stone,  
Wet in the tears of her own kind,  
Gins then to take a joyful mind,  
For well she feels that out and out  
The sun doth warm her round about,  
And dries her children tenderly,  
And shows them forth full orderly—

The mountains high, and how they stand!  
The valleys, and the great mainland!  
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,  
The castles and the rivers long.  
And even for joy of this hour  
She showeth forth her pleasures great,  
And sleeps no more; but sendeth forth  
Her clergions; her own dear worth,  
To mount and fly up to the air;  
Where then they sing in order fair,  
And tell in song full merrily  
How they have slept full quietly  
That night, about their mother's sides,  
And when they have sung more besides,

Then fall they to their mother's breast,      And how they serve, and how they do,  
 Whereas they feed, or take their rest.      And how their lady loves them too.  
 The hunter then sounds out his horn,      Then tune the birds their harmony;  
 And range th' straight through wood and corn.      Then flock the fowl in company;  
 On hills then shew the ewe and lamb,      Then everything doth pleasure find  
 And every young one with his dam.      In that, that comforts all their kind.  
 Then lovers walk, and tell their tale,      SURREY.  
 Both of their bliss, and of their bale;

Cowley's 'Hymn to Light' is a noble performance, from which we extract a few stanzas:—

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come  
 From the old Negro's darksome womb;  
 Which when it saw the lovely child,  
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smiled,  
 Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,  
 But ever ebb and ever flow!  
 Thou golden show'r of a true Jove!  
 Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to earth make love!  
 Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!  
 Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!  
 Hail to thy husband, Heav'n, and thee!  
 Thou the world's beauteous bride! the lusty bridegroom he!  
 Say, from what golden quivers of the sky  
 Do all thy winged arrows fly?  
 Swiftness and Power by birth are thine;  
 From thy great Sire they come—thy Sire, the Word Divine.  
 Thou, in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay  
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,  
 And all the year dost with thee bring  
 Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.  
 Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above  
 The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,  
 And still, as thou in pomp dost go,  
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

The dramatic lyrists, Shakspeare and Fletcher, have painted some of the characteristics of Morning with rainbow hues:—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.      SHAKSPEARE.  
 Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
 The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.      SHAKSPEARE.

See, the day begins to break  
 And the light shoots like a streak  
 Of subtile fire; the wind blows cold,  
 While the morning doth unfold;  
 Now the birds begin to rouse,  
 And the squirrel from the boughs  
 Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;  
 The early lark that erst was mute,  
 Carols to the rising day  
 Many a note and many a lay.

FLETCHER.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!  
 See, the blushing morn doth peep  
 Through the windows, while the sun  
 To the mountain-tops is run,

Gilding all the vales below  
 With his rising flames, which grow  
 Greater by his climbing still.  
 Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill  
 Bag and bottle for the field!  
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield  
 To the bitter north-east wind;  
 Call the maidens up, and find  
 Who lays longest, that she may  
 Go without a friend all day;  
 Then reward your dogs, and pray  
 Pan to keep you from decay:  
 So unfold, and then away!

FLETCHER.

After these, the modern sonnet sounds somewhat tame:—

'Tis not alone a bright and streaky sky—  
 Soul-cheering warmth—a spicy air serene—  
 Fair peeping flowers, nor dewes that on them lie—  
 Nor sunny breadths topping the forest green—  
 That make the charm of Morning:—thoughts as high,  
 As meek, and pure, live in that tranquil scene,  
 Whether it meet the rapt and wakeful eye  
 In vapoury clouds, or tints of clearest sheen.  
 If to behold, or hear, all natural things  
 In general gladness hail the blessed light—  
 Herds lowing—birds sporting with devious flight,  
 And tiny swarms spreading their powdery wings—  
 And every herb with dewy shoots up-springing—  
 If these be joys, such joys the Morn is ever bringing.

ANON.

We may fitly conclude with Milton's noble Hymn:—

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.  
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first, from under shady arb'rous roof,  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up-risen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
 Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise

Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung  
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse  
 More tunable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began:—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
 Almighty; thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne, rejoicing—ye in heaven,  
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn:  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises; that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions run  
 Perpetual circle, multifarious, and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,  
 That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.

Yo that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail! universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

108.—THE MOSKITO INDIAN OF JUAN FERNÁNDEZ.

DAMPIER.

[DAMPIER, one of those intrepid English navigators who voyaged and fought in the old buccannering spirit, was born in 1652. His early life was spent in the roving life of those lawless adventurers who were a terror to every flag. He was subsequently employed in the Royal Navy, and went upon a voyage of discovery to the South Sea. His voyages were published from time to time, between 1697 and 1700, and thus form three volumes in 8vo.]

March the 22nd, 1684. We came in sight of the island, and the next day got in and anchored in a bay at the south end of the island, in twenty-five fathom water, not two cables' lengths from the shore. We presently got out our canoe, and went ashore to see for a Moskito Indian, whom we left here, when we were chased hence by three Spanish ships in the year 1681, a little before we went to Arrica; Captain Watlin being then our commander, after Captain Sharpe was turned out.

This Indian lived here alone above two years, and although he was several times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the island, yet they could never find him. He was in the woods hunting for goats when Captain Watlin drew off his men, and the ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He lived with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder, and a few shot; which being spent, he contrived a way by notching his knife to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long knife; beating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun which he hardened, having learnt to do that among the English. The hot pieces of iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife, or grind them to an edge by long labour, and harden them to a good temper, as there was occasion.

All this may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians; but it is no more than these Moskito men are accustomed to in their own country; where they make their own fishing and striking instruments, without either forge or anvil; though they spend a great deal of time about them.

Other wild Indians who have not the use of iron, which the Moskito men have from the English, make hatchets of a very hard stone, with which they will cut down trees (the cotton tree especially, which is a soft tender wood,) to build their houses or make canoes; and though in working their canoes hollow they cannot dig them so neat and thin, yet they make them fit for their service: This, their digging or hatchet work, they help out by fire; whether for the felling of the trees, or for the making the inside of their canoes hollow. These contrivances are used particularly by the savage Indians of Blewfield's River, whose canoes and stone hatchets I have seen. These stone hatchets are about ten inches long, four broad, and three inches thick in the middle. They are ground away flat and sharp at both ends; right in the midst, and clear round it they make a notch, so wide and deep that a man might place his finger along it, and taking a stick or withe about four feet long, they bind it round the hatchet-head, in that notch, and so twisting it hard, use it as a handle or helve; the head being held by it very fast. Nor are

other wild Indians less ingenious. Those of Patagonia, particularly, head their arrows with flint cut or ground, which I have seen and admired. But to return to our Moskito man on the Isle of Juan Fernandez. With such instruments as he made in that manner, he got such provision as the island afforded; either goats or fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat seal, which is very ordinary meat, before he had made hooks; but afterwards he never killed any seals but to make lines, cutting their skins into thongs. He had a little house or hut half a mile from the sea, which was lined with goats' skins; his couch or barbeu of sticks, lying along about two feet distant from the ground, was spread with the same, and was all his bedding. He had no clothes left, having worn out those he brought from Watlin's ship, but only a skin about his waist. He saw our ship the day before we came to an anchor, and did believe we were English, and therefore killed three goats in the morning, before we came to an anchor, and dressed them with cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore.

He came then to the sea-side to congratulate our safe arrival. And when we landed, a Moskito Indian named Robin, first leapt ashore, and running to his brother Moskito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet; who helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprise, and tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him. He was named Will, as the other was Robin. These were names given them by the English, for they have no names among themselves; and they take it as a great favour to be named by any of us; and will complain for want of it if we do not appoint them some name when they are with us: saying of themselves they are poor men, and have no name.

---

[The Editor of 'Half-Hours,' in a little work which he wrote some years ago, entitled 'The Results of Machinery,' gave the substance of this curious story; and he added the following remarks, which may not be out of place in connection with the above extract:—

Here, indeed, is a material alteration in the wealth of a man left on an uninhabited island. He had a regular supply of goats and fish; he had the means of cooking his food; he had a house lined with goats' skins, and bedding of the same: his body was clothed with skins; he had provisions in abundance to offer, properly cooked, when his old companions came to him after a three years' absence. What gave him this power to labour profitably?—to maintain existence in tolerable comfort? Simply, the gun, the knife, and the flint, which he accidentally had with him when the ship sailed away. The flint, and the bit of steel which he hardened out of the gun-barrel, gave him the means of procuring fire; the gun became the material for making harpoons, lances, and hooks, with which he could obtain fish and flesh. Till he had made these tools he was compelled to eat seals' flesh. The instant he possessed the tools, he could make a selection of whatever was most agreeable to his taste. It is almost impossible to imagine a human being with less accumulation about him. His small stock of powder and shot was soon spent, and he had only an iron gun barrel and a knife left, with the means of changing the form of the gun-barrel by fire. Yet this simple accumulation enabled him to direct his labour, as all labour is directed even in its highest employment, to the change of form and change of place of the natural supplies by which he was surrounded. He created nothing; he only gave his natural supplies a value by his labour. Until he laboured the things about him had no value, as far as he was concerned; when he did obtain them by labour, they instantly acquired a value. He brought the wild goat from the mountain to his hut in the valley—he changed its place; he converted its flesh into cooked food, and its skin into a lining for his bed—he changed its form. Change of form and change of place are the beginning and end of all human labour; and the Moskito Indian only employed the same principle, for the supply of his wants, which directs the labour of all the producers of civilized life into the channels of manufactures or commerce.]



## 100.—THE GREAT AUTHOR OF CIVILIZATION.

RAY.

[JOHN RAY, who takes the most eminent rank amongst naturalists as the "founder of true principles of classification in the animal and vegetable kingdoms," was born in 1627, near Braintree, in Essex. He was one of that numerous body of eminent men who owe every thing to the old Grammar Schools. His father was a blacksmith; but he received a good classical education at the Grammar School at Braintree, which eventually enabled him to become a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1649. He was appointed Greek Lecturer, and afterwards Mathematical Tutor at his college; but a severe illness drove him to seek relaxation in out-door exercise, and from that time his taste for natural history was formed, and his subsequent life was devoted to its scientific pursuit. This is not the place in which to give an account of his systems of classification in botany and zoology. They are the results of accurate observation and deep reflection. He had to originate everything; other systematic naturalists are improvers. The volume from which our extract is given was once highly popular, and led the way to Derham's 'Physico-Theology,' and Paley's 'Natural Theology.' It is entitled the 'Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation.']

Moethinks by all the provision which he has made for the use and service of man, the Almighty interpretatively speaks to him in this manner. I have now placed thee in a spacious and well furnished world, I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy heart and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills and valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry; I have committed to thee for thy assistance in the labours of ploughing and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and servicable horse; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to, make choice out of them of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic, those, too, capable of being mellorated and improved by transportation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasions and spoils of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows and pastures; dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of salading; for delectable flowers to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours; for odoriferous and evergreen shrubs and *suffrutices*; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts, and dispose them in their comely order, as may be both pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with outhouses and stables for the harbouring and shelter of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception and custody, and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, *ζῷον πολιτικόν*, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of observations and experiments; for mutual help, and assistance, and defence; build thee large towns and cities, with straight and well paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for thy honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public porticos and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a

desire of seeing strange and foreign and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c., of those places : in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trade and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and sports, &c. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruits and drugs are to be found there, what commodities for bartering and permutation, whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships ; tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sails, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element ; I have assisted thee with a compass to direct thy course when thou shalt be out of all view of land, and have nothing in view but sky and water. Go thither for the purposes forementioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or thyself in particular.

I persuade myself that the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man in adorning the earth with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country houses ; with regular gardens and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, and herbs, and fruits for meat, medicine, or moderate delight : with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees ; *with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn*, and meadows burdened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well cultivated region from a barren and desolate wilderness.

If a country thus planted and adorned, thus polished and civilized, thus improved to the height by all manner of culture for the support and sustenance and convenient entertainment of innumerable multitudes of people, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable Scythia, without houses, without plantations, without corn fields or vineyards, where the roving hordes of the savage and truculent inhabitants transfer themselves from place to place in waggons, as they can find pasture and forage for their cattle, and live upon milk, and flesh roasted in the sun at the pinnels of their saddles ; or a rude and unpolished America, peopled with slothful and naked Indians, instead of well built houses living in pitiful huts and cabins, made of poles set endwise ; then surely the brute beast's condition and manner of living, to which what we have mentioned doth nearly approach, is to be esteemed better than man's, and wit and reason was in vain bestowed on him.

#### 110.—THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

CHARLES LAMB, who speaks of this play with a warmth of admiration which is probably carried a little too far, and which, indeed, may in some degree be attributed to his familiarity with the quiet rural scenery of Enfield, Waltham, Cheshunt, and Edmonton, in which places the story is laid, says, "I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece: it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that panegyrist of my native earth; who has gone over her soil (in his *Polyolbion*) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stepped over) without honourable mention; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology." Some have attributed this play to Shakspeare. 'The Merry Devil' was undoubtedly a play of great popularity. We find, from the account-books of the Revels at court, that it was acted before the king in the same year, 1618, with 'Twelfth-

Night' and 'Winter's Tale.' In 1616, Ben Jonson, in his prologue to 'The Devil is an Ass,' thus addresses his audience:—

If you'll come  
To see new plays, pray you afford us room,  
And show this but the same face you have done  
Your dear delight, the 'Devil of Edmonton.'

Its popularity seems to have lasted much longer; for it is mentioned by Edmund Gayton, in 1654, in his 'Notes on Don Quixote.' The belief that the play was Shakspeare's has never taken any root in England. Some of the recent German critics, however, adopt it as his without any hesitation. Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' thus records the merits of Peter Fabel, the hero of this play:—"I shall probably offend the gravity of some to insert, and certainly the curiosity of others to omit, him. Some make him a friar, others a lay gentleman, all a conceited person, who, with his merry devices, deceived the devil, who by grace may be resisted, not deceived by wit. If a grave bishop in his sermon, speaking of Brute's coming into this land, said it was but a *bruit*, I hope I may say without offence that this Fabel was but a *fable*, supposed to live in the reign of King Henry the Sixth." His fame is more confidently recorded in the prologue to 'The Merry Devil':—

'Tis Peter Fabel, a renowned scholar,  
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot  
By all the writers of this latter age.  
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,  
Not full seven miles from this great famous city;  
That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,  
Was call'd the merry Fiend of Edmonton.  
If any here make doubt of such a name,  
In Edmonton, yet fresh unto this day,  
Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,  
His monument remaineth to be seen:  
His memory yet in the mouths of men,  
That whilst he lived he could deceive the devil.

The prologue goes on to suppose him at Cambridge at the hour when the term of his compact with the fiend is run out. We are not here to look for the terrible solemnity of the similar scene in Marlowe's 'Faustus;' but, nevertheless, that before us is written with great poetical power. Coreb, the spirit, thus addresses the magician:—

*Coreb.* Why, scholar, this is the hour my date expires;  
I must depart, and come to claim my due.

*Fabel.* Hah! what is thy due?

*Coreb.* Fabel, thyself.

*Fabel.* O let not darkness hear thee speak that word,  
Lest that with force it hurry hence again,  
And leave the world to look upon my woe:  
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,  
And let a little sparrow with her bill  
Take but so much as she can bear away;  
That, every day thus losing of my load,  
I may again, in time, yet hope to rise."

While the fiend sits down in the necromantic chair, Fabel thus soliloquizes:—

*Fabel.* O that this soul, that cost so dear a price  
As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,  
Inspir'd by knowledge, should by that alone,  
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,  
Ev'n lead him down into the depth of hell;  
When men in their own praise strive to know more

Than man should know!  
 For this alone God cast the angels down.  
 The infinity of arts is like a sea,  
 Into which when man will take in hand to sail  
 Farther than reason (which should be his pilot)  
 Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compass  
 He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools.  
 As he doth lose the very sight of heaven:  
 The more he strives to come to quiet harbour.  
 The farther still he finds himself from land.  
 Man, striving still to find the depth of evil,  
 Seeking to be a god, becomes a devil.

But the magician has tricked the fiend; the chair holds him fast, and the condition of release is a respite for seven years. The supernatural part of the play may be said here to end, and we are introduced to the society of no equivocal mortal, the host of the George, at Waltham. Sir Arthur Clare, his wife Doreas, his daughter Milliscent, and his son Hurry, arrive at the inn, where the host says, "Knights and lords have been drunk in my house, I thank the destinies." This company have arrived at the George to meet Sir Richard Mounchenscy, and his son Raymond, to whom Milliscent is betrothed; but old Clare informs his wife that he is resolved to break off the match, to send his daughter for a year to a nunnery, and then to bestow her upon the son of Sir Ralph Jerningham. Old Mounchenscy, it seems, has fallen upon evil days:—

*Clare.* For look you, wife, the riotous old knight  
 Hath overrun his annual revenue  
 In keeping jolly Christmas all the year:  
 The nostrils of his chimneys are still stuff'd  
 With smoke, more chargeable than cane-tobacco;  
 His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst, simple,  
 His leanest curs eat his hounds' carrion.  
 Besides, I heard of late his younger brother,  
 A Turkey-merchant, hath sure suck'd the knight,  
 By means of some great losses on the sea!  
 That (you conceive me) before gods, all's nought,  
 His seat is weak; thus, each thing rightly scanu'd,  
 You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.

Fabel, the kind magician, who has been the tutor to Raymond, arrives at the same time with the Mounchenscy party. He knows the plots against his young friend, and he is determined to circumvent them:—

Raymond Mounchenscy, boy, have thou and I  
 Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,  
 The metaphysics, magic, and those parts  
 Of the most secret deep philosophy?  
 Have I so many melancholy nights  
 Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower  
 And come wo back unto our native home,  
 For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?  
 We'll first hang Envil\* in such rings of mist  
 As never rose from any dampish fen;  
 I'll make the brimmed sea to rise at Ware,  
 And drown the marshes unto Stratford-bridge.

\* Envil—Enfield.

I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,  
 And scatter them, like sheep, in every field,  
 We may perhaps be cross'd ; but if we be,  
 He shall cross the devil that but crosses me.

Harry Clare, Ralph Jerningham, and Raymond Mouchensey, are strict friends ; and there is something exceedingly delightful in the manner in which Raymond throws away all suspicion, and the others resolve to stand by their friend whatever be the intrigues of their parents :—

*Jern.* Raymond Mouchensey, now I touch thy grief  
 With the true feeling of a zealous friend.  
 And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,  
 With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber  
 Her angel-like perfections : but thou know'st  
 That Essex hath the saint that I adore :  
 Where'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,  
 But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,  
 And with regardless jesting mock'd my love ?  
 How many a sad and weary summer's night  
 My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,  
 And I have taught the nightingale to wake,  
 And from the meadows sprung the early lark  
 An hour before she should have list to sing :  
 I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,  
 That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours  
 To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.  
 But, dear Mouchensey, had not my affection  
 Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,  
 Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love  
 Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,  
 I will abjure both beauty and her sight,  
 And will in love become a counterfeit.

*Moun.* Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,  
 And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,  
 I feel my spirit rebound against the stars :  
 Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,  
 There time, nor death, can by their power control.

*Fabel.* Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy ;  
 And were he not my pupil, I would say,  
 He were as fine a metall'd gentleman,  
 Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,  
 As is in England ; and he is a man  
 That very richly may deserve thy love :  
 But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,  
 What may Mouchensey's honour to thyself  
 Exact upon the measure of thy grace ?

*Young Clare.* Raymond Mouchensey, I would have thee know  
 He does not breathe this air whose love I cherish,  
 And whose soul I love, more than Mouchensey's :  
 Nor ever in my life did see the man  
 Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,  
 I think more worthy of my sister's love.  
 But since the matter grows unto this pass

I must not seem to cross my father's will;  
 But when thou list to visit her by night,  
 My horse is saddled, and the stable-door  
 Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.  
 In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,  
 And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.  
*Moun.* Then, care away! let fate my fall pretend,  
 Back'd with the favours of so true a friend.

Charles Lamb, who gives the whole of this scene in his 'Specimens,' speaks of it rapturously:—"This scene has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweetness and good-naturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mounchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a 'saint in Essex;' and how sweetly his friend reminds him!"

The ancient plotters, Clare and Jerningham, are drawn as very politic but not over-wise fathers. There is, however, very little that is harsh or revolting in their natures. They put out their feelers of worldly cunning timidly, and they draw them in with considerable apprehension when they see danger and difficulty before them. All this is in harmony with the thorough good-humour of the whole drama. The only person who is angry is old Mounchensey.

For his "frantic and untamed passion" Fabel reproves him. The comic scenes which now occur are exceedingly lively. If the wit is not of the highest order, there is real fun, and very little coarseness. We are thrown into the midst of a jolly set, stealers of venison in Enfield Chase, of whom the leader is Sir John, the priest of Enfield. His humour consists of applying a somewhat pious sentence upon every occasion—"Hem, grass and hay—we are all mortal—let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end." Mine host of the George is an associate of this goodly fraternity. The comedy is not overloaded, and is very judiciously brought in to the relief of the main action. We have next the introduction of Millisent to the Prioress of Cheston.\*

The device of Fabel proceeds, in the appearance of Raymond Mounchensey disguised as a friar. Sir Arthur Clare has disclosed to him all his projects. The "holy young novice" proceeds to the priory as a visitor sent from Waltham House to ascertain whether Millisent is about to take the veil "from conscience and devotion." The device succeeds. The votaress is carried off by her brother and Jerningham; but in the darkness of the night they lose their way, and encounter the deer-stealers and the keepers. A friendly forester, however, assists them, and they reach Enfield in safety. Not so fortunate are Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph, who are in pursuit of the unwilling nun: they are roughly treated by the keepers, and, after a night of toil, find a resting-place at Waltham. The priest and his companions are terrified by their encounters in the Chase: the lady in white, who has been hiding from them, is taken for a spirit; and the sexton has seen a vision in the church-porch. The morning, however, arrives, and we see "Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham trussing their points, as newly made up." They had made good their retreat, as they fancied, to the inn of mine host of the George, but the Merry Devil of Edmonton had set the host and the smith to change the sign of the house with that of another inn; and at the real George the lovers were being happily married by the venison-stealing priest, in the company of their faithful friends. Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph are of course very angry when the truth is made known; but reconciliation and peace are soon accomplished.

\* Cheston—Cheshunt.

## 111.—MENTAL STIMULUS NECESSARY TO EXERCISE.

ANDREW COMBE.

[In the desire to enhance the benevolent intentions of its author, we give the following extract from one of the most valuable and popular works of our time, 'The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education.' By Andrew Combe, M.D. This eminent man was only in his forty-ninth

year when he died in 1848. His knowledge was of the best kind; but he had the high merit, which men of science have sometimes thought beneath them, of rendering that knowledge useful to the greatest number.]

That exercise should always spring from, and be continued under, the influence of an active and harmonious nervous and mental stimulus, will scarcely require any additional evidence; but, as the principle is not sufficiently appreciated or acted upon, a few remarks seem still to be called for to enforce its observance. The simple fact that the muscles are expressly constructed for the purpose of fulfilling the commands of the will, might of itself lead to the inference that a healthy mental stimulus ought to be considered an essential condition or accompaniment of exercise; and, accordingly, the muscular action becomes easy and pleasant under the influence of mental excitement, and a vigorous nervous impulse is useful in sustaining and directing it. On the other hand, how difficult, wearisome, and inefficient, muscular contraction becomes when the mind, which directs it, is languid or absorbed by other employments! Hence the superiority, as exercises for the young, of social and inspiriting games, which, by their joyous and boisterous mirth, call forth the requisite nervous stimulus to put the muscles into vigorous and varied action; and hence the utter inefficiency of the dull and monotonous daily walk which sets all physiological conditions at defiance, and which, in so many schools, is made to supersede the exercise which it only counterfeits. Even the playful gambolling and varied movements which are so characteristic of the young of all animals, man not excepted, and which are at once so pleasing and attractive, might have taught us that activity of feeling and affection, and sprightliness of mind, are intended by nature to be the sources and accompaniments of healthful and invigorating muscular exercise; and that the system of bodily confinement and mental cultivation now so much in vogue is calculated to inflict lasting injury on all who are subjected to its restraints. The buoyancy of spirit and comparative independence enjoyed by boys when out of school prevent them from suffering under it so much as girls do; but the mischief done to both is the more unpardonable when it does occur, because it might so easily have been entirely avoided. Even in some infant schools, where properly conducted exercise ought to be considered as a necessary of life, the principle on which I am insisting is so little understood or valued, that no play-grounds have been provided, and the very best means of moral as well as physical training—play with companions—has, to the great injury of the poor children been wholly omitted. Under judicious direction the play-ground affords the most valuable and effective aid to the parent and teacher, not only in eliciting the highest degree of physical health, but in developing the general character by the practical inculcation of moral principle, kindness, and affection, in the daily and hourly conduct of the children committed to their charge. A double evil is thus incurred in its neglect or omission.

Facts, illustrative of the beneficial influence of a mental stimulus as the only legitimate source of muscular activity, abound every where, and must be familiar to every reflecting mind; but as the practical influences deducible from them have, to a great extent, escaped the notice of parents and teachers, I shall add a few remarks in their farther elucidation.

Every body knows how wearisome and disagreeable it is to saunter along, without having some object to attain; and how listless and unprofitable a walk taken against the inclination, and merely for exercise, is, compared to the same exertion made in pursuit of an object on which we are intent. The difference is simply, that in the former case the muscles are obliged to work without that full nervous impulse which nature has decreed to be essential to their healthy and energetic action;

and that, in the latter, the nervous impulse is in full and harmonious operation. The great superiority of active sports, botanical and geological excursions, gardening and turning, as means of exercise, over mere monotonous movements, is referable to the same principle. Every kind of youthful play and mechanical operation interests and excites the mind, as well as occupies the body, and, by thus placing the muscles in the best position for wholesome and beneficial exertion, enables them to act without fatigue, for a length of time which, if occupied in mere walking for exercise, would utterly exhaust their powers.

The elastic spring, the bright eye, the cheerful glow of beings thus excited form a perfect contrast to the spiritless and inanimate aspect of many of our boarding-school processions; and the results, in point of health and activity, are not less different. So influential, indeed, is the nervous stimulus, that examples have occurred of strong mental emotions having instantaneously given life and vigour to paralytic limbs. This has happened in cases of shipwrecks, fires, and sea-fights, and shows how indispensable it is to have the mind engaged and interested along with the muscles. Many a person who feels ready to drop from fatigue, after a merely mechanical walk, would have no difficulty in subsequently undergoing much continuous exertion in active play or in dancing; and it is absurd, therefore, to say that exercise is not beneficial, when, in reality, proper exercise has not been tried.

The amount of bodily exertion of which soldiers are capable is well known to be prodigiously increased by the mental stimulus of pursuit, of fighting, or of victory. In the retreat of the French from Moscow, for example, when no enemy was near, the soldiers became depressed in courage and enfeebled in body, and nearly sank to the earth through exhaustion and cold; but no sooner did the report of the Russian guns sound in their ears, or the gleam of hostile bayonets flash in their eyes, than new life seemed to pervade them, and they wielded powerfully the arms which, a few moments before, they could scarcely drag along the ground. No sooner, however, was the enemy repulsed, and the nervous stimulus which animated their muscles withdrawn, than their feebleness returned. Dr. Sparrman, in like manner, after describing the fatigue and exhaustion which he and his party endured in their travels at the Cape, adds,—“yet, what even now appears to me a matter of wonder is, that as soon as we got a glimpse of the game all this languor left us in an instant.” On the principle already mentioned this result is perfectly natural, and in strict harmony with what we observe in sportsmen, cricketers, golfers, skaters, and others, who, moved by a mental aim, are able to undergo a much greater amount of bodily labour than men of stronger muscular frames, actuated by no excitement of mind or vigorous nervous impulse. I have heard an intelligent engineer remark the astonishment often felt by country people, at finding him and his town companions, although more slightly made, withstand the fatigues and exposure of a day's surveying better than themselves; but, said he, they overlooked the fact, that our employment gives to the mind, as well as to the body, a stimulus which they were entirely without, as their only object was to afford us bodily aid, when required, in dragging the chains or carrying our instruments.—The conversation of a friend is, in the same way, a powerful alleviator of the fatigue of walking.

The same important principle was implied in the advice which the Spectator tells us was given by a physician to one of the eastern kings, when he brought him a racket, and told him that the remedy was concealed in the handle, and could act upon him only by passing into the palms of his hands when engaged in playing with it—and that, as soon as perspiration was induced, he might desist for the time, as that would be a proof of the medicine being received into the general system. The effect, we are told, was marvellous; and, looking to the principle just stated, to the cheerful nervous stimulus arising from the confident expectation of a cure, and to



the consequent advantages of exercise thus judiciously managed, we have no reason to doubt that the fable is in perfect accordance with nature.

The story of an Englishman who conceived himself so ill as to be unable to stir, but who was prevailed upon by his medical advisers to go down from London to consult an eminent physician at Inverness, who did not exist, may serve as another illustration. The stimulus of expecting the means of cure from the northern luminary was sufficient to enable the patient not only to bear, but to reap benefit from, the exertion of making the journey down; and his wrath at finding no such person at Inverness, and perceiving that he had been tricked, sustained him in returning, so that on his arrival at home he was nearly cured. Hence also the superiority of battledoor and shuttlecock, and similar games, which require society and some mental stimulus, over listless exercise. It is, in fact, a positive misnomer to call a solemn procession *exercise*. Nature will not be cheated; and the healthful results of complete cheerful exertion will never be obtained where the nervous impulse which animates the muscles is denied.

It must not, however, be supposed, that a walk simply for the sake of exercise can never be beneficial. \* If a person be thoroughly satisfied that exercise is requisite, and perfectly *willing* or rather desirous to obey the call which demands it, he is, from that very circumstance, in a fit state for deriving benefit from it, because the *desire* then becomes a sufficient nervous impulse, and one in perfect harmony with the muscular action. It is only where a person goes to walk, either from a sense of duty, or at the command of another, but against his own inclination, that exercise is comparatively useless.

This constitution of nature, whereby a mental impulse is required to direct and excite muscular action, points to the propriety of teaching the young to observe and examine the qualities and arrangements of external objects. The most pleasing and healthful exercise may be thus secured, and every step be made to add to useful knowledge and to individual enjoyment. The botanist, the geologist, and the natural historian, experience pleasures in their walks and rambles, of which, from disuse of their eyes and observing powers, the multitude is deprived. This truth is acted upon by many teachers in Germany. In our own country, too, it is beginning to be felt, and one of the professed objects of infant education is to correct the omission. It must not, however, be supposed that *any* kind of mental activity will give the necessary stimulus to muscular action, and that, in walking, it will do equally well to read a book or carry on a train of abstract thinking, as to seek the necessary nervous stimulus in picking up plants, hammering rocks, or engaging in games. This were a great mistake; for in such cases the nervous impulse is *opposed* rather than favourable to muscular action. Ready and pleasant mental activity, like that which accompanies easy conversation with a friend, is indeed beneficial by diffusing a gentle stimulus over the nervous system; and it may be laid down as a general rule that any agreeable employment of an inspiriting and active kind, and which does not absorb the mind, adds to the advantages of muscular exercise; but wherever the mind is engaged in reading, or in abstract speculation, the muscles are drained, as it were, of their nervous energy, by reason of the great exhaustion of it by the brain; the active will to set them in motion is proportionally weakened, and their action is reduced to that inanimate kind I have already condemned as almost useless. From this exposition, the reader will be able to appreciate the hurtfulness of the practice in many boarding-schools, of sending out the girls to walk with a book in their hands, and even obliging them to learn by heart while in the act of walking. It would be difficult, indeed, to invent a method by which the ends in view could be more completely defeated, as regards both mind and body. The very effort of fixing the mind on the printed page when in motion, strains the attention,

impedes the act of breathing, distracts the nervous influence, and thus deprives the exercise of all its advantages. For true and beneficial exercise there must, in cases where the mind is seriously occupied, be harmony of action between the mind which impels, and the part which obeys and acts. The will and the muscles must be both directed to the same end, and at the same time, otherwise the effect will be imperfect. But, in reading during exercise, this can never be the case. The force exerted by strong muscles, animated by strong nervous impulse or will, is prodigiously greater than when the impulse is weak or discordant; and as man was made not to do two things at once, but to direct his whole powers to one thing at a time, he has ever excelled most when he has followed this law of his nature.

## 112.—DYING THOUGHTS.

BAXTER.

[RICHARD BAXTER, one of the most remarkable theologians of the difficult and dangerous times of the seventeenth century, was born in 1615, and spent his childhood at Eaton Constantine, near Shrewsbury. His education was irregular; for he could never obtain the means of going to the University, and in most of his acquirements was self taught. He was, however, ordained at the age of twenty-three, by the Bishop of Worcester. In 1640, he became the officiating clergyman at the parish church of Kidderminster; but the breaking out of the civil wars placed him in a difficult position. He endeavoured to steer between the extreme opinions of either party, and thus gave satisfaction to none. He followed the Parliamentary army, where he incessantly preached to the soldiery; but he opposed the overthrow of the monarchy, and subsequently denounced Cromwell as a rebel and a traitor. Upon the restoration of Charles II., he was appointed one of the king's chaplains; but, under the Act of Uniformity in 1662, he was banished from the pale of the English Church, with two thousand other divines. He thus became one of the great leaders of the Non-conformists, and was persecuted in various ways till the Revolution of 1688 established the principles of toleration. His theological writings are most numerous; some, of course, have fallen into the same oblivion as the controversies which called them forth; but his practical writings, which were collected about ten years ago, in four octavo volumes, are enduring examples of subtle intellect and untiring energy, united to rare piety and benevolence. The great Barrow said of him, "His practical writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom confuted." Baxter died in 1691.]

When I die, I must depart, not only from sensual delights, but from the more manly pleasures of my studies, knowledge, and converse with many wise and godly men, and from all my pleasure in reading, hearing, public and private exercises of religion, &c. I must leave my library, and turn over those pleasant books no more; I must no more come among the living, nor see the faces of my faithful friends, nor be seen of man; houses, and cities, and fields, and countries, gardens and walks, will be nothing as to me. I shall no more hear of the affairs of the world, of man, or wars, or other news, nor see what becomes of that beloved interest of wisdom, piety, and peace which I desire may prosper, &c.

I answer—though these delights are far above those of sensual sinners, yet, alas! how low and little are they! How small is our knowledge in comparison of our ignorance! And how little doth the knowledge of learned doctors differ from the thoughts of a silly child! For from our childhood we take it in but by drops; and as trifles are the matter of childish knowledge, so words and notions, and artificial forms, do make up more of the learning of the world than is commonly understood; and many such learned men know little more of any great and excellent things themselves, than rustics that are contemned by them for their ignorance. God and the life to come are little better known by them, if not much less, than by many of the unlearned. What is it but a child-game that many logicians, rhetoricians, grammarians, yea, metaphysicians, and other philosophers, in their eagerest studies and disputes, are exercised in? Of how little use is it to know what is contained in

many hundreds of the volumes that fill our libraries; yea, or to know many of the most glorious speculations in physics, mathematics, &c., which have given some the title of virtuosi and ingeniosi, in these times; who have little the more wit or virtue to live to God, or overcome temptations from the flesh and the world, and to secure their everlasting hopes; what pleasure or quiet doth it give to a dying man to know almost any of their trifles?

Yea, it were well if much of our reading and learning did us no harm, and more than good. I fear lest books are to some but a more honourable kind of temptation than cards and dice; lest many a precious hour be lost in them, that should be employed on much higher matters, and lest many make such knowledge but an unholy, natural, yea, carnal pleasure, as worldlings do the thoughts of their lands and honours; and lest they be the more dangerous, by how much the less suspected; but the best is, it is a pleasure so fenced from the slothful with thorny labour of hard and long studies, that laziness saveth more from it than grace and holy wisdom doth. But doubtless fancy and the natural intellect may with as little sanctity live in the pleasure of reading, knowing, disputing, and writing, as others spend their time at a game at chess, or other ingenious sport.

For my own part, I know that the knowledge of natural things is valuable, and may be sanctified, much more theological theory; and when it is so, it is of good use: and I have little knowledge which I find not some way useful to my highest ends. And if wishing or money would procure more, I would wish and empty my purse for it; but yet, if many score or hundred books which I have read had been all unread, and I had that time now to lay out upon higher things, I should think myself much richer than now I am. And I must earnestly pray, the Lord forgive me the hours that I have spent in reading things less profitable, for the pleasing of a mind that would fain know all, which I should have spent for the increase of holiness in myself and others; and yet I must thankfully acknowledge to God, that from my youth he taught me to begin with things of greatest weight, and to refer most of my other studies thereto, and to spend my days under the motives of necessity and profit to myself, and those with whom I had to do. And I now think better of the course of Paul, that determined to know nothing but a crucified Christ among the Corinthians; that is, so to converse with them as to use and glorying, as if he knew nothing else; and so of the rest of the Apostles and primitive ages. And though I still love and honour the fullest knowledge, (and am not of Dr Collet's wind, who, as Erasmus saith, most slighted Augustine,) yet I less censure even that Carthage council, which forbade the reading of the heathen's books of learning and arts, than formerly I have done. And I would have men savour most that learning in their health, which they will or should savour most in sickness, and near to death.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the chief answer is yet behind. No knowledge is lost, but perfected, and changed for much nobler, sweeter, greater knowledge. Let men be never so uncertain in particular *de modo*, whether acquired habits of intellect and memory die with us, as being dependent on the body; yet, by what manner soever, that a far clearer knowledge we shall have than is here attainable, is not to be doubted of. And the cessation of our present mode of knowing is but the cessation of our ignorance and imperfection; as our waking endeth a dreaming knowledge, and our maturity endeth the trifling knowledge of a child; for so saith the Holy Ghost, "Love never faileth," (and we can love no more than we know;) but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail, (that is, cease;) whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge (notional and abstractive, such as we have now,) it shall vanish away; "when I was a child, I spake as a child, understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things, for

now we see through a glass," per species, "darkly," as men understand a thing by a metaphor, parable, or riddle, "but then face to face," even creatures intuitively, as in themselves, naked and open to our sight: "now I know in part," not *rem, sed, aliquid rei*, (not the reality itself, but something of the reality,) in which sense Sanchez truly saith, *nilhil scitur*, "but then shall I know even as I am known;" not as God knoweth us, for our knowledge and his must not be so comparatively likened, but as holy spirits know us both now and for ever, we shall both know and be known by immediate intuition.

If a physician be to describe the parts of man, and the latent diseases of his patient, he is fain to search hard, and bestow many thoughts of it, besides his long reading and converse, to make him capable of knowing; and when all is done, he goeth much upon conjectures, and his knowledge is mixed with many uncertainties, yea, and mistakes; but when he openeth the corpse, he seeth all, and his knowledge is more full, more true, and more certain, besides that it is easily and quickly attained, even by a present look. A countryman knoweth the town, the fields, and rivers where he dwelleth, yea, and the plants and animals, with ease and certain clearness; when he that must know the same things by the study of geographical writings and tables, must know them but with a general, an unsatisfactory, and oft a much mistaking kind of knowledge. Alas, when our present knowledge hath cost a man the study of forty, or fifty, or sixty years, how lean and poor, how doubtful and unsatisfactory, is it after all! But when God will show us himself and all things, and when heaven is known, as the sun by its own light, this will be the clear, sure, and satisfactory knowledge. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and without holiness none can see him. This sight will be worthy the name of wisdom, when our present glimpse is but philosophy, a love and desire of wisdom. So far should we be from fearing death, through the fear of losing our knowledge, or any of the means of knowledge, that it should make us rather long for the world of glorious light, that we might get out of this darkness, and know all that with an easy look, to our joy and satisfaction, which here we know with troublesome doubtings, or not at all. Shall we be afraid of darkness in the heavenly light or of ignorance, when we see the Lord of glory? \* \* \* \* \*

And as for our friends, and our converse with them as relations, or as wise, religious, and faithful to us, he that believeth not that there are far more and far better in heaven than are on earth, doth not believe as he ought that there is a heaven. Our friends here are wise, but they are unwise also: they are faithful, but partly unfaithful; they are holy, but also, alas! too sinful; they have the image of God, but blotted and dishonoured by their faults; they do God and his church much service, but they also do too much against him, and too much for Satan, even when they intend the honour of God; they promote the gospel, but they also hinder it; their weakness, ignorance, error, selfishness, pride, passion, division, contention, scandals, and remission, do oft so much hurt that it is hard to discern whether it be not greater than their good to the church or to their neighbours. Our friends are our helpers and comforters; but how oft, also, are they our hinderers, troubles, and grief? But in heaven they are altogether wise, and holy, and faithful, and concordant, and have nothing in them, nor is there ought done by them there, but what is amiable to God and man.

And with our faithful friends we have here a mixture, partly of useless and burdensome persons, and partly of unfaithful hypocrites, and partly of self-conceited factious wranglers, and partly of malicious envious underminers, and partly of implacable enemies. And how many of all these set together is there for one worthy faithful friend? And how great a number is there to trouble you, for one that will indeed comfort you? But in heaven there are none but the wise and holy;

no hypocrites, no burdensome neighbours, no treacherous, or oppressing, or persecuting enemies are there. And is not all good and amiable better than a little good with so troublesome a mixture of noisome evils?

Christ loved his disciples, his kindred, yea, and all mankind, and took pleasure in doing good to all; and so did his apostles; but how poor a requital had he or they from any but, from God! Christ's own brethren believed not in him, but wrangled with him; almost like those that said to him on the cross, "If thou be the Son of God, come down and we will believe." Peter himself was once a Satan to him, and after, with cursing and swearing, denied him; and all his disciples forsook him and fled; and what, then, from others could be expected?

No friends have a perfect suitableness to each other; and roughness and inequalities that are nearest us are most troublesome. The wonderful variety and contrariety of apprehension, interest, educations, temperaments, and occasions, and temptations, &c., are such, that whilst we are scandalized at the discord and confusions of the world, we must recall ourselves, and admire that all-ruling Providence which keepeth up so much order and concord as there is. We are, indeed, like people in crowded streets, who, going several ways, molest each other with their justling oppositions; or like boys at foot-ball, striving to overthrow each other for the ball. But it is a wonder of divine power and wisdom that all the world is not continually in mortal war.

\* \* \* \* \*

And of all things, surely a departing soul hath least cause to fear the losing of its notice of the affairs of the world; of peace or wars, or church or kingdoms. For, if the sun can send forth its material beams, and operate by motion, light, and heat, at such a distance as this earth, why should I think that blessed spirits are such local, confined, and impotent substances, as not to have notice of the things of earth? Had I but bodily eyes, I could see more from the top of a tower or hill, than any one that is below can do. And shall I know less of earth from heaven, than I do now? It is unlike that my capacity will be so little: and if it were, it is unlike that Christ and all the angels will be so strange to me, as to give me no notice of things that so much concern my God and my Redeemer (to whom I am united) and of the holy society of which I am a part, and myself as a member of Christ and that society! I do not think that the communion of the celestial inhabitants is so narrow and slow, as it is of walking clods of earth, and of souls that are confined to such dark lanterns as this body is. Stars can shine one to another; and we on earth can see them so far off in their heaven; and sure, then, if they have a seeing faculty, each of them can see many of us; even the kingdoms of the world. Spirits are most active, and of powerful and quick communication. They need not send letters, nor write books to one another, nor lift up a voice to make each other hear; nor is there any unkindness, division, or unsociable selfishness among them, which may cause them to conceal their notices or their joys; but as activity, so unity is greatest where there is most perfection; they will so be many as yet to be one; and their knowledge will be one knowledge, and their love one love, and their joy one joy; not by so perfect a unity as God himself, who is one, and but one; but such as is suitable to created imperfection, which participates of the perfection of the Creator, as the effect doth of the virtue of the cause, and therefore hath some participation of his unity. O, foolish soul! if I shall fear this unity with God, Christ, and all the holy spirits, lest I should lose my present separate individuation, when perfection and union are so near akin. In a word, I have no cause to think that my celestial advancement will be a diminution of any desirable knowledge, even of things on earth; but contrarily, that it will be inconceivably increased.

# HALLOWEEN

## SEVENTEENTH WEEK.

### 113.—THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

[ONE of the most splendid works of Natural History ever produced is the 'American Ornithology' of Alexander Wilson, in nine folio volumes, full of coloured engravings. This work was published in the United States, from 1808 to 1813. No learned society gave it encouragement; no distinguished name in the world of science was its author. A poor Scotch pedlar, who had left his native country in the hope of bettering his fortune, was the writer and the artist who, unaided except by the general public support, produced the most superb book of its class that the world had then seen. Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley in 1766. He was apprenticed to a weaver, and afterwards worked as a journeyman at his trade. Subsequently he became a pedlar, and wrote verses whilst he rambled about the country, selling his wares and endeavouring to procure subscriptions for a volume of his poems. He was thus unconsciously laying the foundation for his great work. His early habits of poetical composition gave him a command of language; his wandering habits fitted him for the laborious journeys which he took through the great American continent. In the United States, he was weaver, pedlar, land-measurer, and schoolmaster. His taste for natural history was developed by Mr. Bartram, a celebrated botanist, and he was taught to draw by Mr. Lawson, an engraver. At length, in 1808, he published the first volume of his 'Ornithology.' With this volume under his arm he wandered from town to town, endeavouring to obtain subscribers with small success; but he persevered, sometimes rowing himself in a skiff upon the great rivers, at others plunging into the depths of the forests with his fowling piece, and his scanty store of biscuits and dried beef. Whenever he shot a remarkable bird, he made a drawing of it and a description on the spot. His book soon came to have a European reputation. Well did he deserve his hard-earned fame. As a writer he has a merit which seldom belongs to systematic naturalists; his descriptions are at once accurate and brilliant. He looks at Nature with the eye of a poet; he describes with an exactness which might satisfy the most rigid classifier. Wilson died from a sudden illness in Philadelphia, in 1813. His book has been reprinted in several forms in this country.]

Among the many novelties which the discovery of this part of the western continent first brought into notice, we may reckon that of the Mocking-bird, which is not only peculiar to the new world, but inhabits a very considerable extent of both North and South America; having been traced from the states of New England to Brazil; and also among many of the adjacent islands. These birds are, however, much more numerous in those states south, than in those north, of the river Delaware; being generally migratory in the latter, and resident (at least many of them) in the former. A warm climate, and low country, not far from the sea, seem most congenial to their nature; accordingly we find the species less numerous to the west than east of the great range of the Alleghany, in the same parallels of latitude. In the severe winter of 1808-9, I found these birds, occasionally, from Fredericksburg in Virginia to the southern parts of Georgia; becoming still more numerous the farther I advanced to the south. The berries of the red cedar, myrtle, holly, cassia shrub, many species of smilax, together with gum berries, gall berries, and a profusion of others with which the luxuriant swampy thickets of those regions abound, furnish them with a perpetual feast. Winged insects, also, of which they are very fond, and remarkably expert at catching, abound there even in winter, and are an additional inducement to residency. Though rather a shy bird in the northern

states, here he appeared almost half domesticated, feeding on the cedars and among the thickets of smilax that lined the roads, while I passed within a few feet; playing around the planter's door, and hopping along the shingles. During the month of February I sometimes heard a solitary one singing; but on the second of March, in the neighbourhood of Savannah, numbers of them were heard on every hand, vying in song with each other, and, with the brown thrush, making the whole woods vocal with their melody. Spring was at that time considerably advanced; and the thermometer ranging between seventy and seventy-eight degrees. On arriving at New York, on the twenty-second of the same month, I found many parts of the country still covered with snow, and the streets piled with ice to the height of two feet, while neither the brown thrush nor Mocking-bird were observed, even in the lower parts of Pennsylvania, until the twentieth of April.

The precise time at which the Mocking-bird begins to build his nest varies according to the latitude in which he resides. In the lower parts of Georgia he commences building early in April; but in Pennsylvania rarely before the tenth of May; and in New York, and the states of New England, still later. There are particular situations to which he gives the preference. A solitary thorn bush; an almost impenetrable thicket; an orange tree, cedar, or holly-bush, are favourite spots, and frequently selected. It is no great objection with him that these happen, sometimes, to be near the farm or mansion-house: always ready to defend, but never over anxious to conceal, his nest, he very often builds within a small distance of the house; and not unfrequently in a pear or apple-tree; rarely at a greater height than six or seven feet from the ground. The nest varies a little with different individuals, according to the convenience of collecting suitable materials. A very complete one is now lying before me, and is composed of the following substances. First, a quantity of dry twigs and sticks, then withered tops of weeds of the preceding year, intermixed with fine straws, hay, pieces of wool and tow; and, lastly, a thick layer of fine fibrous roots, of a light brown colour, lines the whole. The eggs are four, sometimes five, of a cinereous blue, marked with large blotches of brown. The female sits fourteen days; and generally produces two broods in the season, unless robbed of her eggs, in which case she will even build and lay the third time. She is, however, extremely jealous of her nest, and very apt to forsake it, if much disturbed. It is even asserted by some of our bird dealers, that the old ones will actually destroy the eggs, and poison the young, if either the one or the other have been handled. But I cannot give credit to this unnatural report. I know, from my own experience, at least, that it is not always their practice; neither have I ever witnessed a case of the kind above mentioned. During the period of incubation neither cat, dog, animal or man, can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats, in particular, are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, till obliged to retreat. But his whole vengeance is most particularly directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake. Whenever the insidious approaches of this reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid defender of his young redoubles his exertions, and, unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All its pretended powers of fascination avail it nothing against the vengeance of this noble bird. As the snake's strength begins to flag, the Mocking-bird seizes and lifts it up partly from the ground, beating it with his wings, and when the business is completed, he returns to the repository of his young, mounts the summit of the bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory.

The plumage of the Mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy

or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned and even handsome. The ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable, by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity; and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour, or an hour, at a time.—His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, “He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.” While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect; so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates; or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the kildeer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals; and discover, with astonishment, that the solo performer in this singular



*concert* is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstacy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo; and serenades us the live-long night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley.

#### 114.—CRABBE AND BURKE.

[In a notice of George Crabbe, we have said that he was rescued from poverty by the kindness of Edmund Burke. The circumstances of this kindness are thus detailed in the interesting life of the Poet, by his son, the Rev. George Crabbe.]

It is to be regretted that Mr. Crabbe's Journal does not extend over more than three months of the miserable year that he spent in the city (1781). During the whole of that time he experienced nothing but disappointments and repulses. His circumstances were now, indeed, fearfully critical: absolute want stared him in the face: a goal seemed the only immediate refuge for his head; and the best he could hope for was dismissing all his dreams of literary distinction, to find the means of daily bread in the capacity of a druggist's assistant. To borrow, without any prospect of repaying, was what his honesty shrunk from; to beg was misery, and promised, moreover, to be fruitless. A spirit less manly and less religious must have sunk altogether under such an accumulation of sorrows.

Mr. Crabbe made one effort more. In his "sketch" he says: "He did not so far mistake as to believe that any name can give lasting reputation to an undeserving work; but he was fully persuaded that it must be some very meritorious and extraordinary performance, such as he had not the vanity to suppose himself capable of producing, that would become popular, without the introductory *probat* of some well-known and distinguished character. Thus thinking, and having now his first serious attempt completed, afraid of venturing without a guide, doubtful whom to select, knowing many by reputation, none personally—he fixed, impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment, upon Edmund Burke—one of the first of Englishmen, and, in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings."

The letter which the young poet addressed to Burke must have been seen by Mr. Prior, when he composed his life of the great statesman; but that work had been published for nine years before any of Mr. Crabbe's family were aware that a copy of it had been preserved; nor had they any exact knowledge of the extremity of distress which this remarkable letter describes, until the hand that penned it was in the grave. It is as follows:—

TO EDMUND BURKE, Esq.

Sir—I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, sir, procure me a pardon; I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, without bread.

"Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life, till my abilities should procure

me more : of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only ; I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions ; when I wanted bread they procured me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

"Time, reflection, and want, have shown me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light ; and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

"I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford ; in consequence of which, I asked his lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

"I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and, therefore, endeavoured to circulate copies of the enclosed proposals.

"I am afraid, sir, I disgust you with this very dull narrative, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford ; indeed, the most parsimonious could not have afforded it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum, which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise ; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which, I believe, will be within one month ; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

"You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement ; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

"Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety ? Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity ? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress ; it is, therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour ; but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

"I will call upon you, sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me are distressed in my distresses. My connections, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun ; in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant.

"GEORGE CRABBE."

Mr. Burke was, at this period, (1781,) engaged in the hottest turmoils of parliamentary opposition, and his own pecuniary circumstances were by no means very

affluent: yet he gave instant attention to this letter, and the verses which it enclosed. He immediately appointed an hour for my father to call upon him at his house in London; and the short interview that ensued entirely, and for ever, changed the nature of his worldly fortunes. He was, in the common phrase, "a made man" from that hour. He went into Mr. Burke's room, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child—a bright example of the close affinity between superior talents, and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr. Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career; but it was one hand alone that rescued him when he was *sinking*. In reflecting upon the consequences of the letter to Burke—the happiness, the exultation, the inestimable benefits that resulted to my father,—ascribing, indeed, my own existence to that great and good man's condescension and prompt kindness, I may be pardoned for dwelling upon that interview with feelings of gratitude which I should but in vain endeavour to express.

But, sensible as I am of the importance of Mr. Burke's interference in my father's behalf, I would not imply that there was not ample desert to call it forth. Enlarged as was Mr. Burke's benevolence, had not the writings which were submitted to his inspection possessed the marks of real genius, the applicant would probably have been dismissed with a little pecuniary assistance. I must add that, even had his poems been eminently meritorious, it is not to be supposed that the author would have at once excited the strongest personal interest in such a mind, unless he had, during this interview, exhibited the traits of a pure and worthy character. Nay, had there appeared any offensive peculiarities of manner and address—either presumption or meanness—though the young poet might have received both kindness and patronage, can any one dream that Mr. Burke would have at once taken up his cause with the zeal of a friend, domesticated him under his own roof, and treated him like a son? In mentioning his new *protégé*, a few days afterwards, to Reynolds, Burke said, "He has the mind and feelings of a gentleman." Sir Joshua told this, years later, to my grateful father himself.

## 115.—THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND.

GOLDSMITH.

[THE name of OLIVER GOLDSMITH is, by most persons who are familiar with his writings, pronounced with a sort of affectionate warmth, not unmingled with pity. We know that he wanted strength of purpose, and that he was a creature of impulse,—but we do not love him the less for these failings. He stands in singular contrast with the one other great literary name of his generation, Samuel Johnson; and, if truth be told, we have an irrepressible sympathy for Johnson's butt, "who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll," which we cannot altogether feel for the literary dictator whom Boswell has immortalised. We should like to have some record of how "poor Poll" *did* talk, more full and less prejudiced than the testimony of the wondering Scot, whose only notion of conversation was discussion, discussion, discussion. We have no such record; but we have 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Citizen of the World,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'Retaliation,' and who then shall dare to think that Oliver Goldsmith could be prosy? We have, moreover, the admirable 'Life' of Mr. Forster, who has estimated Goldsmith at a higher worth than any previous biographer; and has cleared away many of the common notions of his loose gabble and childish vanity derived from Boswell. We give the following extract from 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' because it is generally thought to contain an outline of some passages of Goldsmith's own chequered

life. He was born in 1728, in the county of Longford, Ireland, being the fifth of seven children of a poor clergyman; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; studied physic at Leyden; led a wandering life for some time; and came to London a literary adventurer, about 1766. Much of his employment was task-work; but in all he did there are to be found the traces of a facile genius. He died in 1774, at the early age of forty-five.]

The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but, though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road, and comforted myself with reflecting that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. Ay, cried he, this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad——But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys hair? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed? No. Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come, continued he, I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dally, and write history and politics, and are praised——men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal, and, having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down, and, finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import, but some splendid things that, at a distance, looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I sat self-collected with a quill pointed against every opposer. \* \* \* \*

The learned world said nothing to my paradoxes—nothing at all. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.

As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give to the world of *Propertius*, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, I sec, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town: I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I snite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil. \* \* \* \*

Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while *Philantoa*, *Philaloes*, *Philelutheros*, and *Philanthropos* all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade. \* \* \* \*

My patience was now quite exhausted; stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me; but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I

was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused awhile upon the properest means of providing for me, and, slapping his forehead as if he had found it, assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pound, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. But, continued he, I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam. What if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English, added he, by this time, or the deuce is in it. I confidently assured him of that, but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and, after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself as fallen from the skies a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but falling into company with an Irish student who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature, (for by the way it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects,) from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was cartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like Aesop and his basket of bread, for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go

sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed at first to doubt my abilities, but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus :—You see me, young man, continued he ; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek ; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek ; I eat heartily without Greek ; and in short, continued he, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.

I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me, even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially ; but as it was now my only means it was received with contempt—a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when, passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules ; the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains ; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once taught you to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris."

With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance, and after some time accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions ; for, when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask me, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there

was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure, before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor, and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies, and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at, but, if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was, and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation: so, paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained, against every adventitious disputant, for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom, and that no man is so fond of liberty himself as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

## 115.—COURT OF JAMES THE FIRST.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

[THERE is a very curious collection of original papers, written at various times, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., entitled, 'Nugæ Antiquæ;' and the most valuable of these miscellanies are the letters and tracts of Sir John Harrington. This very able courtier is principally known as the translator of Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso;' and the characteristic of his mind, which was that of a ready and genial wit, has been established by the custom of Queen Elizabeth to name him as "that witty fellow, my godson," or "that merry poet,



my godson." The following extract from one of his letters exhibits his acute powers of observation, and his tendency to good-natured sarcasm. Certainly this picture of court manners shows the advance we have made in the decencies of life. Harrington was born in 1601; he died in 1612.] \*

In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings: I came here a day or two before the Danish King came, and from the day he did come, until this hour, I have been well-nigh overwhelmed with carousals and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as well-nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, in such plenty, as would have astonished each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dan hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those, whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and seem to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth the parliament did kindly to provide his Majesty so seasonably with money, for there hath been no lack of good living; shows, sights, and banquetings, from morn to eve.

One day, a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon, his Temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others.—But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the queen, which had been bestowed upon his garments; such as wine, cream, jellies, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity: Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity: Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition: Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed: in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts; but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and, by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the ante-chamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and, much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.

I have much marvelled at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our queen's days; of which I was sometime

an humble presenter and assistant : but I ne'er did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I have now done. I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not man in quest of exercise or food. I will now, in good sooth, declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on, hereabouts, as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well masked, and indeed it be the only show of their modesty to conceal their countenance ; but, alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens. The lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobalds, and doth marvellously please both kings, with good meat, good drink, and good speeches. I do often say (but not aloud), that the Danes have again conquered the Britons, for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself. I wish I was at home :—*O rus, quando te aspiciam ?*

#### . 117.—LADY FANSHAWE.

[SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, a devoted adherent to the fortunes of Charles I., and a faithful servant of Charles II., was an honest statesman, and a gentleman of rare private virtue. He was also a scholar and a poet ; and is known for a translation, very beautiful in parts, of Guarini's 'Pastor Fido.' In his life of peril and difficulty he had the support of an incomparable wife, who survived him ; and who left a manuscript memoir of her career, for the instruction of her son. This interesting narrative was first printed in 1829. It contains many curious anecdotes of the times ; but its greatest charm consists in the picture it presents of the devoted attachment of an accomplished and heroic woman to the husband of her love. Lady Fanshawe wrote her memoir in 1676, and died in 1680.]

I have thought it good to discourse to you, my most dear and only son, the most remarkable actions and accidents of your family, as well as the more eminent ones of your father ; and my life and necessity, not delight or revenge, hath made me insert some passages which will reflect on their owners, as the praises of others will be but just, which is my intent in this narrative. I would not have you be a stranger to it ; because, by the example, you may imitate what is applicable to your condition in the world, and endeavour to avoid those misfortunes we have passed through, if God pleases.

Endeavour to be innocent as a dove, but as wise as a serpent ; and let this lesson direct you most in the greatest extremes of fortune. Hate idleness, and curb all passions ; be true in all words and actions ; unnecessarily deliver not your opinion ; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered, and plain. Be charitable in all thought, word, and deed, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself, and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

Be civil and obliging to all, dutiful where God and nature command you ; but friend to one, and that friendship keep sacred, as the greatest tie upon earth, and be sure to ground it upon virtue ; for no other is either happy or lasting.

Endeavour always to be content in that estate of life which it hath pleased God to call you to, and think it a great fault not to employ your time either for the good of your soul, or improvement of your understanding, health, or estate ; and as these are the most pleasant pastimes, so it will make you a cheerful old age, which is as necessary for you to design, as to make provision to support the infirmities which decay of strength brings : and it was never seen that a vicious youth terminated in

a contented, cheerful old age, but perished out of countenance. Ever keep the best qualified persons' company, out of whom you will find advantage, and reserve some hours daily to examine yourself and fortune; for if you embark yourself in perpetual conversation or recreation, you will certainly shipwreck your mind and fortune. Remember the proverb—such as his company is, such is the man—and have glorious actions before your eyes, and think what shall be your portion in heaven, as well as what you desire on earth.

Manage your fortune prudently, and forget not that you must give God an account hereafter, and upon all occasions.

Remember your father, whose true image though I can never draw to the life, unless God will grant me that blessing in you; yet, because you were but ten months and ten days old, when God took him out of this world, I will, for your advantage, show you him with all truth, and without partiality.

He was of the highest size of men, strong, and of the best proportion; his complexion sanguine, his skin exceedingly fair, his hair dark brown and very curling, but not very long; his eyes grey and penetrating, his nose high, his countenance gracious and wise, his motion good, his speech clear and distinct. He never used exercise but walking, and that generally with some book in his hand, which oftentimes was poetry, in which he spent his idle hours; sometimes he would ride out to take the air, but his most delight was to go only with me in a coach some miles, and there discourse of those things which then most pleased him, of what nature soever.

He was very obliging to all, and forward to serve his master, his country, and friend; cheerful in his conversation; his discourse ever pleasant, mixed with the sayings of wise men, and their histories repeated as occasion offered, yet so reserved that he never showed the thought of his heart, in its greatest sense, but to myself only; and this I thank God with all my soul for, that he never discovered his trouble to me, but went from me with perfect cheerfulness and content; nor revealed he his joys and hopes, but would say that they were doubled by putting them in my breast. I never heard him hold a disputation in my life, but often he would speak against it, saying, it was an uncharitable custom, which never turned to the advantage of either party. He would never be drawn to the fashion of any party, saying, he found it sufficient honestly to perform that employment he was in; he loved and used cheerfulness in all his actions, and professed his religion in his life and conversation. He was a true Protestant of the Church of England, so born, so brought up, and so died; his conversation was so honest, that I never heard him speak a word in my life that tended to God's dishonour, or encouragement of any kind of debauchery or sin. He was over much esteemed by his two masters, Charles the First and Charles the Second, both for great parts and honesty as for his conversation, in which they took great delight, he being so free from passion that made him beloved of all that knew him; nor did I ever see him moved but with his master's concerns, in which he would hotly pursue his interest through the greatest difficulties.

He was the tenderest father imaginable, the carefulest and most generous master I ever knew; he loved hospitality, and would often say, it was wholly essential for the constitution of England; he loved and kept order with the greatest decency possible; and though he would say I managed his domestics wholly, yet I over governed them and myself by his commands; in the managing of which, I thank God, I found his approbation and content.

Now you will expect that I should say something that may remain of us jointly, which I will do though it makes my eyes gush out with tears, and cuts me to the soul to remember, and in part express the joys I was blessed with in him. Glory be to God, we never had but one mind throughout our lives. Our souls were wrapped

up in each other's; our aims and designs one, our loves one, and our resentments one. We so studied one the other, that we knew each other's mind by our looks. Whatever was real happiness, God gave it me in him; but to commend my better half, which I want sufficient expression for, methinks is to commend myself, and so may bear a censure; but, might it be permitted, I could dwell eternally on his praise most justly; but thus without offence I do, and so you may imitate him in his patience, his prudence, his chastity, his charity, his generosity, his perfect resignation to God's will, and praise God for him as long as you live here, and with him hereafter in the kingdom of Heaven. Amen.

\* \* \* \* \*

We select a few passages which beautifully illustrate the purity and strength of the affection which this admirable woman bore to her companion in sorrow and in joy.

My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for,—and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman,—in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth, what news? began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, "what wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it; he smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to Court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that, and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

\* \* \* \* \*

We pursued our voyage with prosperous winds, but with a most tempestuous master, a Dutchman, which is enough to say, but truly, I think, the greatest beast I ever saw of his kind.

When we had passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, Turkish galley, well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns. He called for brandy; and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds. This was sad for us passengers; but my husband bade us be sure to keep in the cabin, and the women not to appear, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women, they would take us for a merchant and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and with the rest of the ship's company stood upon deck expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master.

By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change!' and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 2nd of September, 1651, was fought the battle of Worcester, when the king being missing, and I hearing nothing of your father being dead or alive for three days, it is inexpressible in what affliction I was. I neither ate nor slept, but trembled at every motion I heard, expecting the fatal news, which at last came, and mentioned that your father was a prisoner. Then, with some hope, I went to London, to find out my husband, wheresoever he was carried. On my coming to London, I met a messenger from him with a letter, which advised me of his condition, and told he was very civilly treated. I said little more than that I should be in some room at Charing Cross, where he had a promise from his keeper that he should rest in my company at dinner-time. This was meant as a very great favour to him. I expected him with impatience, and, on the day appointed, provided a dinner and a room, as I was ordered, in which I was with my father, and some more of my friends, where we saw hundreds of poor soldiers, both English and Scotch, march almost naked on foot, and many on horseback. At last came the captain and two soldiers with your father, who was very cheerful in appearance. After he had spoken to me, and saluted me and his friends, he said, 'Pray let us not lose time, for I know not how little I have to spare. This is the chance of war; nothing venture nothing have; and so let us sit down, and be merry while we may.' Then, taking my hand and kissing me, he said, 'Cease weeping; no other thing upon earth can move me: remember we are all at God's disposal.' Then he told us how kind the captain had been to him, and that the people as he passed offered him money, and brought him good things; and that particularly Lady Denham, at Boston House, would have given him all the money she had in the house, but he returned

her thanks, and told her that he had so ill kept his own, that he would not tempt his governor with more ; but that if she would give him a shirt or two, and some handkerchiefs, he would keep them as long as he could for her sake. She fetched him some shifts of her own, and some handkerchiefs, saying, that she was ashamed to give them to him, but having none of her son's shirts at home, she desired him to wear them. Thus passed the time till orders came to carry my husband to Whitehall, where, in a little room, (yet standing in the Bowling-green,) he was kept prisoner without the speech of any (so far as they knew) for ten weeks, and in expectation of death. They then examined him, and at last he grew so ill in health, by the cold and hard marches he had undergone, and being pent up in a room close and small, that the scurvy brought him down almost to death's door. During the time of his imprisonment I failed not, constantly, when the clock struck four in the morning, to go with a dark lanthorn in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, by the entry that went out of King's Street into the Bowling-green. There I would go under his window, and call him softly. He, excepting the first time, never afterwards failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with rain that it went in at my neck, and out at my heels. My husband directed me how to make my addresses for his delivery to the General Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms.

## 118.—RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[WASHINGTON IRVING may be considered the head of that numerous band of prose writers which the United States have produced during the last thirty years. His 'Sketch Book,' which was published in England in 1820, at once raised him to a distinguished eminence as a writer of elegant tastes and just feelings. Many of the papers in that work are on subjects of English manners and scenery. The sentiments which Mr. Irving expressed of the land of his fathers have done much to cherish in America a kind regard for our habits and associations. Other writers have taken less friendly views; and it must be owned that we have many sins to answer for ourselves, of fomenting differences, and encouraging prejudices, which ought never to exist amongst those who speak a common language, have a common literature, and are brethren "by titles manifold." Mr. Irving is also the author of a very clever and original work of fiction, 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,'—of 'Bracebridge Hall,' of 'Tales of a Traveller,' of 'The Life and Voyages of Columbus,' of 'The Conquest of Granada,' of 'Astoria,' &c. &c. It is one of the disgraces of our own day (a disgrace which will soon compel a remedy), that the works of Mr. Irving, as a foreigner, have no protection in the English laws of copyright, although some of the more important were originally published in this country. The law should be rendered just, without the least regard to transatlantic notions of justice.]

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours.

In some countries the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the

metropolis is a mere gathering place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a turn for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business and the success of his commercial enterprises. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town, are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis: he has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning. An immense metropolis like London is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings, they can but deal briefly in common-places. They present but the cold superficialities of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect around him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraint. His country-seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive glances, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare,

bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dark with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation; the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities; and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a prevailing yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits; and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman; through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly: the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth



among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life: those incomparable descriptions of nature which abound in the British poets, that have continued down from 'The Flower and the Leaf' of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revolved with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is level, and would be monotonous were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home-scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages, of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its Gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields and kneel at the same altar. The parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated; but repaired and altered in the taste of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the church-yard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedgerows, according to an immemorable right of way—the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene; all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, an hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and

local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight on a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces, and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I cannot close these desultory remarks better, than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity:—

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,  
The city dome, the villa crowned with shade,  
But chief from modest mansions numberless,  
In town or hamlet, sheltering middle life,  
Down to the cottaged vale, and straw-roof'd shed,  
This Western isle hath long been famed for scenes  
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling-place:  
Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,  
(Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,)  
Can centre in a little quiet nest  
All that desire would fly for through the earth;  
That can, the world eluding, be itself  
A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses  
But its own sharers, and approving Heaven:  
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,  
Smiles though 'tis looking only at the sky.

#### 119.—THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

HEBER.

[REGINALD HEBER, Bishop of Calcutta, was born in 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire. In 1800 he was entered at Brazenose College, Oxford. His university career was one series of successes. His prize poem of 'Palestine,' written in 1803, unlike the majority of academical compositions, has taken its rank among our best English poems. In 1807 he took orders, and entered upon the discharge of his duties of parish priest in the family living of Hodnet. Never were the high duties of his sacred office fulfilled with greater zeal than by this most amiable and gifted scholar. His eminence as a preacher, his reputation for the highest talent, must have led to the first preferments in the Church. The Bishopric of Calcutta was offered to him: he twice refused it; but eventually he saw in that appointment a wide career of usefulness, and he sacrificed every other consideration to the prospects which this apostolical mission opened to his view. He embarked for India on the 15th of June, 1823. On the 3rd of April, 1820, he suddenly died at Trichinopoly, having spent the short period of his sojourn in the East in labour such as few men have undergone. Dying thus at the early age of forty-three, his memory is hallowed in India by European and native; and his example will continue to animate many a man with the conviction that the talents which God has entrusted to us find their best and their happiest employment in an unremitting course of endeavour to leave the world better than we found it. Bishop Heber's 'Journey through India' is one of our most interesting books of travels. There are three volumes of his Sermons; and his Poems, from which we extract the 'Passage of the Red Sea,' form a volume of themselves.]

With heat o'erlabour'd, and the length of way,  
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.  
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along;  
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,

Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell  
 The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.  
 'Twas silence all!—The flocks for shelter fly  
 Where, waving light, the scathed shadows lie  
 Or where, from far, the flattering vapours make  
 The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake:  
 While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,  
 With arms enfolded, and dejected head,  
 Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,  
 And, late reveal'd, his children's destiny.  
 For, not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,  
 Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;  
 Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose god-like sway  
 Could lure the locust from her airy way;  
 With reptile war assail their proud abodes,  
 And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.  
 Oh helpless gods! who nought availed to shield  
 From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field!  
 Oh helpless gods! who saw the curdled blood  
 Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,  
 And fourfold night the wandering earth enchain,  
 While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!  
 Such musings held the tribes, till now the west  
 With milder influence on their temples prest;  
 And that portentous cloud which, all the day,  
 Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,  
 (A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night,)  
 Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into light!  
 Soft fell the eve:—but, ere the day was down,  
 Tall waving banners streak'd the level sun;  
 And wide and dark along the horizon red,  
 In sandy surge the rising desert spread.  
 "Mark, Israel, mark!"—On that strange sight intent,  
 In breathless terror, every eye was bent;  
 And busy faction's fast increasing hum,  
 And female voices, shriek, "They come, they come!"  
 They come, they come! In scintillating show,  
 O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow  
 And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,  
 As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;  
 And fancy's keener glance e'en now can trace  
 The threatening aspects of each mingled race:  
 For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,  
 The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.  
 From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,  
 Sinah's green isle, and Sennaar's marly plain:  
 On either wing their fiery coursets check  
 The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek  
 While close behind, inured to feast on blood,  
 Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode  
 Mid blazing helms, and bucklers rough with gold,  
 Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots rold?

Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,  
 Old Thèbes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,  
 Mother of armies!—How the emerald glow'd,  
 Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!  
 And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,  
 Aziris' ark his swarthy wizard's bore;  
 And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,  
 The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory!  
 Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?  
 Whom come ye forth to combat?—Warriors, whom?  
 These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—  
 Red from the scourge and recent from the chain?  
 God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!  
 Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!—  
 North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,  
 The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.  
 On earth's last margin throng the weeping train:  
 Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim the main?"  
 'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,  
 Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.  
 He comes—their leader comes!—The man of God  
 O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,  
 And onward treads.—The circling waves retreat,  
 In hoarse deep murmurs from his holy feet;  
 And the chased surges, inly roaring, show  
 The hard, wet sand, and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,  
 Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell.—  
 Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,  
 The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;  
 And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,  
 And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.  
 Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;  
 The bootling waters storm above their head;  
 While far behind retires the sinking day,  
 And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israël fled the friendly light,  
 Or dark to them; or cheerless came the night.  
 Still in their van, along that dreadful road,  
 Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.  
 Its meteor glare a tenfold lustra gave  
 On the long mirror of the rosy wave:  
 While its blest beams a sun-like heat supply,  
 Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—  
 To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train  
 Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:  
 Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,  
 A tenfold darkness broods above their line.  
 Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,  
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed:  
 Till midway now—that strange and fiery form  
 Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm;

With withering splendour blasted all their might,  
 And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their courser's flight.  
 "Fly, Misraim, fly!"—~~2~~The ravenous floods they see,  
 And fiercer than the floods, the Deity.  
 "Fly, Misraim, fly!"—From Edom's coral strand  
 Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand :—  
 With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,  
 And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—  
 Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,  
 As mortal wailing swell'd the mighty blast :  
 And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore  
 The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh ! welcome came the morn, when Israel stood  
 In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood !  
 Oh ! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show  
 The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below ;  
 The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—  
 A few sad relics of a nation's war.  
 Alas, how few !—Then, soft as Elim's well,  
 The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.  
 And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne  
 The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,  
 The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,  
 In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude—  
 Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around  
 The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound ;  
 And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress'd,  
 The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.  
 She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky  
 The dark transparencé of her lucid eye,  
 Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony,  
 "Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear ?  
 On's warlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where ?  
 Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.  
 Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed !"  
 And every pause between, as Miriam sang,  
 From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang ;  
 And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—  
 "Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed !"



120.—ENGLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

PERLIN.

[DESCRIPTIONS of our own country by foreigners have always something of instruction in them. They generally mortify our vanity, which is good; they sometimes show us in what our real merit consists, which is equally good. They are seldom unprejudiced, they are occasionally ridiculous; and these circumstances ought to show us the difficulty of judging correctly of foreign habits and manners.]

One of the earliest of these descriptions of England is that of Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, who was in Great Britain in the last two years of King Edward VI., and saw some of the remarkable events that marked the commencement of the reign of Queen Mary. His 'Description of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland' was published at Paris in 1558. The original tract is of great rarity; but it was reprinted with another Frenchman's account of England, by Gough, the antiquary, in 1775. There are few more odd books in any language; but there can be little doubt of the fidelity of his notices of what he saw. His hatred of the English seems to have been a genuine sentiment of revenge for the hatred which he saw bestowed by our people upon his own countrymen. The French reality, or affectation, of dislike to us at the present day has no such excuse.

We translate a few passages :—]

**THE PERFIDIOUS ENGLISH.**—Young France uses no novel terms when she calls us "*Les Perfides Anglais*." The wars of the Edwards and Henries earned us this. But they might have saved us from the reproach of cowardice. Master Perlin starts with this general summary of our national character :—"It may be said of the English, neither in war are they brave, nor in peace are they faithful; and, as the Spaniard says, England is a good land with bad people."

**NATIONAL HATREDS.**—Master Stephen Perlin interlards his book with English phrases, which are not very easy to interpret. We might hope that his acquaintance with our manners was as limited as his knowledge of our language, if we had not other evidence that our excellent forefathers of the sixteenth century had some tolerably strong antipathies. "The people of this nation mortally hate the French, as their old enemies, and always call us *France cheneve*, *France dogue*, and, besides, they call us *or son*." We should scarcely guess, without an interpretation, that *cheneve* meant knaves. Again :

"The people are proud and seditious, with bad consciences, and are faithless to their word, as experience has taught. These villains hate all sorts of foreigners; and although they have a good land and a good country, they are all constantly wicked and moved by every wind; for now they will love a prince; turn your hand, they will wish him killed and crucified."

**ENGLISH LOVE OF LETTERS.**—"In this kingdom of England there are two universities, viz. *Cambruches* and *Auxonne*, called in Latin *Auxonia*, *Cambruche*, in Latin *Cambrunium*. The people of the country do not frequent them at all or very little, and do not give themselves up much to letters, but only to vanity and ambition, and merchandise." \* \* \* "The people are reprobates, and all enemies to good manners and letters."

**THE AXE AND THE GIBBET.**—Master Perlin describes, with some curious circum-

stantiality, the fatal attempt to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne. He was present at the execution of the Duke of Northumberland, which seems, as it naturally might, to have made a strong impression upon him. "A lamentable thing to see a man beneath whom a whole kingdom trembled, to see him in the hands of an executioner; and the executioner was lame (for I was present at the execution), and he had a white apron like a butcher. This great lord made great lamentations and regrets at death, and said this oration in English, throwing himself on his two knees, looking up to heaven, and weeping passionately: '*Lord God mi fatre prie fort ouz poores siners nond vand in the hoore of our theath*;' which means in French, '*Seigneur Dieu, mon père, prie pour nous hommes et pauvres pécheurs, et principalement à l'heure de nostre mort.*' And after the execution you might have seen little children taking up the blood that had fallen through the chinks of the scaffold on which he had been decapitated. In this country they place the head on a pole of wood."

Some pages onward the good physician makes some sensible observations on the uncertainty of life in England to the noble and the great: "In this country you will not meet with any great nobles whose relations have not had their heads cut off. Certes I should like better (with the reader's leave) to be a swineherd and preserve my head. For this affliction falls furiously upon the heads of the great nobles. For you will see those great lords in grand pomp and magnificence for a time; turn your hand, you will see them in the hands of the executioner."

The great lords had the poor privilege of dying by the axe. The gibbet did its work upon the common people. Our penal laws were the opprobrium of Europe even three hundred years ago, and yet we scarcely began to reform them till our own generation. Hear how this foreigner regarded us: "In France justice is well administered, and not tyranny, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country; for a kingdom ought to be governed, not in shedding human blood in such abundance that the blood flows in streams, by which means the good are troubled."

\* \* \* \* \*

"In England there is so cruel a justice that for nothing they have a man killed; for where in France they would condemn a man to be whipped, here, without fail, he would be condemned to die. It is true, there are only two kinds of justice, namely, hanging and decapitation; and thus a malefactor gains as much by doing a great deal of evil as a little, which ought not to be; and the practice is better in France, where there are several kinds of punishments according to the crime. In this island they have no wheel, nor any other punishments than the two I have mentioned. They make the poor criminals and condemned malefactors suffer on gibbets of wood outside the city, if they are not Milords, barbarously in French Milours, whom they kill in London to terrify the people."

ENGLISH CHEER.—With all his dislike of us, the Frenchman seemed to relish our hospitality. He talks of the good cheer that he had, "unworthy as he was," at the house of the Lord Ouardon (Lord Warden). Of the commonalty he says, "The people of this place make great cheer, and like much to banquet, and you will see many rich taverns and tavern-keepers who have customarily large purses in which are three or four small purses full of money, consequently we may consider that this country is very full of money, and that the tradespeople gain more in a week than those of Germany or Spain in a month. For you will see hatters and joiners, artisans generally, playing their crowns at tennis, which is not ordinarily seen in any other place, and particularly on a working day. And in a tavern they make good cheer oftener than once a day with rabbits, and hares, and every sort of food."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The English one with the other are joyous, and are very fond of music; for there is not ever so small a church in which music is not sung: and they are great

drinkers; for, if an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, *vis dring a quarta rim oim gasquim oim hespaignol, oim malvoyai*; which means, *veula tu venir boire une quarte de vin du gascoigne, une autre d'espaigne, et une autre de malvoise*. In drinking and in eating they will say to you more than a hundred times *drind iou*; and you will reply to them in their language, *iplaigiu*. If you thank them, you say to them in their language, *god tanque arteloy*. Being drunk, they will swear to you by blood and death that you shall drink all that you hold in your cup, and will say to you thus, *bigod sol drind iou agoud oiu*. Now, remember (if you please) that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, *goud chere*. The servants wait on their masters barcheaded, and leave their bonnets on the buffet." \* \* \*

"They use a great deal of beer, double and single, and they drink it not in glasses, but in earthenware pots of which the handles are of silver, and the cover; and this in houses where they are rather rich. For among the poor the covers of the beer-pots are merely of pewter, and in some places above villages the beer pots are only of wood. They use much whiter bread than in France, and it was in my time as cheap as in France; and with their beer they have a custom of using very soft cakes, in which there are raisins, and which make you find the double beer very good; and I have had formerly at the Rie, a sea-port, as good as ever I drank in any country in the world. The people of this country are very good in the furniture of their houses, as good as any people in the world."

SHOPS AND HOUSES.—"In this country all shops of all trades are open, like those of the barbers in France, and they have a great many openings of glass, as well in the workshops as in the higher chambers; for in the chambers you will see many windows of glass, and in almost all the houses of every town, although they belong to tradespeople; and all the houses here are like the working places of the barbers of France, as well above as below; and you will see in their workshops and windows, as often in towns as in villages, a great many flowers, and in taverns a great deal of hay on the wooden benches, and many tapestried cushions on which the travellers sit down."

"The English make great use of tapestries and of painted linens, which are well done, and on which are many magnificent roses embellished with fleurs-de-lis and lions, for you can enter but few houses where you do not find these tapestries."

THE COUNTRY.—Master Perlin does not confine his observations to the towns and cities, of which he says there are not more than twenty-five inclosed with walls and ditches.

"The country is well covered and shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and several other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you think you are in a perpetual wood, but you will discover many flights of steps, which are called in English *amphores* [stiles], and by which persons on foot go along little paths and enter the grounds; persons on horseback do not go thus, but go on the high road between trees and bushes. In this country there are no shepherds who generally keep the sheep, but they usually leave them in the woods morning and evening, and in the open fields." He tells us, moreover, that "the English are excellent at all sorts of fruits, as apricots and peaches." "The people are all armed; and the labourers, when they till the ground, leave their swords and their bows in a corner of the field."

We conclude with Master Perlin's last words, "And this is enough about England."



## 121.—AURENGZEDE.

BERNIER.

[FRANÇOIS BERNIER—"the most instructive of all East India travellers," as he has been called—was a physician who had a passionate desire for peregrination. About 1650 he had an opportunity of proceeding from Cairo to the East Indies; and his skill as a medical practitioner enabled him to travel without cost. He entered the dominions of the Great Mogul when the sons of Shah Jehan were fighting for the empire, and Dara and Aurengzebe (or Aurungzebe) matched their power in a struggle, truly fearful in its deadly hatred and revenge. The great battle that gave the crown to Aurengzebe, and consigned Dara to an ignominious death, is told with wonderful spirit by the French physician. The extracts which we give are from a translation by Mr. Irving Brock, in two volumes. Bernier, after living twelve years in India as physician to Aurengzebe, returned to France, and died in 1688.]

The preparations I have described being completed, the artillery of both armies opened their fire, the invariable mode of commencing an engagement; and the arrows were already thick in the air, when suddenly there fell a shower of rain so violent as to interrupt the work of slaughter for a while. The weather had no sooner cleared than the sound of cannon was again heard, and Dara was at this time seen seated on a beautiful elephant of Ceylon, issuing his orders for a general onset; and, placing himself at the head of a numerous body of horse, advanced boldly towards the enemy's cannon. He was received with firmness, and soon surrounded by heaps of slain. And not only the body which he led to the attack, but those by which he was followed, were thrown into disorder. Still did he retain an admirable calmness, and evince his immovable determination not to recede. He was observed on his elephant looking about him with an undaunted air, and marking the progress of the action. The troops were animated by his example, and the fugitives resumed their ranks; the charge was repeated, but he could not come up to the enemy before another volley carried death and dismay to the assailants, many took to flight; but the greater part seemed to have imbibed Dara's spirit, and followed their intrepid commander, until the cannon were forced, the iron chains disengaged, the enemy's camp entered, and the camels and infantry put completely to the rout. It was now that the cavalry of both armies coming in contact, the battle raged with the greatest fierceness. Showers of arrows obscured the air, Dara himself emptying his quiver: these weapons, however, produce but little effect, nine out of ten flying over the soldiers' heads, or falling short. The arrows discharged, the sword was drawn, and the contending squadrons fought hand to hand, both sides appearing to increase in obstinacy in proportion as the sword performed its murderous work. During the whole of this tremendous conflict, Dara afforded undeniable proofs of invincible courage, raising the voice of encouragement and command, and performing such feats of valour, that he succeeded at length in overthrowing the enemy's cavalry, and compelling it to fly.

Aurengzebe, who was at no great distance, and mounted also on an elephant, endeavoured, but without success, to retrieve the disasters of the day. He attempted to make head against Dara, with a strong body of his choicest cavalry, but it was likewise driven from the field in great confusion. Here I cannot avoid commending his bravery and resolution. He saw that nearly the whole of the army under his immediate command was defeated and put to flight; the number which remained unbroken and collected about his person, not exceeding one thousand (I have been told it scarcely amounted to five hundred). He found that Dara, notwithstanding the extreme ruggedness of the ground which separated them, evidently intended to rush upon his remaining little band; yet did he not betray the slightest symptom of fear, or even an inclination to retreat; but calling many of his principal officers by name, exclaimed, *Delirant !* (Courage, my friends), *Koda-hé !* (God is), *What hope can we find in flight ? Know ye not where is our Deccan ! Koda-hé !*

*Kodu-hé!* and then, to remove all doubt of his resolution, and to show that he thought of nothing less than a retreat, he commanded (strange expedient!) that chains should be fastened to the feet of his elephant; a command he would undoubtedly have seen obeyed, if all those who were about him had not given the strongest assurances of their unsubdued spirit and unshaken fidelity.

Dara all this time meditated an advance upon Aurengzebe, but was retarded by the difficulty of the ground, and by the enemy's cavalry, which, though in disorder, still covered the hills and plains that intervened between the two commanders. Certainly he ought to have felt that without the destruction of his brother, victory would be incomplete; nor should he have suffered any consideration to move him from his purpose of attacking Aurengzebe, now that he was so clearly incapable of offering effectual resistance. He had an easy opportunity to crush this formidable rival; but the circumstance I am about to relate distracted his attention and saved Aurengzebe from the impending danger.

Dara perceived at this critical moment that his left wing was in disorder; and an aide-de-camp bringing him intelligence of the deaths of Ruotum-Khan and Sittersal, and of the imminent peril into which Ram-Singh-Routlé was placed in consequence of having valiantly burst through the enemy, by whom he was, however, entirely surrounded, Dara abandoned the idea of pushing towards Aurengzebe, and determined to fly to the succour of the left wing. After a great deal of hard fighting, Dara's presence turned the tide of fortune, and the enemy was driven back at all points; but the rout was not so complete as to leave him without occupation. Meanwhile Ram-Singh-Routlé was opposed to Morád Bakche, and performing prodigies of valour. The Rajah wounded the prince, and approached so near as to cut some of the bands by which the amari was fixed upon the elephant, hoping in that way to bring his antagonist to the earth; but the intrepidity and adroitness of Morád Bakche did not permit him to accomplish his object. Though wounded, and beset on all sides by the rajaputs, the Prince disdained to yield: he dealt his blows with terrible effect, throwing at the same time his shield over his son, a lad of seven years of age, seated at his side; and discharged an arrow with so unerring an aim that the Rajah fell dead on the spot.

It was not long before Dara was made acquainted with the serious loss he had sustained; and hearing also that Morád Bakche was hemmed in by the rajaputs, rendered furious by the death of their master, he determined, notwithstanding every obstacle, to advance to the attack of that prince; the only measure by which he could hope to repair the error committed in suffering Aurengzebe to escape: but even this step was rendered abortive by an act of treachery, which involved Dara in immediate and irretrievable ruin.

Calil-ullah-Khau, who commanded the right wing, consisting of thirty thousand Moguls, a force which alone was sufficient to destroy Aurengzebe's army, kept aloof from the engagement, while Dara, at the head of the left wing, fought with courage and success. The traitor pretended that his division was designed for a corps of reserve, and that he could not, consistently with his orders, move one step, or discharge a single arrow, until the last extremity; but the blackest perfidy was the cause of his inaction.

A few years prior to this period, Calil-ullah had suffered some indignity at the hands of Dara, and he considered the hour had arrived when he might gratify the resentment which had never ceased to rankle in his bosom. His abstinence from all share in the battle did not, however, produce the mischief intended, Dara having proved victorious without the co-operation of the right wing. The traitor, therefore, had recourse to another expedient. He quitted his division, followed by a few persons, and riding with speed towards Dara, precisely at the moment when

that prince was hastening to assist in the downfall of Morâd-Bakche, he exclaimed, while yet at some distance, *Mohbarekbad, Hazeret, Salamet, Elhamd-ul-ellah !* May you be happy ! May your Majesty enjoy health, and reign in safety ! The victory is your own ! But let me ask, why are you still mounted on this lofty elephant ? Have you not been sufficiently exposed to danger ? If one of the numberless arrows, or balls, which have pierced your canopy had touched your person, who can imagine the dreadful situation to which we should be reduced ? In Heaven's name descend quickly, and mount your horse ; nothing now remains but to pursue the fugitives with vigour. I entreat your majesty permit them not to escape !

Had Dara considered the consequences of quitting the back of his elephant, on which he had displayed so much valour, and served as a rallying point to the army, he would have become master of the empire ; but the credulous prince, duped by the artful obsequiousness of Calil-ullah, listened to his advice as though it had been sincere. He descended from the elephant, and mounted his horse ; but a quarter of an hour had not elapsed when, suspecting the imposture, he inquired impatiently for Calil-ullah. The villain, however, was not within his reach : he inveighed vehemently against that officer, and threatened him with death ; but Dara's rage was now impotent, and his menace incapable of being executed. The troops having missed their prince, a rumour quickly spread that he was killed and the army betrayed : a universal panic seized them ; every man thought only of his own safety, and how to escape from the resentment of Aurengzebe. In a few minutes the army seemed disbanded, and (strange and sudden reverse !) the conqueror became the vanquished. Aurengzebe remained during a quarter of an hour steadily on his elephant, and was rewarded with the crown of Hindostan : Dara left his own elephant a few minutes too soon, and was hurled from the pinnacle of glory, to be numbered amongst the most miserable of princes :—so short-sighted is man, and so mighty are the consequences which sometimes flow from the most trivial incidents.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Patan having assembled, during the night, a considerable number of armed men, seized this gold, together with the women's jewels, and fell upon Dara and Sipper Shekô, killed the persons who attempted to defend them, and tied the prince on the back of an elephant. The public executioner was ordered to sit behind, for the purpose of cutting off his head, upon the first appearance of resistance, either on his own part, or on that of any of his adherents ; and in this degrading posture Dara was carried to the army before Tatta, and delivered into the hands of Mir-Baba. This officer then commanded Jihon-Khan to proceed with his prisoner, first to Lahore, and afterwards to Delhi.

When the unhappy prince was brought to the gates of Delhi, it became a question with Aurengzebe whether, in conducting him to the fortress of Gualior, he should be made to pass through the capital. It was the opinion of some courtiers, that this was by all means to be avoided, because not only would such an exhibition be derogatory to the royal family, but it might become the signal for revolt, and the rescue of Dara might be successfully attempted. Others maintained, on the contrary, that he ought to be seen by the whole city : that it was necessary to strike the people with terror and astonishment, and to impress their minds with an idea of the absolute and irresistible power of Aurengzebe. It was also advisable, they added, to undeceive the omrahs and the people, who still entertained doubts of Dara's captivity, and to extinguish at once the hopes of his secret partisans. Aurengzebe viewed the matter in the same light ; the wretched prisoner was therefore secured on an elephant ; his son, Sipper-Shekô, placed at his side, and behind them, instead of the executioner, was seated Bhadur-Khan. This was not

one of the majestic elephants of Pegu or Ceylon, which Dara had been in the habit of mounting, pompously caparisoned, the harness gilt, and trappings decorated with figured work, and carrying a beautifully painted chair, inlaid with gold, and a magnificent canopy to shelter the prince from the sun ; Dara was now seen seated on a miserable and worn-out animal, covered with filth ; he no longer wore the necklace of large pearls which distinguished the princes of Hindostan, nor the rich turban and *cabaies*, or embroidered vest ; he and his son were now habited in dirty cloth of the coarsest texture, and his sorry turban was wrapped round with a scarf of Cashmere wool, resembling that worn by the meanest of the people.

Such was the appearance of Dara when led through the bazaars and every quarter of the city. I could not divest myself of the idea that some dreadful execution was about to take place, and felt surprised that government should have the hardihood to commit all these indignities upon a prince confessedly popular among the lower orders, especially as I saw scarcely any armed force. The people had for some time inveighed bitterly against the unnatural conduct of Aurengzebe : the imprisonment of his father, of his son, Sultan Mahmud, and of his brother, Morad Bakche, filled every bosom with horror and disgust. The crowd assembled upon this disgraceful occasion was immense ; and everywhere I observed the people weeping, and lamenting the fate of Dara in the most touching language. I took my station in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city, in the midst of the largest bazaar ; was mounted on a good horse, and accompanied by two servants, and two intimate friends. From every quarter I heard piercing and distressing shrieks ; men, women, and children, wailing as if some mighty calamity had happened to themselves. Jihon-Khan rode near the wretched Dara ; and the abusive and indignant cries vociferated as the traitor moved along were absolutely deafening. I observed some Fakirs and several poor people throw stones at the infamous Patan ; but not a single movement was made with a view of delivering the beloved and compassionate prince. When this disgraceful procession had passed through every part of Delhi, the poor prisoner was shut up in one of his own gardens, called Heider-Abad.

Aurengzebe was immediately made acquainted with the impression which this spectacle produced upon the public mind, the indignation manifested by the populace against Jihon-Khan, the threats held out to stone the perfidious man, and with the fears entertained of a general insurrection. A second council was consequently convened, and the question discussed, whether it were more expedient to conduct Dara to Gualior, agreeably to the original intention, or to put him to death without further delay. By some it was maintained that there was no reason for proceeding to extremities, and that the prince might safely be taken to Gualior, provided he were attended with a strong escort : Danechmend-Khan, although he and Dara had long been on bad terms, enforced this opinion with all his powers of argument ; but it was ultimately decided that Dara should die, and that Sipper-Shekô should be confined in Gualior. At this meeting Rochinara-Begum betrayed all her enmity against her hapless brother, combating the arguments of Danechmend, and exciting Aurengzebe to this foul and unnatural murder. Her efforts were but too successfully seconded by Calil-ullah Khan and Shaistâ Khan, both of them old enemies of Dara ; and by Takarrub-Khan, a wretched parasite recently raised to the rank of omrah, and formerly a physician. He was originally distinguished by the appellation of Hakin-Davoud, and had been compelled to fly from Persia. This man rendered himself conspicuous in the council by his violent harangue. "Dara ought not to live," he exclaimed, "the safety of the state depends upon his immediate execution ; and I feel the less reluctant to recommend his being put to death, because he had abjured his religion, and avowed himself a kafir. If it be sinful to

shed the blood of such a person, may the sin be visited upon my own head!" an imprecation which was not allowed to pass unregarded; for divine justice overtook this man in his career of wickedness; he was soon disgraced, declared infamous, and sentenced to a miserable death.

The charge of this atrocious murder was intrusted to a slave of the name of Nazir, who had been educated by Shan Jehan, but experienced some ill-treatment from Dara. The prince, apprehensive that poison would be administered to him, was employed with Sipper-Shekô in boiling lentils, when Nazir and four other ruffians entered his apartment. "My dear son," he cried out, "these men are come to murder us!" He then seized a small kitchen knife, the only weapon in his possession. One of the murderers having secured Sipper-Shekô, the rest fell upon Dara, threw him down, and while three of the assassins held him Nazir decapitated his wretched victim. The head was instantly carried to Aurengzebe who commanded that it should be placed on a dish, and that water should be brought. The blood was then washed from the face, and when it could no longer be doubted that it was indeed the head of Dara, he shed tears, and said, "Ah, Bedbakt! unhappy man! let this shocking sight no more offend my eyes, but take away the head, and bury it in Humaioon's sepulchre."

## 122.—EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

S. ROGERS.

[In 1786 was published, 'An Ode to Superstition, with other Poems.' This was the first work of Samuel Rogers, one of our living authors. Mr. Rogers, himself a banker of the city of London, was the son of a city banker. He received a liberal education; his taste was assiduously cultivated. At a time which preceded the early days of Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Campbell, Mr. Rogers produced 'The Pleasures of Memory,' which appeared in 1792. His other most considerable poem, 'Italy,' did not appear till 1830. There are few such examples of the imagination and the taste remaining unchanged for half a century. The 'Epistle to a Friend,' which we give below, was printed in the same beautiful illustrated volume with the 'Pleasures of Memory,' in 1834, but was originally published in 1798. In his preface to this charming poem Mr. Rogers says, "It is the design of this epistle to illustrate the virtue of True Taste; and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while False Taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us, in her works, of the scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine."]

When, with a Reaumur's skill, thy curious mind  
Has classed the insect-tribes of human-kind,  
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,  
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting;  
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours;  
Point out the green lane rough with fern and flowers;  
The sheltered gate that opens to my field,  
And the white front thro' mingling elms revealed.

In vain, alas, a village-friend invites  
To simple comforts, and domestic rites,  
When the gay months of carnival resume  
Their annual round of glitter and perfume;  
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,  
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;  
And, lo! majestic as thy manly song,  
Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell  
 On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell;  
 The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,  
 Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;  
 And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,  
 Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.  
 Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)  
 Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.  
 Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass,  
 Browsing the hedge by fits, the panniered ass;  
 The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,  
 Whistling his dog to mark the pebbles' flight;  
 And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,  
 With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.  
 Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,  
 Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires;  
 Its upland-lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,  
 Its wizard stream, nor nameless, nor unsung;  
 And through the various years, the various day,  
 What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When April verdure springs in Grosvenor Square,  
 And the furred beauty comes to winter there,  
 She bids old Nature mar the plan no more;  
 Yet still the seasons circle as before.  
 Ah! still as soon the young Aurora plays,  
 Tho' moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze;  
 As soon the sky-lark pours his matin song,  
 Tho' evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,  
 As tapers shine their little lives away;  
 There let her practise from herself to steal,  
 And look the happiness she does not feel;  
 The ready smile and bidden blush employ  
 At Faro-routs, that dazzle to destroy;  
 Fan with affected ease the essenced air,  
 And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.  
 Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,  
 When morning fills the fields with rosy light;  
 Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,  
 Repose with dignity, with Quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,  
 Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;  
 Yet modest ornament, with use combined,  
 Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.  
 Small change of scene, small space his home requires,  
 Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What tho' no marble breathes, no canvas glows,  
 From every point a ray of genius flows!  
 Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,  
 That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;  
 And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,  
 The fairest relics of the purest times.

Here from the mould to conscious being start  
 Those finer forms, the miracles of art;  
 Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,  
 That slept for ages in a second mine;  
 And here the faithful graver dares to trace  
 A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace!  
 Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls;  
 And my low roof the Vatican recalls!

Soon as the morning dream my pillow flies,  
 To waking sense what brighter visions rise!  
 O mark! again the coursers of the sun,  
 At Guido's call, their round of glory run!  
 Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,  
 Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget  
 (Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)  
 That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,  
 Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings;  
 And still the few best loved and most revered  
 Rise round the board their social smile endeared?

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours  
 There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!  
 There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,  
 Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams;  
 And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,  
 Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.  
 —Ah! most that art my grateful rapture calls,  
 Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;  
 Which gathers round the wise of every tongue,  
 All on whose words departed nations hung;  
 Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;  
 Guides in the world, companions in retreat!

Tho' my thatched bath no rich mosaic knows,  
 A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.  
 Emblem of life! which still as we survey,  
 Seems motionless, yet ever glides away!  
 The shadowy walls record, with Attic art,  
 The strength and beauty which its waves impart.  
 Here Thetis, bonding with a mother's fears,  
 Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears;  
 There Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,  
 As her fair self, reflected, seems to rise!

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,  
 And all the dull impertinence of life,  
 These eyelids open to the rising ray,  
 And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.  
 Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows;  
 There noon-day lovers call from faint repose.  
 Here the flushed wave flings back the parting light;  
 There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.  
 When from his classic dreams the student steals,  
 Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,

To muse unnoticed—while around him press  
 The meteor forms of 'quipage and dress;  
 Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand  
 A very stranger in his native land!  
 And (tho' perchance of current coin possess,  
 And modern phrase by living-lips express)  
 Like those blest youths, forgive the fabling page,  
 Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,  
 Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade  
 Unclosed the cavern, and the morning 'played.  
 Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight!  
 New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!  
 In a new world they wake, as from the dead;  
 Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled!

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,  
 Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health;  
 Long in this sheltered scene of lettered talk,  
 With sober step repeat the pensive walk;  
 Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,  
 The cheap amusement of a mind at ease;  
 Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,  
 And many an idle hour—not idly passed.

No tuneful echoes, ambushed at my gate,  
 Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.  
 Vain of its various page, no album breathes  
 The sigh that friendship or the muse bequeaths.  
 Yet some good genii o'er my hearth preside,  
 Oft the far friend, with secret spell to guide;  
 And there I trace, when the gray evening lours,  
 A silent chronicle of happier hours!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,  
 And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;  
 His spangling shower when frost the wizard flings;  
 Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,  
 O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,  
 And gems with icicles the sheltering caves;  
 —Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,  
 What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,  
 Screened from the arrowy north; and duly hies  
 To meet the morning rumour, as it flies;  
 To range the murmuring market-place, and view  
 The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When spring bursts forth in blossoms thro' the vale,  
 And her wild music triumphs on the gale,  
 Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;  
 Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,  
 Framing loose numbers, till declining day  
 Thro' the green trellis shoots a crimson ray;  
 Till the west wind leads on the twilight hours,  
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy, seat of soft delight,  
 The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.



Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!  
 Lo! here, attendant on the shadowy hour,  
 Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,  
 Sheds, like an evening star, its ray serene  
 To hail our coming. Not a step profane  
 Dares, with rude sound, tho' cheerful rite restrain;  
 And, while the frugal banquet glows revealed,  
 Pure and unbought—the natives of my field;  
 While blushing fruits thro' scattered leaves invite,  
 Still clad in bloom, and veiled in azure light;  
 With wine, as rich in years as Horace sings,  
 With water, clear as his own fountain flings,  
 The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,  
 Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

Thus, in this calm recess so richly fraught  
 With mental light and luxury of thought,  
 My life steals on; (O could it blend with thine!)  
 Careless my course, yet not without design.  
 So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,  
 The light raft drooping with the silent tide;  
 So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,  
 The busy people wing their various flight,  
 Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless flowers,  
 That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,  
 Caught thro' St. James's groves at blush of day;  
 Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings  
 Thro' trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.  
 Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,  
 Tho' skilled alike to dazzle and to please;  
 Tho' each gay scene be searched with anxious eye,  
 Nor thy shut doors be passed without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,  
 Some, formed like thee, should once, like thee, explore;  
 Invoke the lairs of his beloved retreat,  
 And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim feet;  
 Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,  
 Some gray domestic prompts the partial praise,)  
 "Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest;  
 Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.  
 In the clear mirror of his moral page  
 We trace the manners of a purer age.  
 His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,  
 Scorned the false lustre of licentious thought.  
 —One fair asylum from the world we knew,  
 One chosen seat, that charms with various view!  
 Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)  
 Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas! in vain.  
 Thro' each he roves, the tenant of a day,  
 And, with the swallow, wings the year away!"

## 123.—APOPTHEGMS.—IV.

**THE SELFISHNESS OF VICE.**—Where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity. Three German robbers having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day, which they had appointed for this purpose, arrived, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town, to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for one half of the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate to himself the *whole* of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together—a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal as the selfishness of vice.—COLTON.

**SIR THOMAS MORE.**—His country-house was at Chelsea, in Middlesex, where Sir John Danvers built his house. The chimney-piece of marble, in Sir John's chamber, was the chimney-piece of Sir Thomas More's chamber, as Sir John himself told me. Where the gate is now, adorned with two noble pyramids, there stood anciently a gato-house, which was flat on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames, and the fields beyond; on this place the Lord Chancellor More was wont to recreate himself and contemplate. It happened one time, that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying, "Leap, Tom, leap." The chancellor was in his gown, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him; said he, "Let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be;" so the dog was thrown over. "This is very fine sport," said my lord, "fetch him up and try once more;" while the madman was going down, my lord fastened the door, and called for help, but ever after kept the door shut.—AUBREY.

**JOHNSON.**—The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoun, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but, from the remarkable elegance of his own manners, was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behaviour. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honour to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my lord," said Signor Baretti, "do with him what you would; he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers, a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well:—"Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"—BOSWELL.

**THE FIRST HUG OF THE BEAR.**—On Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very

kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roughly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "came from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country: and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it; retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."—BOSWELL.

**A DISTINCTION.**—A person tried for high treason, as the jury were about to leave the bar, requested them to consider a statute which he thought made very much for him. "Sirrah," cried out one of the judges, "I know that statute better than you do." The prisoner coolly replied, "I make no doubt, Sir, but that you do know it better than I do; I am only anxious that the jury should know it as well."—SEWARD.

**WICKED WIT.**—One asked Sir John Millesent how he did so conform himself to the grave justices, his brothers, when they met. "Why, in faith," says he, "I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the Bench."—L'ESTRANGE.

**KING JAMES.**—He was complaining one time of the leanness of his hunting horse, and swore by his soul he could see no reason but his should be as fat as any of his subjects; for he bestowed upon him as good feeding, keeping, and as easy riding as any one did, and yet the jade was lean. Archee, his fool, standing by, told him, "If that be all, take no care: I'll teach your Majesty a way to raise his flesh presently: and if he be not as fat as ever he can wallow, you shall ride me." "I pr'ythee, fool, how?" said the King. "Why, do but make him a Bishop, and I'll warrant you," says Archee.—L'ESTRANGE.

**SIR MILES FLEETWOOD, RECORDER OF LONDON.**—He was of the Middle Temple, was Recorder of London, when King James came into England. Made his harangue to the city of London.—"When I consider your wealth I do admire your wisdom, and when I consider your wisdom I do admire your wealth." It was a two-handed rhetorication, but the citizens took it in the best sense. He was a very severe hanger of highwaymen, so that the fraternity were resolved to make an example of his worship, which they executed in this manner:—They lay in wait for him not far from Tyburn, as he was to come from his house at —, Bucks; had a halter in readiness; brought him under the gallows, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tied behind him, (and servants bound,) and then left him to the mercy of his horse, which he called *Ball*. So he cried, "Ho, Ball! Ho, Ball!" and it pleased God that his horse stood still, till somebody came along, which was half a quarter of an hour or more. He ordered that his horse should be kept as long as he would live, which was so; he lived till 1648.—AUBREY.

**CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.**—One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not

to be imitated alone; for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place, or honours, but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.—BEN JONSON.

**IDLE FEARS.**—One was saying that his great grandfather, and grandfather and father, died at sea; said another that heard him, "An I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why," saith he, "where did your great grandfather, and grandfather and father die?" He answered, "Where but in their beds?" Saith the other, "An I were as you, I would never come to bed."—BACON.

**AUGUSTUS CÆSAR** would say, "That he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more to conquer; as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer."—BACON.

**SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.**—The discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays. "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

No tongue can express good Mrs. Bowyer. Val Le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Bowyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, "Flog them soundly, Sir, I beg!" This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption that he "growled out, "Away, woman! away!" and we were let off.

I had one just flogging. When I was about thirteen, I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He being an honest man, immediately took me to Bowyer, (the Master of Christ's Hospital,) who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even rudely pushed Crispin out of the room. Bowyer asked me "Why I had made myself such a fool!" to which I answered, "That I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman." "Why so?" said he,—"Because, to tell you the truth, Sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me, wisely, as I think,—soundly as I know. Any whining or sermonizing would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.—COLERIDGE.

**KEATS.**—A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. ——— and myself in a lane near Highgate. ——— knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and staid a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said: "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!" "There is death in that hand," I said to ———, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly.—COLERIDGE.—*Table Talk.*

## 134.—THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP OF AMERICA.

LYELL.

[We extract the following account of one of the most remarkable natural objects in the world, from the 'Travels in North America,' of a distinguished geologist of our day, Sir Charles Lyell.]

There are many swamps or morasses in this low, flat region, and one of the largest of these occurs between the towns of Norfolk and Weldon. We traversed several miles of its northern extremity on the railway, which is supported on piles. It bears the appropriate and very expressive name of the 'Great Dismal,' and is no less than forty miles in length from north to south, and twenty-five miles in its greatest width from east to west, the northern half being situated in Virginia, the southern in North Carolina. I observed that the water was obviously in motion in several places, and the morass had somewhat the appearance of a broad inundated river-plain, covered with all kinds of aquatic trees and shrubs, the soil being as black as in a peat-bog. The accumulation of vegetable matter going on here in a hot climate, over so vast an area, is a subject of such high geological interest, that I shall relate what I learnt of this singular morass. It is one enormous quagmire, soft and muddy, except where the surface is rendered partially firm by a covering of vegetables and their matted roots; yet, strange to say, instead of being lower than the level of the surrounding country, it is actually higher than nearly all the firm and dry land which encompasses it, and, to make the anomaly complete, in spite of its semi-fluid character, it is higher in the interior than towards its margin.

The only exceptions to both these statements is found on the eastern side, where, for the distance of about twelve or fifteen miles, the streams flow from slightly elevated but higher land, and supply all its abundant and overflowing water. Towards the north, the east, and the south, the waters flow from the swamp to different rivers, which give abundant evidence, by the rate of their descent, that the Great Dismal is higher than the surrounding firm ground. This fact is also confirmed by the measurements made in levelling for the railway from Portsmouth to Suffolk, and for two canals cut through different parts of the morass, for the sake of obtaining timber. The railway itself, when traversing the Great Dismal, is literally higher than when on the land some miles distant on either side, and is six to seven feet higher than where it passes over dry ground near to Suffolk and Portsmouth. Upon the whole, the centre of the morass seems to lie more than twelve feet above the flat country round it. If the streams which now flow in from the west, had for ages been bringing down black fluid mire instead of water, over the firm subsoil, we might suppose the ground so inundated to have acquired its present configuration. Some small ridges, however, of land must have existed in the original plain or basin, for these now rise like low islands in various places above the general surface. But the streams to the westward do not bring down liquid mire, and are not charged with any sediment. The soil of the swamp is formed of vegetable matter, usually without any admixture of earthy particles. We have here, in fact, a deposit of peat from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, in a latitude where, owing to the heat of the sun and length of the summer, no peat-mosses like those of Europe would be looked for under ordinary circumstances.

In countries like Scotland and Ireland, where the climate is damp, and the summer short and cool, the natural vegetation of one year does not rot away during the next in moist situations. If water flows into such land it is absorbed, and promotes the vigorous growth of mosses and other aquatic plants, and when they die, the same water arrests their putrefaction. But, as a general rule, no such accumulation of peat can take place in a country like that of Virginia, where the summer's

heat causes annually as large a quantity of dead plants to decay as is equal in amount to the vegetable matter produced in one year.

There are many trees and shrubs in the region of the Pine Barrens (and the same may be said of the United States generally) which, like our willows, flourish luxuriantly in water. The juniper trees, or white cedar (*Cupressus thyoides*), stand firmly in the softest part of the quagmire, supported by their long tap-roots, and afford, with many other evergreens, a dark shade, under which a multitude of ferns, reeds, and shrubs, from nine to eighteen feet high, and a thick carpet of mosses, four or five inches high, spring up, and are protected from the rays of the sun. When these are most powerful, the large cedar (*Cupressus disticha*), and many other deciduous trees, are in full leaf. The black soil formed beneath this shade, to which the mosses and the leaves make annual additions, does not perfectly resemble the peat of Europe, most of the plants being so decayed as to leave little more than soft black mud, without any traces of organization. This loose soil is called sponge by the labourers: and it has been ascertained that, when exposed to the sun, and thrown out on the bank of a canal, where clearings have been made, it rots entirely away. Hence it is evident that it owes its preservation in the swamp to moisture and the shade of the dense foliage. The evaporation continually going on in the wet spongy soil during summer cools the air and generates a temperature resembling that of a more northern climate, or a region more elevated above the level of the sea.

Numerous trunks of large and tall trees lie buried in the black mire of the morass. In so loose a soil they are easily overthrown by winds, and nearly as many have been found lying beneath the surface of the peaty soil, as standing erect upon it. When thrown down, they are soon covered by water, and keeping wet, they never decompose, except the sap-wood, which is less than an inch thick. Much of the timber is obtained by sounding a foot or two below the surface, and it is sawn into planks while half under water.

The Great Dismal has been described as being highest towards its centre. Here, however, there is an extensive lake of an oval form, seven miles long and more than five wide, the depth, where greatest, fifteen feet; and its bottom, consisting of mud like the swamp, but sometimes with a pure white sand, a foot deep, covering the mud. The water is transparent, though tinged of a pale brown colour, like that of our peat-mosses, and contains abundance of fish. This sheet of water is usually even with its banks, on which a thick and tall forest grows. There is no beach, for the bank sinks perpendicularly, so that if the waters are lowered several feet, it makes no alteration in the breadth of the lake.

Much timber has been cut down and carried out from the swamp by means of canals, which are perfectly straight for long distances, with the trees on each side arching over, and almost joining their branches across, so that they throw a dark shade on the water, which of itself looks black, being coloured as before mentioned. When the boats emerge from the gloom of these avenues into the lake, the scene is said to be "as beautiful as fairy land."

The bears inhabiting the swamp climb trees in search of acorns and gum-berries, breaking off large boughs of the oaks in order to draw the acorns near to them. These same bears are said to kill hogs, and even cows. There are also wild cats, and occasionally a solitary wolf, in the morass.

That the ancient seams of coal were produced for the most part by terrestrial plants of all sizes, not drifted, but growing on the spot, is a theory more and more generally adopted in modern times; and the growth of what is called sponge in such a swamp, and in such a climate as the Great Dismal, already covering so many square miles of a low level region bordering the sea, and capable of spreading

itself indefinitely over the adjacent country, helps us greatly to conceive the manner in which the coal of the ancient carboniferous rocks may have been formed. The heat, perhaps, may not have been excessive when the coal measures originated, but the entire absence of frost, with a warm and damp atmosphere, may have enabled tropical forms to flourish in latitudes far distant from the line. Huge swamps in a rainy climate, standing above the level of the surrounding firm land, and supporting a dense forest, may have spread far and wide, invading the plains, like some European peat-mosses when they burst, and the frequent submergence of these masses of vegetable matter beneath seas or estuaries, as often as the land sank down during subterranean movements, may have given rise to the deposition of strata of mud, sand, or limestone, immediately upon the vegetable matter. The conversion of successive surfaces into dry land, where other swamps supporting trees may have formed, might give origin to a continued series of coal measures of great thickness. In some kinds of coal the vegetable texture is apparent throughout under the microscope; in others, it has only partially disappeared; but even in this coal, the flattened trunks of trees of the genera *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, and others, converted into pure coal, are occasionally met with, and erect fossil trees are observed in the overlying strata, terminating downwards in seams of coal.

## 125.—THE CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHER.

SIR H. DAVY.

*The Unknown.*—PERSONS in general look at the magnificent fabric of civilized society as the result of the accumulated labour, ingenuity, and enterprise of man through a long course of ages, without attempting to define what has been owing to the different branches of human industry and science; and usually attribute to politicians, statesmen, and warriors, a much greater share than really belongs to them in the work;—what they have done is in reality little. The beginning of civilization is the discovery of some useful arts by which men acquire property, comforts, or luxuries. The necessity or desire of preserving them leads to laws and social institutions. The discovery of peculiar arts gives superiority to particular nations; and the love of power induces them to employ this superiority to subjugate other nations, who learn their arts, and ultimately adopt their manners;—so that in reality the origin, as well as the progress and improvement of civil society is founded in mechanical and chemical inventions. No people have ever arrived at any degree of perfection in their institutions who have not possessed in a high degree the useful and refined arts. The comparison of savage and civilized man, in fact, demonstrates the triumph of chemical and mechanical philosophy as the causes not only of the physical, but ultimately even of moral improvement. Look at the condition of man in the lowest state in which we are acquainted with him. Take the native of New Holland, advanced only a few steps above the animal creation, and that principally by the use of fire; naked, defending himself against wild beasts, or killing them for food only by weapons made of wood hardened in the fire, or pointed with stones or fish-bones; living only in holes dug out of the earth, or in huts rudely constructed of a few branches of trees covered with grass: having no approach to the enjoyment of luxuries or even comforts; unable to provide for his most pressing wants; having a language scarcely articulate, relating only to the great objects of nature, or to his most pressing necessities or desires, and living solitary or in single families; unacquainted with religion, government or laws, submitted to the mercy of nature or the elements. How different is man in his highest state of cultivation! every part of his body covered with the products of different chemical and mechanical arts made not only useful in protecting him from the inclemency of the seasons, but combined in forms

of beauty and variety ; creating out of the dust of the earth, from the clay under his feet, instruments of use and ornament ; extracting metals from the rude ore, and giving to them a hundred different shapes for a thousand different purposes ; selecting and improving the vegetable productions with which he covers the earth ; not only subduing but taming and domesticating the wildest, the fleetest, and the strongest inhabitants of the wood, the mountain, and the air ; making the winds carry him on every part of the immense ocean ; and compelling the elements of air, water, and even fire as it were to labour for him ; concentrating in small space materials which act as the thunderbolt, and directing their energies so as to destroy at immense distances ; blasting the rock, removing the mountain, carrying water from the valley to the hill ; perpetuating thought in imperishable words, rendering immortal the exertions of genius and presenting them as common property to all awakening minds—becoming as it were the image of divine intelligence, receiving and bestowing the breath of life in the influence of civilization.

*Eubates.*—Really you are in the poetical, not the chemical chair, or rather on the tripod. We claim from you some accuracy of detail, some minute information, some proofs of what you assert. What you attribute to the chemical and mechanical arts, we might with the same propriety attribute to the fine arts, to letters, to political improvement, and to those inventions of which Minerva and Apollo, not Vulcan, are the patrons.

*The Unknown.*—I will be more minute. You will allow that the rendering skins insoluble in water by combining with them the astringent principle of certain vegetables is a chemical invention, and that without leather our shoes, our carriages, our equipages would be very ill-made ; you will permit me to say, that the bleaching and dyeing of wool and silk, cotton and flax, are chemical processes, and that the conversion of them into cloth of different kinds is a mechanical invention ; that the working of iron, copper, tin and lead and the other metals, and the combining them in different alloys by which almost all the instruments necessary for the turner, the joiner, the stone-mason, the ship-builder and the smith are made, are chemical inventions ; even the press, to the influence of which I am disposed to attribute as much as you can do, could not have existed in any state of perfection without a metallic alloy ; the combining of alkali and sand, and certain clays and flints together to form glass and porcelain is a chemical process ; the colours which the artist employs to frame resemblances of natural objects, or to create combinations more beautiful than ever existed in nature are derived from chemistry ; in short, in every branch of the common and fine arts, in every department of human industry, the influence of this science is felt, and we may find in the fable of Prometheus taking the flame from heaven to animate his man of clay, an emblem of the effects of fire, in its application to chemical purposes, in creating the activity and almost the life of civil society.

*Philadelphus.*—It appears to me that you attribute to science what in many cases has been the result of accident. The processes of most of the useful arts, which you call chemical, have been invented and improved without any refined views, without any general system of knowledge. Lucretius attributes to accident the discovery of the fusion of the metals ; a person in touching a shell-fish observes that it emits a purple liquid as a dye, hence the Tyrian purple ; clay is observed to harden in the fire, and hence the invention of bricks, which could hardly fail ultimately to lead to the discovery of porcelain ; even glass, the most perfect and beautiful of those manufactures you call chemical, is said to have been discovered by accident ; Theophrastus states, that some merchants who were cooking on some humps of soda or natron, near the mouth of the river Belus, observed that a hard and vitreous substance was formed where the fused natron ran into sand.



*The Unknown.*—I will readily allow that accident has had much to do with the origin of the arts as with the progress of the sciences. But it has been by scientific processes and experiments that these accidental results have been rendered really applicable to the purposes of common life. Besides, it requires a certain degree of knowledge and scientific combination to understand and seize upon the facts which have originated in accident. It is certain, that in all fires alkaline substances and sand are fused together and clay hardened; yet for ages after the discovery of fire glass and porcelain were unknown, till some men of genius profited by scientific combination often observed but never applied. It suits the indolence of those minds which never attempt any thing, and which probably, if they did attempt any thing, would not succeed, to refer to accident that which belongs to genius. It is sometimes said by such persons, that the discovery of the law of gravitation was owing to accident; and a ridiculous story is told of the falling of an apple, as the cause of this discovery. As well might the invention of fluxions or the architectural wonders of the dome of St. Peter's, or the miracles of art, the St. John of Raphael, or the Apollo Belvidere, be supposed to be owing to accidental combinations. In the progress of an art, from its rudest to its most perfect state, the whole process depends upon experiments. Science is, in fact, nothing more than the refinement of common sense making use of facts already known to acquire new facts. Clays, which are yellow, are known to burn red; calcareous earth renders flint fusible—the persons who have improved earthenware made their selections accordingly. Iron was discovered at least one thousand years before it was rendered malleable; and from what Herodotus says of this discovery, there can be little doubt that it was developed by a scientific worker in metals. Vitruvius tells us, that the ceruleum, a colour made of copper, which exists in perfection in all the old paintings of the Greeks and Romans and on the mummies of the Egyptians, was discovered by an Egyptian king; there is, therefore, every reason to believe that it was not the result of accidental combination, but of experiments made for producing or improving colours. Amongst the ancient philosophers many discoveries were attributed to Democritus and Anaxagoras; and, connected with chemical arts, the narrative of the inventions of Archimedes alone, by Plutarch, would seem to show how great is the effect of science in creating power. In modern times the refining of sugar, the preparation of nitre, the manufacturing of acids, salts, &c., are all results of pure chemistry. Take gunpowder as a specimen; no person but a man infinitely diversifying his processes and guided by analogy could have made such a discovery. Look into the books of the alchemists, and some idea may be formed of the effects of experiments. It is true, these persons were guided by false views, yet they made most useful researches; and Lord Bacon has justly compared them to the husbandman, who, searching for an imaginary treasure, fertilized the soil. They might likewise be compared to persons who, looking for gold, discover the fragments of beautiful statues, which separately are of no value, and which appear of little value to the persons who found them; but which, when selected and put together by artists, and their defective parts supplied, are found to be wonderfully perfect and worthy of conservation. Look to the progress of the arts since they have been enlightened by a *system of sciences*, and observe with what rapidity they have advanced. Again, the steam engine in its rudest form was the result of a chemical experiment; in its refined state, it required the combinations of all the most recondite principles of chemistry and mechanics, and that excellent philosopher who has given this wonderful instrument of power to civil society, was led to the great improvements he made, by the discoveries of a kindred genius on the heat absorbed when water becomes steam, and of the heat evolved when the steam becomes water. Even the most superficial observer must allow in this case

a triumph of science, for what a wonderful impulse has this invention given to the progress of the arts and manufactures in our country ! how much has it diminished labour, how much has it increased the real strength of the country ! Acting as it were with a thousand hands, it has multiplied our active population, and receiving its elements of activity from the bowels of the earth, it performs operations which formerly were painful, oppressive, and unhealthy to the labourers, with regularity and constancy, and gives security and precision to the efforts of the manufacturer. And the inventions connected with the steam engine, at the same time that they have greatly diminished labour of body, have tended to increase power of mind and intellectual resources. Adam Smith well observes that manufacturers are always more ingenious than husbandmen ; and manufacturers who use machinery will probably always be found more ingenious than handicraft manufacturers. You spoke of porcelain as a result of accident ; the improvements invented in this country, as well as those made in Germany and France, have been entirely the result of chemical experiments, the Dresden and the Sèvres manufactories have been the work of men of science, and it was by multiplying his chemical researches that Wedgwood was enabled to produce at so cheap a rate those beautiful imitations, which, while they surpass the ancient vases in solidity and perfection of material, equal them in elegance, variety, and tasteful arrangement of their forms. In another department, the use of the electrical conductor was a pure scientific combination, and the sublimity of the discovery of the American philosopher was only equalled by the happy application he immediately made of it. In our own times it would be easy to point out numerous instances in which great improvements and beneficial results connected with the comforts, the happiness, and even life of our fellow-creatures, have been the results of scientific combinations ; but I cannot do this without constituting myself a judge of the works of philosophers who are still alive, whose researches are known, whose labours are respected, and who will receive from posterity praises that their contemporaries hardly dare to bestow upon them.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, waving all common utility, all vulgar applications, there is something in knowing and understanding the operation of nature, some pleasure in contemplating the order and harmony of the arrangements belonging to the terrestrial system of things. There is no absolute utility in poetry ; but it gives pleasure, refines and exalts the mind. Philosophic pursuits have likewise a noble and independent use of this kind ; and there is a double reason offered for pursuing them, for, whilst in their sublime speculations they reach to the heavens, in their application they belong to the earth ; whilst they exalt the intellect, they provide food for our common wants, and likewise minister to the noblest appetites and most exalted views belonging to our nature. The results of this science are not like the temples of the ancients, in which statues of the Gods were placed, where incense was offered and sacrifices were performed, and which were presented to the adoration of the multitude, founded upon superstitious feelings ; but they are rather like the palaces of the moderns to be admired and used, and where the statues, which in the ancients raised feelings of adoration and awe, now produce only feelings of pleasure and gratify a refined taste. It is surely a pure delight to know how and by what processes, this earth is clothed with verdure and life, how the clouds, mists, and rain are formed, what causes all the changes of this terrestrial system of things, and by what divine laws order is preserved amidst apparent confusion. It is a sublime occupation to investigate the cause of the tempest and the volcano, and to point out their use in the economy of things, to bring the lightning from the clouds and make it subservient to our experiments,—to produce as it were a microcosm in the

laboratory of art, and to measure and weigh those invisible atoms, which, by their motions and changes, according to laws impressed upon them by the divine intelligence, constitute the universe of things. The true chemical philosopher sees good in all the diversified forms of the external world. Whilst he investigates the operations of infinite power guided by infinite wisdom, all low prejudices, all mean superstitions, disappear from his mind. He sees man an atom amidst atoms fixed upon a point in space, and yet modifying the laws that are around him by understanding them; and gaining, as it were, a kind of dominion over time, and an empire in material space, and exerting on a scale infinitely small a power seeming a sort of shadow or reflection of a creative energy, and which entitles him to the distinction of being made in the image of God and animated by a spark of the divine mind. Whilst chemical pursuits exalt the understanding, they do not depress the imagination or weaken genuine feelings; whilst they give the mind habits of accuracy, by obliging it to attend to facts, they likewise extend its analogies, and, though conversant with the minute forms of things, they have for their ultimate end the great and magnificent objects of nature. They regard the formation of a crystal, the structure of a pebble, the nature of a clay or earth; and they apply to the causes of the diversity of our mountain chains, the appearances of the winds, thunderstorms, meteors, the earthquake, the volcano, and all those phenomena which offer the most striking images to the poet and the painter. They keep alive that inextinguishable thirst after knowledge, which is one of the greatest characteristics of our nature; for every discovery opens a new field for investigation of facts, shows us the imperfection of our theories. It has justly been said, that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded. This strictly applies to chemical inquiries; and, hence they are wonderfully suited to the progressive nature of the human intellect, which by its increasing efforts to acquire a higher kind of wisdom, and a state in which truth is fully and brightly revealed, seems, as it were, to demonstrate its birthright to immortality.

## 126.—CONVERSION OF KING ETHELBERT.

BEDE.

[Bede or Bede, distinguished by the name of the Venerable, was one of the most learned churchmen of the eighth century. He was educated in the monastery of St. Peter, one of the two united abbeys of Wearmouth and Jarrow, in the bishopric of Durham, and subsequently became a monk of Jarrow. His most important work is the Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation, which is brought up to the year 731. This most interesting record was originally written in Latin, was translated by King Alfred into Saxon, and was first translated into English in 1565. Our extract is given from a more careful translation, published in 1723. Bede died in his monastery, according to the best accounts, in the year 735. He has left the following account of himself at the end of the Ecclesiastical History. "Thus much of Ecclesiastical History of the Britons, and more especially of the English Nation, as far as I could learn either from the writings of the ancients, or the tradition of our ancestors, or of my own knowledge, has, with the help of God, been digested by me, Bede, the servant of God, and priest of the monastery of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Gyrrum; who being born in the territory of that same monastery, at seven years of age was given to be educated by the most Reverend Abbot Benedict, and afterwards by Ceolfrid, and spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery, wholly applied myself to the meditation of Scripture, and amidst the observance of regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, always took delight in other learning, or teaching, or writing. In the nineteenth year of my age I received the degree of a deacon, in the thirtieth that of priesthood, both of them by the ministry of the most Reverend Bishop John, and by order of the Abbot Ceolfrid. From the which time of my being made priest till the fifty-ninth year of my age, I have made it my business, for the use of me and mine, briefly to note down out of the works of the venerable Fathers, or to add according to their

sense and interpretation, these following pieces." Bede then gives a list of forty-three works upon which he had thus laboured. They were published in 1893 from MSS., at Lambeth. But there is a larger collection, which first appeared in three volumes, folio, in 1644.]

In the year from the incarnation of our Lord 582, Maurice, the 54th from Augustus, taking the empire upon him, held it twenty-one years. In the tenth year of his reign, Gregory, a man renowned for learning and behaviour, was promoted to the bishopric of the Roman and Apostolical See, and presided thirteen years, six months, and ten days. He being moved by divine inspiration, in the fourteenth year of the same emperor, sent the servant of God, Augustin, and with him several other monks fearing the Lord, to preach the word of God to the English nation. They, having in obedience to the Pope's commands undertaken that work, and gone some part of their way, being seized with a slothful fear, began to think of returning homo rather than to proceed to a barbarous, fierce, and unbelieving nation, to whose very language they were strangers; and this they unanimously agreed was the safest course. In short, they sent back Augustin, whom he had appointed to be consecrated bishop, in case they were received by the English, that he might by humble entreaty obtain of the holy Gregory that they should not be compelled to undertake so dangerous, so toilsome, and so uncertain a journey. He, sending them an exhortatory epistle, persuaded them to proceed in the work of the Divine Word, relying on the heavenly assistance, the purport of which letter was as follows:—

"Gregory, the servant of the servants of God, to the servants of our Lord. Forasmuch as it had been better not to begin a good work, than to think of desisting from that which has been begun, it behoves you (most beloved sons) to fulfil the good work which by the help of our Lord you have undertaken. Let not, therefore, the toil of the journey, nor the tongues of evil-speaking men deter you; but with all possible earnestness and fervour perform that which you have undertaken by God's direction, being assured that much labour is followed by a reward of eternal glory. When Augustin, your chief, returns, whom we also constitute your Abbot, humbly obey him in all things; as knowing that whatsoever you shall do by his direction, will, in all respects, be available to your souls. Almighty God protect you with his grace, and grant that I may, in the heavenly country, see the fruits of your labour. Inasmuch as, though I cannot labour with you, I shall partake in the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labour. God keep you in safety, most beloved sons."

Augustin, being strengthened by the confirmation of the blessed Father Gregory, returned to the work of the Word of God, with the servants of Christ, and arrived in Britain. Ethelbert was at that time the most potent king of Kent, who had extended his dominions as far as the great river Humber, by which the southern Saxons are divided from the northern. On the east side of Kent is the Isle of Thanet, considerable large, that is, containing, according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families, divided from the other land by the river Wantsum, which is about three furlongs over, and fordable only in two places, for both ends of it run into the sea. In this island landed the servant of our Lord, Augustin, and his companions, being, as is reported, nearly forty men. They had, by order of the blessed Pope Gregory, taken interpreters of the nation of the Franks, and, sending to Ethelbert, signified that he was come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured all that took the advantage of it, everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. He, having heard this, ordered them to stay in that island where they had landed, and that they should be furnished with all necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them. For he had before heard of the Christian religion, as having a

Christian wife of the royal family of the Franks, called Bertha; whom he had received from her parents upon condition that she should be permitted to practise her religion with the Bishop Lindhard, given her to preserve the faith. Some days after, the king came into the island, and, sitting in the open air, ordered Augustin and his companions to be brought into his presence. For he had taken precaution that they should not come to him in any house, according to the ancient superstition, lest, if they had any magical arts, they might at their coming impose upon and get the better of him. But they came furnished with divine virtue, not with diabolical [power], bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board, and, singing the litany, offered up their prayers to the Lord for their own and the eternal salvation of those to whom they were come. Having, pursuant to the king's commands, after sitting down, preached to him and all his attendants there present the Word of Life, he answered thus:—"Your words and promises are very taking, but, in regard that they are new and uncertain, I cannot approve of them, forsaking that which I have so long followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from far into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but rather give you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with your necessary sustenance; nor do we forbid you by preaching to gain as many as you can to your religion." Accordingly he gave them a dwelling-place in the city of Canterbury, which was the metropolis of all his dominions, and pursuant to his promise, besides allowing them their diet, permitted them to preach. It is reported, that as they drew near to the city, after their manner, with the holy cross, and the image of the Great King, our Lord Jesus Christ, they in concert, sung this litany or prayer:—"We beseech thee, O Lord, in all thy mercy, that thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house, because we have sinned. Hallelujah."

As soon as they entered into the dwelling-place assigned them, they began to imitate the course of life practised in the primitive church; that is, applying themselves to frequent prayer, watching, and fasting; preaching the word of life to as many as they could; despising all worldly things, as not belonging to them, receiving only what was necessary for food of those they taught; living themselves in all respects conformable to what they prescribed to others, and being always disposed to suffer any adversity, and even to die, for that truth which they preached. In short, some believed, and were baptized, admiring the simplicity of their innocent life, and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. There was on the east side, near the city, a church dedicated to the honour of St. Martin, formerly built whilst the Romans were still in the island, wherein the queen, who, as has been said before, was a Christian, used to pray. In this they at first began to meet, to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach and to baptize, till, the king being converted to the faith, they had leave granted them more freely to preach, and build or repair churches in all places. When he, among the rest, being taken with the unspotted life of these holy men, and their most agreeable promises, which they proved to be most certain by working many miracles, believed and was baptized, greater numbers began daily to flock together to hear the word, and, forsaking their heathen rites, to associate themselves, by believing, to the unity of the Church of Christ. Whose faith and conversation the king so far encouraged as that he compelled none to embrace Christianity, but only showed more affection to the believers as to his fellow citizens in the heavenly kingdom. For he had learnt from his instructors and leaders to salvation, that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion. Nor was it long before he gave his teachers a settled place in his metropolis of Canterbury, with the necessary possessions in several sorts.

# HALF-HOURS

## NINETEENTH WEEK.

### 127.—GRISELDA.

Boccaccio.

[GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, a Florentine, was born in 1313. His great literary reputation chiefly rests upon his 'Decameron,' a collection of Tales written in his youth. He has been called "the father of Italian prose;" for the 'Decameron' is the earliest prose work in pure Italian. No book has afforded greater materials for narrative and dramatic poetry. It is to be deplored that, with few exceptions, this remarkable book contains so many stories that are licentious in their whole construction. It must therefore be necessarily a sealed book in all well-ordered families. Boccaccio himself, who in his forty-eighth year received a solemn warning from a monk to reform his life, and did reform, saw the evil tendency of his early writings, and implored one of his friends not to allow the 'Decameron' to be read by the females of his household. The story of 'Griselda' is one of the few of these tales which are wholly unexceptionable. It has had the distinction of being the foundation of the exquisitely beautiful 'Clerk's Tale' of Chaucer. Our first great poet says,

"I will tell you a tale, which that I  
Learned at Padua of a worthy clerk,  
As proved by his wordes and his work:  
He is now dead, and nailed in his chest,  
I pray to God so give his soule rest.  
Francis Petrarch, the laureat poete  
Hight this clerk."

Petrarch, in writing to Boccaccio in 1373, says that the story of Griselda "had always pleased him when he heard it many years ago." It has been hence inferred that the story was not invented by Boccaccio, because Petrarch also says that he had only seen the 'Decameron' a short time before. Still Petrarch might have heard the story from some of the Italian reciters, who had read it in the 'Decameron,' which was written about 1348. Boccaccio died in 1375, sixteen months after the death of his constant friend Petrarch.

The translation from which we take our extract was originally published by Dodsley in 1741; but was revised and re-published in 1804.]

It is a long time ago, that, amongst the marquises of Saluzzo, the principal or head of the family was a youth, called Gualtieri, who, as he was a bachelor, spent his whole time in hawking and hunting, without any thought of ever being incumbered with a wife and children; in which respect, no doubt, he was very wise. But this being disagreeable to his subjects, they often pressed him to marry, to the end that he might neither die without a heir, nor they be left without a lord; offering themselves to provide such a lady for him, and of such a family, that they should have great hopes from her, and he reason enough to be satisfied. "Worthy friends," he replied, "you urge me to do a thing which I was fully resolved against, considering what a difficult matter it is to find a person of suitable temper, with the great abundance everywhere of such as are otherwise, and how miserable also the man's life must be who is tied to a disagreeable woman. As to your getting at a woman's temper from her family, and so choosing one to please me, that seems quite a ridiculous fancy; for besides the uncertainty with regard to their true fathers, how many daughters do we see resembling neither father nor mother! Nevertheless, as you are so fond of having me noosed, I will agree to be so. There-

END QUARTER.

2

for, that I may have nobody to blame but myself, should it happen amiss, I will make my own choice; and I protest, let me marry who I will, that, unless you show her the respect that is due to her as my lady, you shall know, to your cost, how grievous it is to me to have taken a wife at your request, contrary to my own inclination." The honest man replied, that they were well satisfied, provided he would but make the trial. Now he had taken a fancy some time before to the behaviour of a poor country girl, who lived in a village not far from his palace; and thinking that he might live comfortably enough with her, he determined, without seeking any farther, to marry her. Accordingly, he sent for her father, who was a very poor man, and acquainted him with it. Afterwards he summoned all his subjects together, and said to them, "Gentlemen, it was and is your desire that I take a wife; I do it rather to please you, than out of any liking I have to matrimony. You know that you promised me to be satisfied, and to pay her due honour, whoever she is that I shall make choice of. The time is now come when I shall fulfil my promise to you, and I expect you to do the like to me: I have found a young woman in the neighbourhood after my own heart, whom I intend to espouse and bring home in a very few days. Let it be your care, then, to do honour to my nuptials, and to respect her as your sovereign lady: so that I may be satisfied with the performance of your promise, even as you are with that of mine." The people all declared themselves pleased, and promised to regard her in all things as their mistress. Afterwards they made preparations for a most noble feast, and the like did the prince, inviting all his relations, and the great lords in all parts and provinces about him: he had also most rich and costly robes made, shaped by a person that seemed to be of the same size with his intended spouse; and provided a girle, ring, and fine coronet, with everything requisite for a bride. And when the day appointed was come, about the third hour he mounted his horse, attended by all his friends and vassals; and having everything in readiness, he said, "My lords and gentlemen, it is now time to go for my new spouse." So on they rode to the village, and when he was come near the father's house, he saw her carrying some water from the well, in great haste, to go afterwards with some of her acquaintance to see the new marchioness; when he called her by name, which was Griselda, and inquired where her father was. She modestly replied, "My gracious lord, he is in the house." He then alighted from his horse, commanding them all to wait for him, and went alone into the cottage, where he found the father, who was called Giannucolo, and said to him, "Honest man, I am come to espouse thy daughter, but would first ask her some questions before thee." He then inquired, whether she would make it her study to please him, and not be uneasy at any time, whatever he should do or say; and whether she would always be obedient; with more to that purpose. To which she answered "Yes." He then led her out by the hand, and made her strip before them all; and, ordering the rich apparel to be brought which he had provided, he had her clothed completely, and a coronet set upon her head, all disordered as her hair was; after which, every one being in amaze, he said, "Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband." Then, turning towards her, who stood quite abashed, "Will you," said he, "have me for your husband?" She replied, "Yes, if it so please your lordship."—"Well," he replied, "and I take you for my wife." So he espoused her in that public manner, and, mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her honourably to his palace, celebrating the nuptials with as much pomp and grandeur as though he had been married to the daughter of the King of France; and the young bride showed apparently that with her garments she had changed both her mind and behaviour. She had a most agreeable person, and was so amiable, and so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than

that of a poor shepherd ; at which every one that knew her before was greatly surprised. She was too so obedient to her husband, and so obliging in all respects, that he thought himself the happiest man in the world ; and to her subjects likewise so gracious and condescending, that they all honoured and loved her as their own lives, praying for her health and prosperity, and declaring, contrary to their former opinion, that Gualtieri was the most prudent and sharp-sighted prince in the whole world ; for that no one could have discerned such virtues under a mean habit, and a country disguise, but himself. In a very short time her discreet behaviour and good works were the common subject of discourse, not in the country only, but everywhere else ; and what had been objected to the prince, with regard to his marrying her, now took a contrary turn. They had not lived long together before she proved with child, and at length brought forth a daughter, for which he made great rejoicings. But soon afterwards a new fancy came into his head, and that was, to make trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings : so he began with harsh words, and an appearance of great uneasiness ; telling her, that his subjects were greatly displeased with her for her mean parentage, especially as they saw she bore children ; and that they did nothing but murmur at the daughter already born. Which, when she heard, without changing countenance, or her resolution, in any respect, she replied, " My lord, pray dispose of me as you think most for your honour and happiness : I shall entirely acquiesce, knowing myself to be meaner than the meanest of the people, and that I was altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favour was pleased to advance me." This was very agreeable to the prince, seeing that she was no way elevated with the honour he had conferred upon her. Afterwards, having often told her, in general terms, that his subjects could not bear with the daughter that was born of her, he sent one of his servants, whom he had instructed what to do, who, with a very sorrowful countenance, said to her, " Madam, I must either lose my own life, or obey my lord's commands ; now he has ordered me to take your daughter, and"—without saying anything more. She, hearing these words, and noting the fellow's looks, remembering also what she had heard before from her lord, concluded that he had orders to destroy the child. So she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing ; when, without changing countenance, though her heart throbbed with maternal affection, she tenderly laid it in the servant's arms, and said, " Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded ; but prythee leave it not to be devoured by the fowls, or wild beasts, unless that be his will." Taking the child, he acquainted the prince with what she said, who was greatly surprised at her constancy, and he sent the same person with it to a relation at Bologna, desiring her, without revealing whose child it was, to see it carefully brought up and educated. Afterwards the lady became with child a second time, and was delivered of a son, at which he was extremely pleased. But, not satisfied with what he had already done, he began to grieve and persecute her still more ; saying one day to her, seemingly much out of temper, " Since thou hast brought me this son, I am able to live no longer with my people ; for they mutiny to that degree, that, unless I would run the risk of being driven out of my dominions, I must be obliged to dispose of this child as I did the other ; and then to send thee away, in order to take a wife more suitable to me." She heard this with a great deal of resignation, making only this reply : " My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me ; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself." Not many days after, he sent for the son in the same manner as he had done for the daughter ; and, seeming also as if he had procured him to be destroyed, had him conveyed to Bologna, to be taken care of with the daughter. This she bore with the same resolution as before, at which the prince wondered greatly, declaring to himself, that no other woman



was capable of doing the like. And, were it not that he had observed her extremely fond of her children, whilst that was agreeable to him, he should have thought it want of affection in her; but he saw it was only her entire obedience and condescension. The people, imagining the children were both put to death, blamed him to the last degree, thinking him the most cruel and worst of men, and showing great compassion for the lady; who, whenever she was in company with the ladies of her acquaintance, and they condoled with her for her loss, she would only say, "It was not my will, but his who begot them." But more years being now passed, and he resolving to make the last trial of her patience, declared, before many people, that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife, owning that he had done very foolishly and like a young man in marrying her, and that he meant to solicit the pope for a dispensation to take another, and send her away; for which he was much blamed by many worthy persons; but he said nothing in return, only that it should be so. She, hearing this, and expecting to go home to her father, and possibly tend the cattle as she had done before, whilst she saw some other lady possessed of him whom she dearly loved and honoured, was perhaps secretly grieved; but, as she had withstood other strokes of fortune, so she determined resolutely to do now. Soon afterwards Gualtieri had counterfeit letters come to him, as from Rome, acquainting all his people that his holiness thereby dispensed with his marrying another, and turning away Griselda: he had her brought before them, when he said, "Woman, by the pope's leave I may dispose of thee, and take another wife. As my ancestors, then, have been all sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father's cottage, with the same portion that thou broughtest me, and afterwards to make choice of one more suitable in quality to myself." It was with the utmost difficulty she could now refrain from tears; and she replied, "My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition would no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it as a favour lent me: you are now pleased to demand it back; I therefore willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me; I deliver it to you. You bid me take the dowry back which I brought you; you will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to put it in, much less a sumpter-horse to carry it away; for I have not forgotten that you took me naked; and if you think it decent to expose that body, which has borne you two children, in that manner, I am contented; but I would entreat you, as a recompense for my virginity, which I brought you and do not carry away, that you would please to let me have one shift over and above my dowry." He, though ready to weep, yet put on a stern countenance, and said, "Thou shalt have one only then." And, notwithstanding the people all desired that she might have an old gown, to keep her body from shame who had been his wife thirteen years and upwards, yet it was all in vain; so she left his palace in that manner, and returned weeping to her father's, to the great grief of all who saw her. The poor man, never supposing that the prince would keep her long as his wife, and expecting this thing to happen every day, had safely laid up the garments of which she had been despoiled the day he espoused her. He now brought them to her, and she put them on, and went as usual about her father's little household affairs, bearing this fierce trial of adverse fortune with the greatest courage imaginable. The prince then gave it out that he was to espouse a daughter of one of the counts of Padua; and, as if he had made great preparations for his nuptials, he sent for Griselda to come to him, and said to her, "I am going to bring this lady home whom I have just married, and intend to show her all possible respect at her first coming: thou knowest that I have no women with me able to set out the rooms and do many things which

are requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though thou wert mistress of the house, and, when the marriage is ended, return thee home to thy father's again." Though these words pierced like daggers to the heart of Griselda, who was unable to part with her love for the prince so easily as she had done her great fortune, yet she replied, "My lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands." She then went into the palace, in her coarse attire, from whence she had but just before departed in her shift, and with her own hands did she begin to sweep, and set all the rooms to rights, cleaning the stools and benches in the hall like the meanest servant, and directing what was to be done in the kitchen, never giving over till everything was in order and as it ought to be. After this was done she invited, in the prince's name, all the ladies in the country to come to the feast. And on the day appointed for the marriage, meanly clad as she was, she received them in the most genteel and cheerful manner imaginable. Now Gualtieri, who had his children carefully brought up at Bologna (the girl being about twelve years old, and one of the prettiest creatures that ever was seen, and the boy six), had sent to his kinswoman there, to desire she would bring them, with an honourable retinue, to Saluzzo, giving it out, all the way she came, that she was bringing the young lady to be married to him, without letting any one know to the contrary. Accordingly they all three set forwards, attended by a goodly train of gentry, and, after some days' travelling, reached Saluzzo about dinner-time, when they found the whole country assembled, waiting to see their new lady. The young lady was most graciously received by all the women present, and being come into the hall where the tables were all covered, Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her, saying, "Your ladyship is most kindly welcome." The ladies, who had greatly importuned the prince, though to no purpose, to let Griselda be in a room by herself, or else that she might have some of her own clothes, and not appear before strangers in that manner, were now seated, and going to be served round, whilst the young lady was universally admired, and every one said that the prince had made a good change; but Griselda in particular highly commended both her and her brother. The marquis now thinking that he had seen enough with regard to his wife's patience, and perceiving that in all her trials she was still the same, being persuaded likewise that this proceeded from no want of understanding in her, because he knew her to be singularly prudent, he thought it time to take her from that anguish which he supposed she might conceal under her firm and constant deportment. So, making her come before all the company, he said, with a smile, "What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?"—"My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her: but I most humbly beg you would not take those heart-breaking measures with this lady as you did with your last wife, because she is young, and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardships from a child."

Gualtieri perceiving, that though Griselda thought that person was to be his wife, that she nevertheless answered him with great humility and sweetness of temper, he made her sit down by him, and said, "Griselda, it is now time for you to reap the fruit of your long patience, and that they who have reputed me to be cruel, unjust, and a monster in nature, may know that what I have done has been all along with a view to teach you how to behave as a wife; and, lastly, to secure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together, which I was apprehensive might have been endangered by my marrying. Therefore I had a mind to prove you by harsh and injurious treatment; and not being sensible that you have ever transgressed my will, either in word or deed, I now seem to have met with that happiness

I desired. I intend, then, to restore in one hour what I have taken away from you in many, and to make you the sweetest recompense for the many bitter pangs I have caused you to suffer. Accept, therefore, this young lady, whom you thought my spouse, and her brother, as your children and mine. They are the same which you and many others believed that I had been the means of cruelly murdering: and I am your husband, who love and value you above all things; assuring myself that no person in the world can be happier in a wife than I am." With this he embraced her most affectionately, when, rising up together, she weeping for joy, they went where their daughter was sitting, quite astonished with these things, and tenderly saluted both her and her brother, undeceiving them and the whole company. At this the women all arose, overjoyed, from the tables, and taking Griselda into the chamber, they clothed her with her own noble apparel, and as a marchioness, resembling such an one even in rags, and brought her into the hall. And being extremely rejoiced with her son and daughter, and every one expressing the utmost satisfaction at what had come to pass, the feasting was prolonged many days. The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe, and the trial of his lady most intolerable; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare. In a few days the Count de Panago returned to Bologna, and the marquis took Giannucolo from his drudgery and maintained him as his father-in-law, and so he lived very comfortably to a good old age. Gualtieri afterwards married his daughter to one of equal nobility, continuing the rest of his life with Griselda, and showing her all the respect and honour that was possible. What can we say, then, but that Divine spirits may descend from heaven into the meanest cottages, whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of hogs than the government of men?

#### 128.—IT WILL NEVER DO TO BE IDLE.

[THE following paper is extracted from a very remarkable book published ten years ago, entitled 'Self-Formation; or, the History of an Individual Mind: By a Fellow of a College.' The name of the author is known in some literary circles; it was communicated, in professional confidence, to the Editor of 'Half-Hours.' That circumstance renders it necessary that the extract should appear as taken from the work of an anonymous writer. Since the publication of the first edition of 'Half-Hours,' the author of 'Self-Formation' has died. 'Self-Formation' did not attract much notice from the periodical dispensers of literary fame; but it has produced a strong impression upon competent judges of the singular ability, not unmingled with eccentricity, and the frank earnestness, with which the progress of "an individual mind," from childhood to maturity, is related. Such revelations are of inestimable value, when we can depend upon them, as we must do in this instance, as accurate pencilings of the intellect in its weakness as well as its strength.]

There is a village called Cherry-Hinton, lying wide of any highway, and within two or three miles of Cambridge. The footpath to it is crossed midway, or thereabouts, by a little brook, and that brook itself, accompanied by a pathway, winds its unambitious way onward to the village, through certain rich corn-fields and solitary meadows. This was my usual walk, my path of contemplation. From some unaccountable neglect it was very little frequented, though in itself as pretty as any out of Cambridge. Scarcely was it trodden, save by a few late and early market-goers, and, haply, now and then a milkwoman. *Villæ delatant viciis*; the dusty footpath, with the chance of an occasional gossip, was more to the taste of the commonalty than the modest half-worn track, the verdure, the coolness, the sequestration—in a word, the poetry, of my own choice. I was in no danger of interruption by my sporting friends, who would have stared at me in such a spot as if they had seen a ghost, and regarded me ever afterwards as a man under a cloud—as one addicted to strange solitary habits.

I remember one day I had racked myself out of all patience in my attempts to overthink a subject, to master it by the sheer force of thought. In a state of exhaustion and discomfiture I leant against a gate-post, and suffered my sight to rest upon the surface of the stream, and amuse itself by the objects carried down by it. There was an angle of the bank close by, and I indulged myself some time in the idle speculation whether or not the sticks and straws that I saw floating along might chance to double it. My mind was martyred with its distractions, and it occurred to me, by a sudden thought, that here was a way to put an end to them. I marked a particular straw in its descent, and made an earnest vow, that, according as it should pass the promontory or fail to do so, I would persist or not in my thoughtfulness—that, as the straw might rule me, I would strive onwards through a host of pains and penalties, or else retire at once from the contest, and, as the negroes say, “sit down softly,” content to be a common man—one of the mere vulgar.

My determination was strong at the moment, so strong that I am by no means sure that it was not decisive, that it has not governed my destinies ever since. Well, I watched my pilot-boat as it came down—*Fortunam vehis*—so I might have apostrophized it in all Cæsarian dignity. It passed gently on. Here and there it met with an obstruction, but it was only for a moment; it doubled the cape—the Cape of Good Hope, as it really was for me. I received the augury with all acceptance, and returned with a light heart.

Somehow or other, after this incident, whether by force of it or from whatever cause, I got into a better vein. I abandoned once for all the part of the self-tormentor. I forbore to force myself. I suffered my mind, like a froward child, to fall asleep, and so recover itself from the excitement of its frowardness. Instead of hallooing on when I had overrun the scent, I drew back quietly and cannily to the point where I was last sure of it—*relegens errata retrorsum*—and endeavoured to hit it off afresh. I returned from thought to literature, from my late hard task-master to my former gentle mistress. I read at large. I roved about at my free will in the wide and varied common of our college library, with no other condition than that of commenting in my own mind, as I went along, upon every book that I might be reading, and every chapter of that book. This was the best restorative process imaginable. I soon got heart of grace upon it, and recruited the exhaustion of my spirits. I found it was but lost pains to attempt to add a cubit to my intellectual stature by force of thinking. I took better counsel, and resigned all care of my growth to time, patience, and steady but gentle perseverance. “*Chi va piano,*” say the Italians, “*va lontano,*” and I soon found that instead of racking myself to no purpose, as I had done heretofore, I was gradually making way and widening my circle.

My wayfarings to this village of fruitful, though, for any thing that I could ever learn, fallacious entitlement—this village with a name that waters on one's tongue, though it keeps not the word of promise to one's palate—my pilgrimages, I say, thither were of good account to me through another mere accident. One day, on my return, I was driven to take shelter from a rain-storm in a little hovel by the road-side—a sort of cobbler's stall. The tenant and his son were upon their work, and, after the customary use of greetings, I entered familiarly into talk with them, as indeed I always do, seeing that your cobbler is often a man of contemplative faculty—that there is really something of mystery in his craft. Before I had been with them long, the old man found that there lacked something for his work, and in order to provide it he sent his son out on a job of some five minutes. The interval was a short one, but it was too long for his active impatience; he became uneasy, shuffled about the room, and at last took up a scrap or two of leather and

fell to work upon them. "For," said he, "it will never do, you know, 'sir, to be idle—not at any rate—I should faint away."

I happened just then to be in an impenetrable mood, without occupation myself, and weighed somewhat down by the want of it; accordingly the phrase, the oddness of it in the first place, and still more the sense, made a deep and lasting impression upon me. As soon as the rain had spent itself, I went my way homeward, ruminating and revolving what I had heard, like a curious man over a riddle. I could not have bestowed my thoughts better; the subject concerned me nearly, it went to the very heart of my happiness. Some people are perpetual martyrs to idleness, others have only their turns and returns of it; I was of the latter class—a reluctant impatient idler; nevertheless I was so much within the mischief as to feel that the words came home to me. They stung my conscience severely, they were gall and wormwood for me. Nevertheless, I dwelt so long, albeit perhaps unwillingly, upon the expression, that I became as it were privy to it; I was in a condition to feel and revere its efficacy; I determined to make much of it, to realize it in use, to act it out.

I had heard and read repeatedly that idleness is a very great evil; but the measure did not appear to me to come up to the real truth. I began to think that it was not only a very great evil, but the greatest evil—and not only the greatest one, but in fact the only one—the only mental one, I mean; for, of course, as to morality, a man may be very active, and very viciously active too. But the one great sensible and conceivable evil is that of idleness. No man is wretched in his energy. There can be no pain in a fit; a soldier at the full height of his spirit, and in the heat of contest, is unconscious even of a wound; the orator in the full flow of rhetoric is altogether exempt from the pitifulness of gout and rheumatism. To be occupied, in its first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant—and see the significance, the reality, of first meanings. When the occupation is once complete, when the tendency is full, there can be no entry for any evil spirit: but idleness is emptiness; where it is, there the doors are thrown open, and the devils troop in.

The words of the old cobbler were oracular to me. They were constantly in my thoughts, like the last voice of his victim in those of the murderer; my mind was pregnant with them; the seed was good, and sown in a good soil—it brought forth the fruit of satisfaction.

It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and stink there, instead of being used out as they should be—these, I say, are the occasions of our moral unsoundness and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whole box of the most precious ointment; and idleness, if it be once suffered though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listless quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whole day. It is the ancient enemy—the old man of the Arabian Tales. 'Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken off so easily.

I had a notion of these truths, and I framed my plan after their rules; I resolved that every minute should be occupied by thought, word, or act, or, if none of these, by intention; vacancy was my only outcast, the scape-goat of my proscription. For this my purpose I required a certain energy of will, as indeed this same energy is requisite for every other good thing of every sort and kind; without it we are as powerless as grubs, noisome as ditch-water, vague, loose, and unpredestinate as the clouds above our heads. However, I had sufficient of this energy to serve me for that turn; I felt the excellence of the practice, I was penetrated with it through all my being, I clung to it, I cherished it. I made a point of every thing; I was active, brisk, and animated (oh! how true is that word) in all things that I did, even to the picking up of a glove, or asking the time of day. If I ever felt the

approach, the first approach, of the insidious languor, I said once within myself, in the next quarter of an hour I will do such a thing; and, *præsto*, it was done, and much more than that into the bargain: my mind was set in motion, my spirits stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. I watched the cloud, and dissipated it at its first gathering, as well knowing that, if it could grow but to the largeness of a man's hand, it would spread out every where, and darken my whole horizon.

Oh that this example might be as profitable to others as the practice has been to myself! How rich would be the reward of this book, if its readers would but take it to heart in this one article; if the simple truths that it here speaks could prompt them to take their happiness into their own hands, and learn the value of industry, not from what they may have heard of it, but because they have themselves tried and felt it! In the first place, its direct and immediate value, inasmuch as it quickens, and cheers, and gladdens every moment that it occupies, and keeps off the evil one by repelling him at the outposts, instead of admitting him to a doubtful, perhaps a deadly, struggle in the citadel; and again its more remote, but no less certain, value, as the mother of many virtues, when it has once grown into the temper of the mind; and the nursing mother of many more. And if we gain so much by its entertainment, how much more must we not lose by its neglect! Our vexations are annoying to us, the disappointments of life are grievous, its calamities deplorable, its indulgences and lusts sinful; but our idleness is worse than all these, and more painful, and more hateful, and in the amount of its consequences, if not in its very essence, more sinful than even sin itself—just as the stock is more fruitful than any branch that springs from it. In fine, do what you will, only do something, and that actively and energetically. Read, converse, sport, think, or study—the whole range is open to you—only let your mind be full, and then you will want little or nothing to fulfil your happiness.

#### 120.—OF IMPROVING BY GOOD EXAMPLES.

O. FELTHAM.

[OWEN FELTHAM was one of the most popular writers of the seventeenth century. In the present day he is well nigh forgotten. His principal work, the tenth impression of which, dated 1677, a small folio, is before us, is entitled 'Resolves.' It is a collection of essays, distinguished by acute thought and playful fancy—great knowledge of the world, and genial kindness of heart—sincere piety, and a cheerful temper. Of the personal history of Owen Feltham very little is known. He appears, from his own account, to have possessed a moderate independence, for he says: "I have necessities and what is decent, and, when I desire it, something for pleasure." He is supposed to have been born about the last year of the reign of Elizabeth, and to have lived till 1680.]

There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but all cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to hold the horns of this altar, which, in all essays, can in himself protect him. And though in the march of human life, over the stage of this world, a man shall find presented sometimes examples of thriving vice, and several opportunities to invite him upon a seeming advantage to close with unhand-some practices; yet, every man ought so to improve his progress in what is just and right, as to be able to discern the fraud and feigned pleasurable-ness of the bad, and to choose and follow what is good and warrantable. If any man shall object that the world is far more bad than good, so that the good man shall be sure to be over-powered by the evil; the case is long since resolved by Antisthenes, that 'tis better with a few good men to fight against an army of bad, than with swarms and shoals of bad men, to have a few good men his enemies. And surely this was it which

raised up David to that bravery of spirit which made him profess, *that though an host were pitched against him, yet should not his heart be afraid*. He that is entirely and genuinely honest, is the figure and representation of the Deity, that will draw down a protection upon it against all the injuries of any that shall dare to abuse it. There is a kind of talismanical influence in the soul of such. A more immediate impress of the Divinity is printed on the spirits of these, than all the scattered herd of looser minds are capable of. The rays of heaven do more perpendicularly strike upon the minds of these, whereby they have both assimilation to God, propensities to good, and defence against injury. And it not only obligeth men not to do wrong, but to make amends if wrong be done; and to dispense with benefits to ourselves, if in the least they shall bring detriment to others. So that a man ought not only to restore what is unduly gotten, or unawares let slip by others, but to seek out how we may do right. Thus if I find a treasure, and know not him that lost it, I owe my endeavour to search and find him out, that it may be again restored. It is truly said by St. Augustine, "*Quod invenisti et non reddidisti, rapuisti*." He steals the thing he finds, that labours not to restore it. If he does not restore it, 'tis enough that he does not do it, only because he cannot.

And although no man be privileged to swerve from what is honest; yet some men have by much more obligation to be so than others. They have tasted of higher dispensations, been more deterred by judgments, more gained upon by mercies, or are illuminated with more radiant knowledge, whereby they better understand than others wherein to be so. And indeed without knowledge it is impossible to understand wherein to do right. Though the best knowledge a man hath, be a light so dimly burning that it hardly shows him to see clearly all the cobwebs and foul corners in his affairs; yet ignorance is an opacious thing, and if not a total darkness, yet such an eclipse as makes us apt to stumble, and puts us to grope out our way.

And besides all these, there are some that have more reason to be honest than others, as having found dealings from others, that, like fire brought nearer, warms their conscience more; and not only would be evidence and conviction against them if they did wrong, but stirs them up to do right.

And truly I shall not blush to tell my reader, that in the number of these, I look upon myself as concerned. Should I fail of being honest when advantage should be in my hand, I should not only be upbraided, but condemned by two especial passages that happened to myself, which for the rarity, may beget my pardon that here I set them down to be known. One was:

An unknown porter brings to me, at my lodgings, a box sealed up, and on the outside directed to myself. I inquired from whom he had it; he told me, *a gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him expence to deliver it safely*; which now he had done, and having discharged his part, he could give me no farther account. I opened the box, where the first thing I met with was a note written in a hand I knew not, without any name subscribed, in these very following words:—

"Mr. Owen Feltham,—It was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this, and the rest of my sins."

And under this note, folded in another paper in the same box, were ten twenty-shilling pieces in gold. I cannot call to mind that ever I was deceived of such a sum as five pounds in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe he did it to disburthen a conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem suitable to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his name to value him as he deserved, I have presumed to recite the thing, that others from the

sense of it may learn to be honest, and himself reap the benefit that may happen by so good an example.

This perhaps might be from some one that not only professed but practised piety and the rules of honest living. And though I could not expect so much should be found among those that pretend not so high in religion; yet to show that even in looser callings, and as well now as in our Saviour's time, some (reckoned among publicans and sinners) may go to Heaven before the captious and critical censurist; (if we shall judge by exterior demeanour, as the rule that is given us;) I shall beg leave to give my reader this second story, which was thus:

Going with some gentlewomen to a play at Salisbury Court, I cast into the woman's box who sat at the door to receive the pay (as I thought) so many shillings as we were persons in number; so we passed away, went in, and sat out the play, returning out the same way; the woman that held the box as we went in was there again as we went out; neither I, nor any of my company knew her, nor sho us; but, as she had observed us going in, she addresses me, and says, *Sir, do you remember what money you gave me when you went in? Sure (said I) as I take it, I gave you twelve pence apiece for myself, and these of my company. Ay, Sir, (replies she), that you did, and something more, for here is an eleven-shilling piece of gold that you gave me instead of a shilling; and if you please to give me twelve pence for it, 'tis as much as I can demand.* Here had been, if the woman had been so minded (though a little) yet a secure prize. But, as many do probably conjecture, that Zaccheus, that made restitution to the shame of the obdurate Jews, was a gentile as well as a publican; so this, from one of a calling in dispute, and suspected, may not only instruct the more precise of garb, and form of honesty, but show us that, in any vocation, a man may take occasion to be just and faithful. And let no man wonder, that a person thus dealt withal, and lessoned into his duty by the practice of others to him, joined with his other obligations to goodness, be hereby prevailed upon to a greater care of his own uprightness and integrity, than perhaps without finding these might have been. I will not have the vanity to say these passages have rendered me better; nor am I ashamed to confess, that I have sometimes remembered them with profit. Sure I am, they ought not to lose their influence, nor to pass unheeded, when they shall reflect on ourselves. He that means to be a good limner, will be sure to draw after the most excellent copies, and guide every stroke of his pencil by the better pattern that lays before him: so, he that desires that the table of his life may be fair, will be careful to propose the best examples, and will never be content till he equals, or excels them.

### 130.—RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY W. LONGFELLOW is a living poet—one of that Anglo-Saxon race who appear destined to spread the English language and literature over the vast extent of what we call the New World. He was born in 1807; has travelled much in Europe; and is now a distinguished Professor in Harvard Collège. As a poet, he is remarkable for the careful finish and the stainless purity of his productions, rather than for the luxuriance of his imagination, or the profundity of his thoughts. The following charming piece of prose description is from a preface which accompanies his translation of a Swedish Idyl, entitled 'The Children of the Lord's Supper.']

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of



yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewed with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have eaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet also groups of Dalecarlian peasant women, travelling homeward, or town-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadsides each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened by a post to iron bands, and secured by a padlock with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and on their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words; but the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer

time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nose-gay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribands, and evergreens; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and, after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asked the bride's father. "At least three hundred." is the answer and to this the last replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the Maypole, which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxon hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee; so thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage-feast, as he was at the marriage-feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led

off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her marriage-chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broad-cast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Two-fold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church-songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons Lundebracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar-Finke of Pingsdaga\*.

And now the glad leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a Maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses, and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each

\* These are names of popular stories.

stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,—

“Ho! watchman, ho.  
Twelve is the clock!  
God keep our town  
From fire and brand,  
And hostile hand!  
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

### 131.—THE CHARACTER OF POLYBIUS, THE HISTORIAN.

DRYDEN.

[JOHN DRYDEN is one of the most familiar names in English literature: but how many readers of the present day can be said to make a study of his works? His plays, with one or two exceptions, are forgotten and neglected. His tragedies are formed upon the mock-heroic French model, which has no claim to be a reflection of nature, and which therefore can have no endurance. His comedies are revolting in their gross licentiousness. But we turn to his Satires and his Translations, and we find many of the characteristics of a great poet; not the highest invention, but vigour almost unrivalled, and a mastery of the real power of the English language, which shows us how much that language has been vitiated by the patchwork of a century and a half. Dryden's prose is necessarily less read than his poetry, for it consists chiefly of critical prefaces to his plays, and to works, principally translations, in which he was from time to time engaged in the course of a long literary life. Careless readers have a sort of dread of a preface. Yet of these prefaces Johnson has truly said, “None of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated and vigorous; what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid.” Burke (according to Malone, who collected Dryden's prose works in four volumes) used to expatiate with admiration upon Dryden's language, upon which, as Malone thinks, he formed his own style. Dryden was born in 1631 or 1632; was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; wrote his verses on Cromwell in 1655, and his first play in 1663. He continued his literary labours, under the impulse of straitened circumstances, until the end of his career. He died, after a short illness, in 1700.]

Beneficent as he was, the greatest obligation which he could lay on human kind was the writing of this present history, wherein he has left a perpetual monument of his public love to all the world, in every succeeding age of it, by giving us such precepts as are most conducing to our common safety and our benefit. This philanthropy (which we have not a proper word in English to express) is every where manifest in our author; and from hence proceeded that divine rule which he gave to Scipio,—that, whensoever he went abroad, he should take care not to return to his own house before he had acquired a friend by some new obligement. To this excellency of nature we owe the treasure which is contained in this most useful work; this is the standard by which all good and prudent princes ought to regulate their actions. None have more need of friends than monarchs; and though ingratitude is too frequent in the most of those who are obliged, yet encouragement will work on generous minds; and, if the experiment be lost on thousands, yet it never fails on all; and one virtuous man in a whole nation is worth the buying, as one diamond is worth the search in a heap of rubbish. But a narrow-hearted prince, who thinks that mankind is made for him alone, puts his subjects in a way of deserting him on the first occasion; and teaches them to be as sparing of their duty as he is of his bounty. He is sure of making enemies who will not be at the cost of rewarding his friends and servants; and, by letting his people see

he loves them not, instructs them to live upon the square with him, and to make him souseful, in his turn, that prerogatives are given, but privileges are inherent. As for tricking, cunning, and that which in sovereigns they call king-craft, and reason of state in commonwealths, to them and their proceedings Polybius is an open enemy. He severely reproves all faithless practices, and that *κακοπραγμοσύνη*, or vicious policy, which is too frequent in the management of the public. He commends nothing but plainness, sincerity, and the common good, undisguised, and set in a true light before the people. Not but that there may be a necessity of saving a nation by going beyond the letter of the law, or even sometimes by superseding it; but then that necessity must not be artificial,—it must be visible, it must be strong enough to make the remedy not only pardoned, but desired, to the major part of the people; not for the interest only of some few men, but for the public safety; for, otherwise, one infringement of a law draws after it the practice of subverting all the liberties of a nation, which are only entrusted with any government, but can never be given up to it. The best way to distinguish betwixt a pretended necessity and a true, is to observe if the remedy be rarely applied, or frequently; in times of peace, or times of war and public distractions, which are the most usual causes of sudden necessities. From hence Casaubon infers, that this our author, who preaches virtue and probity and plain dealing, ought to be studied principally by kings and ministers of state; and that youth, which are bred up to succeed in the management of business, should read him carefully, and imbibe him thoroughly, detesting the maxims that are given by Machiavel and others, which are only the instruments of tyranny. Furthermore, (continues he,) the study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice that has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies; and this is one of the most shining qualities in our author.

I was so strongly persuaded of this myself, in the perusal of the present history, that I confess, amongst all the ancients, I never found any who had the air of it so much; and, amongst the moderns, none but Philip de Commines. They had this common to them, that they both changed their masters. But Polybius changed not his side, as Philip did; he was not bought off to another party, but pursued the true interest of his country even when he served the Romans. Yet since truth, as one of the philosophers has told me, lies in the bottom of a well, so it is difficult to draw it up; much pains, much diligence, much judgment is necessary to hand it us; even cost is oftentimes required; and Polybius was wanting in none of these.

We find but few historians, of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public; by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity. But Polybius weighed the authors from whom he was forced to borrow the history of the times immediately preceding his, and oftentimes corrected them, either by comparing them each with other, or by the lights which he had received from ancient men of known integrity amongst the Romans, who had been conversant in those affairs which were then managed, and were yet living to instruct him. He also learned the Roman tongue, and attained to that knowledge of their laws, their rights, their customs, and antiquities, that few of their own citizens understood them better; having gained permission from the senate to search the Capitol, he made himself familiar with their records, and afterwards translated them into his mother tongue. So that he taught the noblemen of Rome their own municipal laws, and was accounted more skilful in them than Fabius Pictor, a man of the senatorian order, who wrote the transactions of the Punic wars. He who neglected none of the laws of history was so careful of truth.

(which is the principal), that he made it his whole business to deliver nothing to posterity which might deceive them; and by that diligence and exactness may easily be known to be studious of truth, and a lover of it. What therefore, Brutus himself thought worthy to transcribe with his own hand out of him, I need not be ashamed to copy after him. "I believe" (says Polybius) "that nature herself has constituted truth as the supreme deity which is to be adored by mankind, and that she has given it greater force than any of the rest: for being opposed as she is on all sides, and appearances of truth so often passing for the thing itself in behalf of plausible falsehoods, yet by her wonderful operation she insinuates herself into the minds of men; sometimes exerting her strength immediately, and sometimes lying hid in darkness for a length of time; but at last she struggles through it, and appears triumphant over falsehood." This sincerity Polybius preferred to all his friends, and even to his father. "In all other offices of life" (says he) "I praise a lover of his friends, and of his native country; but, in writing history, I am obliged to divest myself of all other obligations, and sacrifice them all to truth."

Aratus, the Sicyonian, in the childhood of our author, was the chief of the Achaian commonwealth; a man in principal esteem, both in his own country, and all the provinces of Greece; admired universally for his probity, his wisdom, his just administration, and his conduct; in remembrance of all which his grateful countrymen, after his decease, ordained him those honours which are only due to heroes. Him our Polybius had in veneration, and formed himself by imitation of his virtues, and is never wanting in his commendations through the course of his history. Yet even this man, when the cause of truth required it, is many times reproved by him for his slowness in council, his tardiness in the beginning of his enterprises, his tedious and more than Spanish deliberations; and his heavy and cowardly proceedings are as freely blamed by our Polybius, as they were afterwards by Plutarch, who questionless drew his character from this history. In plain terms, that wise general scarce ever performed any great action but by night; the glittering of a sword before his face was offensive to his eyes; our author, therefore, boldly accuses him of his faint-heartedness; attributes the defeat at Caphie wholly to him; and is not sparing to affirm that all Peloponnesus was filled with trophies which were set up as the monuments of his losses. He sometimes praises, and at other times condemns, the proceedings of Philip, king of Macedon, the son of Demetrius, according to the occasions which he gave him by the variety and inequality of his conduct; and this most exquisite on either side. He more than once arraigns him for the inconstancy of his judgment, and chapters even his own Aratus on the same head; showing by many examples, produced from their actions, how many miseries they had both occasioned to the Grecians; and attributing it to the weakness of human nature, which can make nothing perfect. But some men are brave in battle who are weak in counsel, which daily experience sets before our eyes; others deliberate wisely, but are weak in the performing part; and even no man is the same to-day which he was yesterday, or may be to-morrow. On this account, says our author, "a good man is sometimes liable to blame, and a bad man, though not often, may possibly deserve to be commended." And for this very reason he severely taxes Timæus, a malicious historian who will allow no kind of virtue to Agathocles, the tyrant of Sicily, but detracts from all his actions, even the most glorious, because, in general, he was a vicious man. "Is it to be thought" (says Casaubon) "that Polybius loved the memory of Agathocles, the tyrant, or hated that of the virtuous Aratus?" But it is one thing to commend a tyrant, and another thing to overpass in silence those laudable actions which are performed by him; because it argues an author of the same falsehood, to pretermitt what has actually been done, as to feign those actions which have never been.

## 132.—SUMMER.

THEN came the jolly Sommer, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,  
 That was unlyned all, to be more light:  
 And on his head a girlond well besene  
 He wore, from which as he had chaufed been  
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore  
 A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene  
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,  
 And now would bathe his limbs with labor heated sore.

Such is Spenser's description of 'the jolly Sommer.' The same vigorous pencil has personified the summer months of June and July:—

And after her came jolly June, array'd  
 All in greene leaves, as he a Player were;  
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,  
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare  
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare  
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,  
 And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare,  
 Bending their force contrary to their face;  
 Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,  
 That all his garments he had cast away:  
 Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey:  
 (It was the beast that whylome did forray  
 The Nemean forrest, till the *Amphytrionide*  
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array.)  
 Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side  
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

We will select two summer landscapes, whose scenes are laid in regions far apart. Scott gives us a charming picture of the mild graces of the season—

|   |  |
|---|--|
| The summer dawn's reflected hue               | Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;     |
| To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;          | The doe awoke, and to the lawn,          |
| Mildly and soft the western breeze            | Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;   |
| Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees, | The gray mist left the mountain-side,    |
| And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,        | The torrent show'd its glistening pride; |
| Trembled but dimpled not for joy;             | Invisible in flecked sky                 |
| The mountain-shadows on her breast            | The lark sent down her revelry           |
| Were neither broken nor at rest;              | The blackbird and the speckled thrush    |
| In bright uncertainty they lie,               | Good-morrow-gave from brake and bush;    |
| Like future joys to Fancy's eye.              | In answer too'd the cushat-dove          |
| The water-lily to the light                   | Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.  |

The American poet, Bryant, draws his images from pine-forests and fields of maize, upon which a fiery sun looks down with "scorching heat and dazzling light":—

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk  
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass;  
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm  
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade  
 Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint  
 And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
 Settling on the sick flowers, and then again

Instantly on the wing. The plants around  
 Feel the too potent fervours : the tall maize  
 Rolls up its long-green leaves ; the clover droops  
 Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.  
 But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,  
 With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,  
 As if the scorching heat and dazzling light  
 Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,  
 Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—  
 Their bases on the mountains—their white tops  
 Shining in the far ether—fire the air  
 With a reflected radiance, and make turn  
 The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie  
 Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,  
 Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,  
 Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind  
 That still delays its coming. Why so slow,  
 Gentle and voluble spirit of the air ?  
 Oh come and breath upon the fainting earth  
 Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves  
 He hears me ? See, on yonder woody ridge,  
 The pine is bending his proud top, and now  
 Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak  
 Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes !  
 Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves !  
 The deep distressful silence of the scene  
 Breaks up with mingling of unnumber'd sounds  
 And universal motion. He is come,  
 Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,  
 And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings  
 Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,  
 And sound of swaying branches, and the voice  
 Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs  
 Are stirring on his breath : a thousand flowers,  
 By the road-side and borders of the brook,  
 Nod gaily to each other ; glossy leaves  
 Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew  
 Were on them yet, and silver waters break  
 Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

Contrasted with this picture how refreshing are the "hedge-row elms,"—"the furrow'd land,"—"the russet lawns,"—"the meadows trim,"—"the upland hamlets," of Milton's 'L'Allegro.' His "sunshine holiday" is thoroughly English:—

To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night  
 From his watchtower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow  
 Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine ;  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before :  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
 Sometimes walking not unseen  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,



Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
 While the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures,  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanu'd haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland lamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebeck sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday.

Hay-making,—the half sportive labour of the early summer,—has been charmingly described by Joanna Baillie:—

Upon the grass no longer hangs the dew ;  
 Forth hies the mower, with his glittering scythe,  
 In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,  
 He moves athwart the mead with sideling bend,  
 And lays the grass in many a swathe line :  
 In every field, in every lawn and meadow,  
 The rousing voice of industry is heard ;  
 The haycock rises, and the frequent rake  
 Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.  
 The old and young, the weak and strong are there,  
 And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.  
 The father jeers his awkward half-grown lad,  
 Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field,  
 Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.  
 The village oracle and simple maid  
 Jest in their turns and raise the ready laugh ;  
 All are companions in the general glee ;  
 Authority, hard-favoured, frowns not there.  
 Some, more advanced, raise up the lofty rick,  
 Whilst on its top doth stand the parish toast  
 In loose attire and swelling ruddy cheek.  
 With taunts and harmless mockery she receives  
 The tossed-up heaps from fork of simple youth,  
 Who, staring on her, takes his arm away,  
 While half the load falls back upon himself.  
 Loud is her laugh, her voice is heard afar :  
 The mower busied on the distant lawn,  
 The carter trudging on his dusty way,  
 The shrill sound know, their bonnets toss in air,  
 And roar across the field to catch her notice.  
 She waves her arm to them, and shakes her head.

And then renews her work with double spirit.  
 Thus do they jest and laugh away their toil  
 Till the bright sun, now past his middle course,  
 Shoots down his fiercest beams which none may brave.  
 The stoutest arm feels listless, and the swart  
 And brawny-shouldered clown begins to fail.  
 But to the weary, lo—there comes relief!  
 A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn  
 With slow and wary steps approach: some bear  
 In baskets oaten cakes or barley scones,  
 And gusty cheese and stoups of milk or whey,  
 Beneath the branches of a spreading tree,  
 Or by the shady side of the tall rick,  
 They spread their homely fare, and, seated round,  
 Taste every pleasure that a feast can give.

Old Allan Ramsay has caught the inspiration of one of his most charming songs from the same scene:—

The lass of Patie's mill,  
 So bonnie, blithe; and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 She stole my heart away.  
 When tending out the hay,  
 Barcheaded on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.  
 Her arms white, round, and smooth;  
 Breasts rising in their dawn;  
 To age it would give youth,  
 To press them with his han  
 Through all my spirits ran  
 An ecstasy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,  
 Her sweets she did impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smiled:  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguiled;—  
 I wish'd her for my bride.  
 O! had I a' the wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insured long life and health,  
 And pleasure at my will;  
 I'd promise, and fulfil,  
 That none but bonnie she,  
 The lass of Patie's mill,  
 Should share the same with me.

Burns invites his "bonnie lassie" to go forth to the "foaming stream" and "hoary cliffs," when "simmer blinks on flowery braes." He only echoes the general summons to the enjoyment of "the lightsome days" which Nature gives to all her children:—

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy!

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,  
 • Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 The little birdies blithely sing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,

\* The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers  
 White o'er the linn the burnie pours,  
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers  
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

## 133.—PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

W. CAVE.

[WILLIAM CAVE, a distinguished divine and voluminous theological writer, was born in 1637. He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, and received various preferments in the Church, without having reached any very important ecclesiastical dignity, during his long life. At his death he was Canon of Windsor, and Vicar of Isleworth. His 'Lives of the Apostles,' 'Lives of the Fathers,' and 'Primitive Christianity,' are works of standard value and authority.]

The Christian religion, at its first coming abroad into the world, was mainly charged with these two things, *Impiety* and *Novelty*. For the first, it was commonly cried out against as a grand piece of *Atheism*; as an affront to their religion, and an undermining the very being and existence of their gods. This is the sum of the charge, as we find it in the ancient Apologists: more particularly Cæcilius, the heathen in Minucius Felix, accuses the Christians for a desperate, undone, and unlawful faction, who by way of contempt did snuff and spit at the mention of their gods, deride their worship, scoff at their priests, and despise their temples, as no better than charnel houses, and heaps of bones and ashes of the dead. For these, and such like reasons, the Christians were everywhere accounted a pack of *Atheists*, and their religion *the Atheism*; and seldom it is that Julian the emperor calls Christianity by any other name. Thus Lucian, bringing in Alexander the impostor, setting up for an oracle-monger, ranks the Christians with *Atheists* and *Epicureans*, as those that were especially to be banished from his mysterious rites. In answer to this charge, the Christians plead especially these three things:—

First, That the Gentiles were, for the most part, incompetent judges of such cases as these, as being almost wholly ignorant of the true state of the Christian doctrine, and therefore unfit to pronounce sentence against it. Thus when Crescens the philosopher had traduced the Christians, as atheistical and irreligious, Justin Martyr answers, that he talked about things which he did not understand, feigning things of his own head, only to comply with the humour of his seduced disciples and followers; that in reproaching the doctrine of Christ, which he did not understand, he discovered a most wicked and malignant temper, and showed himself far worse than the most simple and unlearned, who are not wont rashly to bear witness and determine in things not sufficiently known to them; or, if he did understand its greatness and excellency, then he showed himself much more base and disingenuous, in charging upon it what he knew to be false, and concealing his inward sentiments and convictions, for fear lest he should be suspected to be a Christian. But Justin well knew that he was miserably unskilful in matters of Christianity, having formerly had conferences and disputations with him about these things; and therefore offered the senate of Rome, (to whom he then presented his Apology,) if they had not heard the sum of it, to hold another conference with him, even before the senate itself; which he thought would be a work worthy of so wise and grave a council. Or, if they had heard it, then he did not doubt but they clearly apprehended how little he understood these things; or, if he did understand them, he knowingly dissembled it to his auditors, not daring to own the truth, as Socrates did in the face of danger—an evident argument that he was *ὁ φιλόσοφος, ἀλλὰ φιλόδοξος*, "not a philosopher, but a slave to popular applause and glory."

Secondly, They did in some sort confess the charge, that, according to the vulgar notion which the heathens had of their deities, they were *atheists*, i. e. strangers and enemies to them; that the gods of the Gentiles were at best but demons, impure and unclean spirits, who had long imposed upon mankind, and by their villanies, sophistries, and arts of terror, had so affrighted the common people, who knew not really what they were, and who judge of things more by appearance than by reason, that they called them gods, and gave to every one of them that name, which the

demon was willing to take to himself. And that they really were nothing but devils, fallen and apostate spirits, the Christians evidently manifested at every turn, forcing them to the confessing it, while, by prayer and invoking the name of the true God, they drove them out of possessed persons, and therefore trembled to encounter with a Christian, as Octavius triumphantly tells Cæcilius. They entertained the most absurd and fabulous notions of their gods, and usually ascribed such things to them, as would be accounted a horrible shame and dishonour to any wise and good man, the worship and mysterious rites of many of them being so brutish and filthy, that the honest and severer Romans were ashamed of it, and therefore overturned their altars, and banished them out of the roll of their deities, though their degenerate posterity took them in again, as Tertullian observes. Their gods themselves were so impure and beastly, their worship so obscene and detestable, that Julius Firmicus advises them to turn their temples into theatres, where the secrets of their religion may be delivered in scenes; and to make their players priests, and that the common route might sing the amours, the sports and pastimes, the wantonness and impieties of their gods, no place being so fit for such a religion as they. Besides the attributing to them human bodies, with many blemishes and imperfections, and subjection to the miseries of human life, and to the laws of mortality, they could not deny them to have been guilty of the most horrid and prodigious villanies and enormities, revenge and murder, incest and luxury, drunkenness and intemperance, theft and unnatural rebellion against their parents, and such like; of which their own writings were full almost in every page, which served only to corrupt and debauch the minds and manners of youth; as Octavius tells his adversary, where he pursues this argument at large with great eloquence and reason. Nay, those among them that were most inquisitive and serious, and that entertained more abstract and refined apprehensions of things than the common people, yet could not agree in any fit and rational notion of a Deity; some ridiculously affirming one thing and some another until they were divided into a hundred different opinions, and all of them further distant from the truth than they were from one another; the vulgar in the meanwhile making gods of the most brutish objects, such as dogs, cats, wolves, goats, hawks, dragons, beetles, crocodiles, &c. This Origen against Celsus particularly charges upon the Egyptians.

"When you approach (says he) their sacred places, they have glorious groves and chapels, temples with goodly gates and stately porticos, and many mysterious and religious ceremonies; but when once you are entered, and got within their temples, you shall see nothing but a cat, or an ape, or a crocodile, or a goat, or a dog, worshipped with the most solemn veneration! Nay, they deified senseless and inanimate things, that had no life nor power to help themselves, much less their worshippers, as herbs, roots, and plants; nay, unmanly and degenerate passions, fear, paleness, &c. They fell down before stumps and statues, which owed all their divinity to the cost and folly of their votaries; despised and trampled on by the sorriest creatures, mice, swallows, &c., who were wont to build nests in the very mouth of their gods, and spiders to perriwig their heads with cobwebs; being forced first to make them, and then make them clean, and to defend and protect them, that they might fear and worship them, as he in Minicius wittily derides them: "In whose worship there are (says he) many things that justly deserve to be laughed at, and others that call for pity and compassion." And what wonder now, if the Christians were not in the least ashamed to be called atheists, with respect to such deities, and such a religion as this was?

Thirdly, in the strict and proper notion of atheism, they no less truly than confidently denied the charge, and appealed to their severest adversaries, whether those who owned such principles as they did could reasonably be styled atheists. None

ever pleaded better and more irrefragable arguments for the existence of a supreme infinite Being, who made and governs all things by infinite wisdom and Almighty power; none were ever more ready to produce a most clear and candid confession of their faith, as to this grand article of religion than they. "Although we profess ourselves atheists, with respect to those whom you esteem and repute to be gods, (so their apologist tells the senate,) yet not in respect of the true God, the parent and fountain of wisdom and righteousness, and all other excellencies and perfections, who is infinitely free from the least contagion or spot of evil. Him, and his only begotten son, (who instructed us and the whole society of good angels in those divine mysteries,) and the spirit of prophecy, we worship and adore, honouring them in truth, and with the highest reason, and ready to communicate these things to any one that is willing to learn them, as we ourselves have received them. Can we then be atheists, who worship the great Creator of this world, not with blood, incense, and offerings, (which we are sufficiently taught he stands in no need of,) but exalt him according to our power with prayers and praises, in all the addresses we make to him; believing this to be the only honour that is worthy of him, not to consume the creatures which he has given us for our use, and the comforts of those that want, in the fire by sacrifice; but to approve ourselves thankful to him, and to sing and celebrate rational hymns and sacrifices, pouring out our prayers to him as a grateful return for those many good things which we have received, and do yet expect from him, according to the faith and trust that we have in him." To the same purpose Athenagoras, in his return to this charge: "Diagoras indeed was guilty of the deepest atheism and impiety; but we who separate God from all material being, and affirm him to be eternal and unbegotten, but all matter to be made and corruptible, how unjustly are we branded with impiety! It is true, did we side with Diagoras in denying a Divinity, when there are so many and such powerful arguments from the creation and government of the world to convince us of the existence of God and religion, then both the guilt and punishment of atheism might deservedly be put upon us. But when our religion acknowledges one God, the maker of the universe, who, being uncreate Himself, created all things by his word, we are manifestly wronged both in word and deed; both in being charged with it, and in being punished for it." "We are accused (says Arnobius) for introducing profane rites and an impious religion; but tell me, O ye men of reason, how dare ye make so rash a charge? To adore the mighty God, the Sovereign of the whole creation, the Governor of the highest powers, to pray to him with the most obsequious reverence; under an afflicted state to lay hold of him with all our powers, to love him, and look up to him; is this a dismal and detestable religion, a religion full of sacrilege and impiety, destroying and defiling all ancient rites? Is this that bold and prodigious crime for which your gods are so angry with us, and for which you yourselves do so rage against us, confiscating our estates, banishing our persons, burning, tearing, and racking us to death with such exquisite tortures? We Christians are nothing else but the worshippers of the supreme King and Governor of the world, according as we are taught by Christ our master. Search, and you will find nothing else in our religion. This is the sum of the whole affair; this is the end and design of our divine offices; before Him it is that we are wont to prostrate and bow ourselves, Him we worship with common and conjoined devotions, from Him we beg those things which are just and honest, and such as are not unworthy of him to hear and grant." So little reason had the enemies of Christianity to brand it with the note of atheism and irreligion.



## 194.—THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

HAZLITT.

[WILLIAM HAZLITT, one of the most voluminous writers of our times, was born in 1778 : he died of cholera in 1830. His father was a Unitarian minister, and he was educated for his father's profession. But he had a determined predilection for the fine arts, and devoted himself for several years to the studies of a painter. There is little doubt that he would have attained considerable excellence in this walk, had his fastidiousness allowed him to have been satisfied with his growing mastery over the difficulties of art. He, however, became a writer, and for a quarter of a century he devoted himself to an unremitting course of literary exertion. His political feelings were strong and almost passionate. He became therefore an object of unceasing attack, and no man was pursued with more virulence by the party writers who supported the Government of the day. His reputation is now established as a vigorous thinker, and an eloquent critic, who in an age of imitation dared to be original.]

The age of Elizabeth was distinguished, beyond, perhaps, any other in our history, by a number of great men, famous in different ways, and whose names have come down to us with unblemished honours,—statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers : Raleigh, Drake, Coke, Hooker, and higher and more sounding still, and still more frequent in our mouths, Shakespear, Spenser, Sydney, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—men whom fame has eternised in her long and lasting scroll, and who, by their words and acts, were benefactors of their country, and ornaments of human nature. Their attainments of different kinds bore the same general stamp, and it was sterling : what they did had the mark of their age and country upon it. Perhaps the genius of Great Britain (if I may so speak without offence or flattery) never shone out fuller or brighter, or looked more like itself, than at this period.

For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters, in local situation, and in the character of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach.

I shall here attempt to give a general sketch of these causes, and of the manner in which they operated to mould and stamp the poetry of the country at the period of which I have to treat; independently of incidental and fortuitous causes, for which there is no accounting, but which, after all, have often the greatest share in determining the most important results.

The first cause I shall mention, as contributing to this general effect, was the Reformation, which had just then taken place. This event gave a mighty impulse and increased activity to thought and inquiry, and agitated the inert mass of accumulated prejudices throughout Europe. The effect of the concussion was general; but the shock was greatest in this country. It toppled down the full-grown intolerable abuses of centuries at a blow; heaved the ground from under the feet of

bigoted faith and slavish obedience; and the roar and dashing of opinions, loosened from their accustomed hold, might be heard like the noise of an angry sea, and has never yet subsided. Germany first broke the spell of misbegotten fear, and gave the watchword; but England joined the shout, and echoed it back, with her island voice, from her thousand cliffs and craggy shores, in a longer and a louder strain. With that cry, the genius of Great Britain rose, and threw down the gauntlet to the nations. There was a mighty fermentation: the waters were out; public opinion was in a state of projection. Liberty was held out to all to think and speak the truth. Men's brains were busy; their spirits stirring; their hearts full; and their hands not idle. Their eyes were opened to expect the greatest things, and their ears burned with curiosity and zeal to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. The death-blow which had been struck at scarlet vice and bloated hypocrisy, loosened their tongues, and made the talismans and love-tokens of P'opish superstition, with which she had beguiled her followers and committed abominations with the people, fall harmless from their necks.

The translation of the Bible was the chief engine in the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets, and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meaneast of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burnt within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people, by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment; it created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it. Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervour and enthusiasm in their method of handling almost every subject. The debates of the schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough; but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides confined to a few: they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions "to run and read," with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelations. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' I cannot think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the minds of the people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. For, to leave more disputable points, and take only the historical parts of the Old Testament, or the moral sentiments of the New, there is nothing like them in the power of exciting awe and admiration, or of riveting sympathy. We see what Milton has made of the account of the Creation, from the manner in which he has treated it, imbued and impregnated with the spirit of the time of which we speak. Or what is there equal (in that romantic interest and patriarchal simplicity which goes to the heart of a country, and rouses it, as it were, from its lair in wastes and wildnesses) equal to the story of Joseph and his Brethren, of Rachael and Laban, of Jacob's Dream, of Ruth and Boaz, the descriptions in the book of Job, the deliverance of the Jews out of Egypt, or the account of their captivity and return from Babylon? There is, in all these parts of the Scripture, and numberless more of the same kind—to pass

over the Orphic hymns of David, the prophetic denunciations of Isaiah, or the gorgeous visions of Ezekiel—an originality, a vastness of conception, a depth and tenderness of feeling, and a touching simplicity in the mode of narration, which he who does not feel need be made of no “penetrable stuff.” There is something in the character of Christ too (leaving religious faith quite out of the question) of more sweetness and majesty, and more likely to work a change in the mind of man, by the contemplation of its idea alone, than any to be found in history whether actual or feigned. This character is that of a sublime humanity, such as was never seen on earth before, nor since. This shone manifestly both in his words and actions. We see it in his washing the Disciples’ feet the night before his death, that unspeakable instance of humility and love, above all art, all meanness, and all pride; and in the leave he took of them on that occasion, “My peace I give unto you, that peace which the world cannot give, give I unto you;” and in his last commandment, that “they should love one another.” Who can read the account of his behaviour on the cross, when turning to his mother he said, “Woman, behold thy son,” and to the Disciple John, “Behold thy mother,” and “from that hour that Disciple took her to his own home,” without having his heart smote within him! We see it in his treatment of the woman taken in adultery, and in his excuse for the woman who poured precious ointment on his garment as an offering of devotion and love, which is here all in all. His religion was the religion of the heart. We see it in his discourse with the Disciples as they walked together towards Emmaus, when their hearts burned within them; in his Sermon from the Mount, in his parable of the good Samaritan, and in that of the Prodigal Son—in every act and word of his life, a grace, a mildness, a dignity and love, a patience and wisdom worthy of the Son of God. His whole life and being were imbued, steeped, in this word, *charity*: it was the spring, the well-head, from which every thought and feeling gushed into act; and it was this that breathed a mild glory from his face in that last agony upon the cross, “when the meek Saviour bowed his head and died,” praying for his enemies. He was the first true teacher of morality; for he alone conceived the idea of a pure humanity. He redeemed man from the worship of that idol, self, and instructed him by precept and example to love his neighbour as himself, to forgive our enemies, to do good to those that curse us and spitefully use us. He taught the love of good for the sake of good, without regard to personal or sinister views, and made the affections of the heart the sole seat of morality, instead of the pride of the understanding or the sternness of the will. In answering the question, “who is our neighbour?” as one who stands in need of our assistance, and whose wounds we can bind up, he has done more to humanize the thoughts, and tame the unruly passions, than all who have tried to reform and benefit mankind. The very idea of abstract benevolence, of the desire to do good because another wants our services, and of regarding the human race as one family, the offspring of one common parent, is hardly to be found in any other code or system. It was “to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.” The Greeks and Romans never thought of considering others, but as they were Greeks or Romans, as they were bound to them by certain positive ties, or, on the other hand, as separated from them by fiercer antipathies. Their virtues were the virtues of political machines, their vices were the vices of demons, ready to inflict or to endure pain with obdurate and remorseless inflexibility of purpose. But in the Christian religion “we perceive a softness coming over the heart of a nation, and the iron scales that fence and harden it melt and drop off.” It becomes malleable, capable of pity, of forgiveness, of relaxing in its claims, and remitting its power. We strike it and it does not hurt us: it is not steel or marble, but flesh and blood, clay tempered with tears, and “soft as sinews of the new-born babe.” The Gospel was first preached to the poor, for it



consulted their wants and interests, not its own pride and arrogance. It first promulgated the equality of mankind in the community of duties and benefits. It denounced the iniquities of the chief-priests and Pharisees, and declared itself at variance with principalities and powers, for it sympathizes not with the oppressor, but the oppressed. It first abolished slavery, for it did not consider the power of the will to inflict injury, as clothing it with a right to do so. Its law is good, not power. It at the same time tended to wean the mind from the grossness of sense, and a particle of its divine flame was lent to brighten and purify the lamp of love!

There have been persons who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to his doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of his character; but this was not the feeling of the great men in the age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief) one of whom says of him, with a boldness equal to its piety,—

“The best of men

That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;

The first true gentleman that ever breathed.”

This was old honest Decker, and the lines ought to enshrine his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or humanity, or true genius. Nor can I help thinking, that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, in the means of exciting terror and pity, in the delineations of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy, the sense of shame, in the fond desires, the longings after immortality, in the heaven of hope and the abyss of despair it lays open to us.

The literature of this age then, I would say, was strongly influenced (among other causes), first by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly by the spirit of Protestantism.

The effects of the Reformation on politics and philosophy may be seen in the writings and history of the next and of the following ages. They are still at work, and will continue to be so. The effects on the poetry of the time were chiefly confined to the moulding of the character, and giving a powerful impulse to the intellect of the country. The immediate use or application that was made of religion to subjects of imagination and fiction was not (from an obvious ground of separation) so direct or frequent, as that which was made of the classical and romantic literature.

For, much about the same time, the rich and fascinating stores of the Greek and Roman mythology, and those of the romantic poetry of Spain and Italy, were eagerly explored by the curious, and thrown open in translations to the admiring gaze of the vulgar. This last circumstance could hardly have afforded so much advantage to the poets of that day, who were themselves, in fact, the translators, as it shews the general curiosity and increasing interest in such subjects as a prevailing feature of the times. There were translations of Tasso by Fairfax, and of Ariosto by Harrington, of Homer and Hesiod by Chapman, and of Virgil long before, and Ovid soon after; there was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, of which Shakspeare has made such admirable use in his *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*; and Ben Jonson's tragedies of *Catiline* and *Sejanus* may themselves be considered as almost literal translations into verse of Tacitus, Sallust, and Cicero's *Orations* in his consulship. Petrarch, Dante, the satirist *Arctino*, Machiavel, Castiglione, and others, were familiar to our writers, and they make occasional mention of some few French authors, as Ronsard and Du Bartas; for the French literature had not at this stage arrived at its Augustan period, and it was the imitation of their literature a century afterwards, when it had arrived at its greatest height (itself copied from the Greek and Latin), that enfeebled and impoverished our own. But of the time that we are

considering it might be said, without much extravagance, that every breath that blew, that every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrafted on the national genius.

\* \* \* \* \*

What also gave an unusual *impetus* to the mind of men at this period was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity, or wing the imagination of the dreaming speculator. Fairy land was realized in now and unknown worlds. "Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales, thrice happy isles," were found floating, "like those Hesperian gardens famed of old," beyond Atlantic seas, as dropt from the zenith. The people, the soil, the clime, every thing gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveller and reader. Other manners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet. It is from a voyage to the Straits of Magellan that Shakespear has taken the hint of Prospero's Enchanted Island, and of the savage Caliban with his god Setebos. Spenser seems to have had the same feeling in his mind in the production of his Faery Queen.

### • 135.—STATESMANSHIP.

MACHIAVELLI.

[NICOLÒ MACHIAVELLI was born at Florence in 1469. He died in 1527. We are accustomed to hear people talk and write of Machiavellian policy, by which they mean something most abominably tyrannical and dishonest, and hence infer that Machiavelli had the unenviable distinction of being the systematic propagator of such principles. His active life was wholly occupied with missions connected with the politics of the Florentine Republic. His numerous writings are chiefly upon subjects which we may describe as political philosophy. An eminent critic has said that, although it is "scarcely possible for any person not well acquainted with the history and literature of Italy to read without horror and amazement, the celebrated treatise ('The Prince') which has brought so much obloquy on the name of Machiavelli;" yet, "few writings exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens as those of Machiavelli." To those who would rightly understand the nature and causes of the contradictions which are so perplexing in the writings of Machiavelli, we would recommend an article of Mr. Macaulay's, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' reprinted in his 'Critical and Historical Essays.' The following specimen, which we give from the Discourses of this celebrated writer, is entitled, "How he that would succeed must accommodate to the times." There are several translations of Machiavelli: our extract is from the folio of 1690.]

I have many times considered with myself that the occasion of every man's good or bad fortune consists in his correspondence and accommodation with the times. We see some people acting furiously, and with an *impetus*; others with more slowness and caution; and because both in the one and the other they are immoderate, and do not observe their just terms, therefore both of them do err; but their error and misfortune is least, whose customs suit and correspond with the times; and who comports himself in his designs according to the impulse of his own nature. Every one can tell how Fabius Maximus conducted his army, and with what carefulness and caution he proceeded, contrary to the ancient heat and boldness of the Romans, and it happened that grave way was more conformable to those times; for Hannibal, coming young and brisk into Italy, and being elated with his good fortune, as having twice defeated the armies of the Romans, that commonwealth having lost most of her best soldiers, and remaining in great fear and confusion, nothing could have happened more seasonably to them, than to have such a general who, by his caution and cunctation, could keep the enemy at bay. Nor could any times have been more

fortunate to his way of proceeding; for that that slow and deliberate way was natural in Fabius, and not affected, appeared afterwards, when Scipio, being desirous to pass his army into Africa to give the finishing blow to the war, Fabius opposed it most earnestly, as one who could not force or dissemble his nature, which was rather to support wisely against the difficulties that were upon him, than to search out for new. So that had Fabius directed, Hannibal had continued in Italy, and the reason was because he did not consider the times were altered, and the method of the war was to be changed with them. And if Fabius at that time had been king of Rome, he might well have been worsted in the war, as not knowing how to frame his counsels according to the variation of the times. But there being in that commonwealth so many brave men, and excellent commanders, of all sorts of tempers and humours, fortune would have it, that as Fabius was ready, in hard and difficult times, to sustain the enemy and continue the war; so afterwards, when affairs were in a better posture, Scipio was presented to finish and conclude it. And hence it is that an aristocracy or free state is longer lived, and generally more fortunate, than a principality, because in the first they are more flexible, and can frame themselves better to the diversity of the times: for a prince, being accustomed to one way, is hardly to be got out of it, though perhaps the variation of the times require it very much. Piero Soderino (whom I have mentioned before) proceeded with great gentleness and humanity in all his actions; and he and his country prospered whilst the times were according; but when the times changed, and there was a necessity of laying aside that meekness and humility, Piero was at a loss, and he and his country were both ruined.

Popo Julius XI, during the whole time of his papacy, carried himself with great vigour and vehemence; and because the times were agreeable, he prospered in every thing; but had the times altered, and required other counsels, he had certainly been ruined, because he could never have complied. And the reason why we cannot change so easily with the times, is twofold; first, because we cannot readily oppose ourselves against what we naturally desire; and next, because when we have often tried one way, and have always been prosperous, we can never persuade ourselves we could do so well any other; and this is the true cause why a prince's fortune varies so strangely, because he varies the times, but he does not alter the way of his administration. And it is the same in a commonwealth; if the variation of the times be not observed, and their laws and customs altered accordingly, many mischiefs must follow, and the government be ruined, as we have largely demonstrated before; but those alterations of their laws are more slow in a commonwealth, because they are not so easily changed, and there is a necessity of such times as may shake the whole state, to which one man will not be sufficient, let him change his proceedings, and take new measures as he pleases.

### 150.—HAPPINESS IN SOLITUDE.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

[Who can attempt, in a few lines, to give the least adequate notion of the character of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the watch-maker's son of Geneva, who, during the last thirty years of an unsettled, and, to all ordinary perceptions, an unhappy life, poured forth a stream of thought which, sometimes fertilizing and sometimes destructive, produced greater changes in the European mind than the published opinions of any other man of his age? Jean Jacques may be neglected, but he can never be forgotten. His follies, his meannesses, his insane vanity, his causeless jealousies, disqualify him for the respect of the generations who have succeeded him; but these very circumstances perhaps add to the interest which we take in the individual man, and are utterly forgotten when we are under the enchantment of his impassioned eloquence. Jean Jacques was born in 1713; he died in 1778. The following

description of his happiness in solitude, which we have translated from a letter addressed by him in 1762 to the President de Malesherbes, forms one of four letters in which he undertakes to present a true picture of his character, and the real motives of all his conduct.]

I can hardly tell you, sir, how concerned I have been to see that you consider me the most miserable of men. The world, no doubt, thinks as you do, and that also distresses me. Oh! why is not the existence I have enjoyed known to the whole universe! every one would wish to procure for himself a similar lot, peace would reign upon the earth, man would no longer think of injuring his fellows, and the wicked would no longer be found, for none would have an interest in being wicked. But what then did I enjoy when I was alone? Myself; the entire universe; all that is; all that can be; all that is beautiful in the world of sense; all that is imaginable in the world of intellect. I gathered around me all that could delight my heart; my desires were the limit of my pleasures. No, never have the most voluptuous known such enjoyments; and I have derived a hundred times more happiness from my chimeras than they from realities.

When my sufferings make me measure sadly the length of the night, and the agitation of fever prevents me from enjoying a single instant of sleep, I often divert my mind from my present state, in thinking of the various events of my life; and repentance, sweet recollections, regrets, emotions, help to make me for some moments forget my sufferings. What period do you think, sir, I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? Not the pleasures of my youth, they were too rare, too much mingled with bitterness, and are now too distant. I recall the period of my seclusion, of my solitary walks, of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my good and simple housekeeper, with my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all nature, and her inconceivable Author. In getting up before the sun to contemplate its rising from my garden, when a beautiful day was commencing, my first wish was that no letters or visits might come to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various duties that I fulfilled with pleasure, because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and ensure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the hottest days, I started in the heat of the sun with my faithful Achates, hastening my steps in the fear that some one would take possession of me before I could escape; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt that I was safe; and I said, Here now am I my own master for the rest of the day! I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power—some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying third could stop in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever new magnificence. The gold of the broom, and the purple of the heath, struck my sight with a splendour that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and of admiring. This assemblage of so many interesting objects contending for my attention, attracting me incessantly from one to the other, fostered my dreamy and idle humour, and often made me repeat to myself, No, "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination. I soon peopled it with beings after my own heart; and dismissing opinion, prejudice,

and all factitious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a golden age according to my fancy, and filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for, I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity ; pleasures so delicious—so pure and yet so far from men ! Oh, if in these moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, and of my little author-vanity, disturbed my reveries, with what contempt I drove them instantly away, to give myself up entirely to the exquisite sentiments with which my soul was filled. Yet, in the midst of all this, I confess the nothingness of my chimeras would sometimes appear, and saddened me in a moment. If all my dreams had turned to reality, they would not have sufficed—I should still have imagined, dreamed, desired. I discovered in myself an inexplicable void that nothing could have filled—a certain yearning of my heart towards another kind of happiness, of which I had no definite idea, but of which I felt the want. Ah, sir, this even was an enjoyment, for I was filled with a lively sense of what it was, and with a delightful sadness of which I should not have wished to be deprived.

From the surface of the earth I soon raised my thoughts to all the beings of Nature, to the universal system of things, to the incomprehensible Being who enters into all. Then, as my mind was lost in this immensity, I did not think, I did not reason, I did not philosophize. I felt, with a kind of voluptuousness, as if bowed down by the weight of this universe ; I gave myself up with rapture to this confusion of grand ideas. I delighted in imagination to lose myself in space ; my heart, confined within the limits of the mortal, found not room : I was stifled in the universe ; I would have sprung into the infinite. I think that, could I have unveiled all the mysteries of nature, my sensations would have been less delicious than was this bewildering ecstasy, to which my mind abandoned itself without control, and which, in the excitement of my transports, made me sometimes exclaim, "Oh, Great Being ! oh, Great Being !" without being able to say or think more.

Thus glided on in a continued rapture the most charming days that ever human creature passed ; and when the setting sun made me think of returning, astonished at the flight of time, I thought I had not taken sufficient advantage of my day ; I fancied I might have enjoyed it more ; and, to regain the lost time, I said I will come back to-morrow.

I returned slowly home, my head a little fatigued, but my heart content. I reposed agreeably on my return, abandoning myself to the impression of objects, but without thinking, without imagining, without doing anything beyond feeling the calm and the happiness of my situation. I found the cloth laid upon the terrace ; I supped with a good appetite, amidst my little household. No feeling of servitude or dependence disturbed the godd will that united us all. My dog himself was my friend, not my slave. We had always the same wish ; but he never obeyed me. My gaiety during the whole evening testified to my having been alone the whole day. I was very different when I had seen company. Then I was rarely contented with others, and never with myself. In the evening I was cross and taciturn. This remark was made by my housekeeper ; and since she has told me so I have always found it true, when I watched myself. Lastly, after having again taken in the evening a few turns in my garden, or sung an air to my spinnet, I found in my bed repose of body and soul a hundred times sweeter than sleep itself.

These were the days that have made the true happiness of my life—a happiness without bitterness, without weariness, without regret, and to which I would willingly have limited my existence. Yes, sir, let such days as these fill up my eternity ; I do not ask for others, nor imagine that I am much less happy in these exquisite

contemplations than the heavenly spirits. But a suffering body deprives the mind of its liberty; henceforth I am not alone: I have a guest who importunes me; I must free myself of it to be myself. The trial that I have made of these sweet enjoyments serves only to make me with less alarm await the time when I shall taste them without interruption.

## 137.—THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

• BURNS.

[ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in the district of Kyle, within two miles of the town of Ayr. His father, William Burns, or Burness, was a peasant—one of those strong, independent, pious minds that are especially the growth of Scotland. In the following poem Robert Burns has drawn a noble character of such a man. His brother Gilbert, in a letter dated 1800, says, "Although the Cotter, in the Saturday Night, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were ever 'at service out among the neebors round.'" William Burns tried to mend his fortune by farming; but his life was one continued struggle, although he contrived to give his children a tolerable education. Toil and privation were familiar to them from their infancy. At fifteen, Robert was the principal labourer on the little farm. The father, bowed down by an accumulation of difficulties, died in 1784. In the meantime Robert had been cherishing his poetical faculty,

"Following his plough along the mountain-side."

In 1786 he printed a volume of his Poems. The admiration which they excited was, in some degree, the ruin of his happiness. He became the wonder of the polite circles of Edinburgh; and the most eminent for station or acquirements gathered round the marvellous ploughman, whose conversation was as brilliant as his writings were original. A second edition of his Poems made him the master of five hundred pounds. He took a farm in Ellisland, in Dumfries-shire. He had legalized his union with the mother of his children. In an evil hour he obtained a situation in the excise, at Dumfries. His duties were, of course, uncongenial. He sought the excitement of festive companions, he yielded to habits of inebriety. Ill health, habitual dejection, occasional bitterness of soul approaching to madness, came over him. He died on the 21st of July, 1796, in his thirty-seventh year. From the first publication of his volume of Poems, Scotland felt that a great spirit had arisen to shed a new lustre on the popular language and literature. It has been a reproach to the contemporaries of Burns that they were unworthy of his genius—that they offered him the unsubstantial incense of flattery, and left him to starve. The reproach appears to us signally unjust. It is difficult to imagine how, with the unfortunate habits which Burns had acquired, and with his high-spirited but repulsive independence, his fate could have been other than it was. With such examples of the unhappiness of genius, we still cannot regret that there are no asylums where poets may be watched over like caged nightingales.]

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;  
 My dearest need, a friend's esteem and praise.  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;  
 Ah! 'tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.  
 November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

• The continued rushing noise of wind or water.

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher \* through  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin † noisc an' glea.  
 His wee bit ingle ‡, blinkin' bonnily,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 An' make him quite forget his labour an' his toil

Belyve §, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmer's roun' ;  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie " rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw ¶ new gown,  
 Or deposit her sair \*\* -won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,  
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers †† :  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;  
 Each tells the uncos ‡‡ that he sees or hears ;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years  
 Anticipation forward points the view ;  
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,  
 Gars §§ auld claes ||| look amaisht as weel's the new ;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
 The youngers a' are warn'd to obey ;  
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent ¶¶ hand,  
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk \*\*\* or play :  
 " An' oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway,  
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore his counsel and assisting might :  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright ! "

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convey her hame.

\* Stagger.

† Fluttering.

‡ Fire.

§ By and by.

|| Heedful, cautious.

¶ Fine, handsome.

\*\* Sadly, sorrow.

†† Inquires.

‡‡ News.

\*\*\* Trifle.

§§ Makes.

||| Clothes.

¶¶ Diligent.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek :  
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name.  
 While Jerry bafflins \* is afraid to speak ;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.  
 Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him bent † ;  
 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;  
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;  
 The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye ‡ .  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But, blate § and laithfu' ||, scarceo' can weel behave ;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth so bashfu' an' sae grave ;  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave ¶ .

Oh happy love ! where love like this is found !  
 O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !  
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 " If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when ♀ youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !  
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?  
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome \*\* parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :  
 The soupe their only hawkie †† does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan ‡‡ snugly chows her cood §§ ;  
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd || kebbuck ¶¶, fell,  
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,  
 How 'twas a townmond \*\*\* auld, sin' lint was i' the bell ††† .  
 The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;

\* Partly.

† Into the spence, or parlour.

‡ Cows.

§ Bashful.

|| Sheepish.

¶ The rest, the remainder.

\*\* Healthful, wholesome.

†† Cow.

‡‡ A particlart partition wall in a cottage.

§§ Cud.

||| Spated.

¶¶ Cheese.

\*\*\* Twelvemonth.

††† The flax was in flower.



The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
 The big ha' Bible\*, an' his father's pride :  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets†, wearing thin an' bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales‡ a portion with judicious care ;  
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.  
 They chant their artless notes in simple guise,  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble Elgin beats§ the heav'nward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame :  
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.  
 The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry,  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.  
 Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :  
 How his first followers and servants sped :  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.  
 Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.  
 Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !  
 The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,

\* The great Bible that lies in the hall.

† Gray temples.

‡ Chooses.

§ Adds fuel to fire.

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;  
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.  
 Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;  
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,  
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide ;  
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.  
 From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God : "  
 And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;  
 What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !  
 O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !  
 And, oh, may Heav'n their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.  
 O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart ;  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die,—the second glorious part ;  
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)  
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

## 138.—CO-OPERATION.

E. G. WAKEFIELD.

[The following is extracted from a Note on the First Chapter of the First Book of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' published in an edition of that celebrated work which appeared in 1840. The author of this Note is well known as a political economist, whose plans of colonization have attracted more attention than is usually bestowed by statesmen upon what they term theory.]

All improvements in the productive powers of labour, including division of employments, depend upon co-operation.

Co-operation appears to be of two distinct kinds : first, such co-operation as takes

place when several persons help each other in the same employment; secondly, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in different employments. These may be termed simple co-operation and complex co-operation. It will be seen presently, that, until men help each other in simple operations, they cannot well help each other in operations which consist of several parts.

The advantage of simple co-operation is illustrated by the case of two greyhounds running together, which, it is said, will kill more hares than four greyhounds running separately. In a vast number of simple operations performed by human exertion, it is quite obvious that two men working together will do more than four, or four times four men, each of whom should work alone: in the lifting of heavy weights, for example, in the felling of trees, in the sawing of timber, in the gathering of much hay or corn during a short period of fine weather, in draining a large extent of land during the short season when such a work may be properly conducted, in the pulling of ropes on board ship, in the rowing of large boats, in some mining operations, in the erection of a scaffolding for building, and in the breaking of stones for the repair of a road, so that the whole of a road shall always be kept in good order,—in all these simple operations, and thousands more, it is absolutely necessary that many persons should work together, at the same time, in the same place, and in the same way. The savages of New Holland never help each other, even in the most simple operations; and their condition is hardly superior, in some respects it is inferior, to that of the wild animals which they now and then catch. Let any one imagine that the labourers of England should suddenly desist from helping each other in simple employments, and he will see at once the prodigious advantages of simple co-operation. In a countless number of employments the produce of labour is, up to a certain point, in proportion to such mutual assistance amongst the workmen. This is the first step in social improvement. A single person, working entirely by himself, either in hunting or in cultivating the earth, will not, it seems plain, obtain more food than what he requires for his own subsistence: several persons combining their labour, in the most simple operations, either of the chase or of agriculture, will obtain more food than they require—they will obtain a surplus produce, which surplus produce may either be used as capital for the employment of more labourers, whereby the produce, in proportion to the hands at work, will be still further increased; or it may be given in exchange for some other kind of produce, provided always that some other body of workmen have combined their labour, and have so obtained of some other kind of produce more than they require for themselves. This possession of capital, and this power of exchanging, both of them being strictly dependent on the greater productiveness of labour arising from simple co-operation, constitute the second step in social improvement. One body of men having combined their labour to raise more food than they require, another body of men are induced to combine their labour for the purpose of producing more clothes than they require, and, with those surplus clothes, buying the surplus food of the other body of labourers; while, if both bodies together have produced more food and clothes than they both require, both bodies obtain, by means of exchange, a proper capital for setting more labourers to work in their respective occupations. What is true of two bodies of men applies to any number of bodies, however great the difference in their occupations; and thus we perceive that the division of employments, the power of exchanging, and the possession of a capital as well, depend on the combination of labour in simple operations.

The use of capital, and not the power but the act of exchanging, and further, the division of employments, are still dependent on something else than simple co-operation; they are all dependent also upon arrangements, agreements, concert, or

combination, of a general kind, in which the whole society takes a part, and which, for want of a better expression, may be termed complex co-operation.

When a body of men raise more food than they want, and employ that surplus food as capital, paying it in wages to other labourers, those other labourers act in concert or combination with those capitalists: it is only by means of concert, or co-operation, that the body who raise more food than they want, can exchange with the body who raise more clothes than they want; and if the two bodies were separated, either by distance or disinclination, unless the two bodies should virtually form themselves into one, for the common object of raising enough food and clothes for the whole, they could not divide into two distinct parts the whole operation of producing a sufficient quantity of food and clothes. The division of pursuits, then, into the management of capital and such occupations as are carried on by muscular exertion, all division of employments, and all exchanges, result from co-operation amongst men; not only simple co-operation, which first raises capital, and surplus produce for exchange, but also complex co-operation, which enables the rich man to employ his capital and the poor one to consume it, and which includes all the means, over and above surplus produce, for practising exchange, and division of employments amongst different bodies of men.

Before we proceed to the practical conclusions which may be drawn from this principle, it seems right to notice an important distinction between simple and complex co-operation. Of the former, one is always conscious at the time of practising it: it is obvious to the most ignorant and vulgar eye. Of the latter, but a few of the vast numbers who practise it are in any degree conscious. The cause of this distinction is easily seen. When several men are employed in lifting the same weight, or pulling the same rope, at the same time, and in the same place, there can be no sort of doubt that they co-operate with each other; the fact is impressed on the mind by the mere sense of sight; but when several men, or bodies of men, are employed at different times and places, and in different pursuits, their co-operation with each other, though it may be quite as certain, is not so readily perceived as in the other case. In order to perceive it, a complex operation of the mind is required. And here, perhaps, we may discover the occasion of Adam Smith's error in confounding division of labour with division of employments, which are really incompatible with one another. "The division of employments," he says, "is commonly supposed to be carried farthest in some very trifling manufactures, not, perhaps, that it really is carried farther in them than in others of more importance; but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every different branch of the work can often be collected in the same workhouse, and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures, on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch employs so great a number of workmen, that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed." If the division of employments had been equally plain under all circumstances, Adam Smith would never, probably, have called it division of labour; he would not have done so, assuredly, if the complex co-operation which, by the aid of exchange, gives rise to the division of employments, had been as obvious as simple co-operation, which originally provides surplus produce for exchange. But, be that as it may, there is this analogy between division of employments and complex co-operation,

that both are most easily perceived when the labourers who practise them work in the same place, and are not to be perceived without more careful examination, when the labourers who practise them work in different places. In a pin-factory, where ten men produce forty-eight thousand pins in a day, the co-operation of those ten labourers is as evident as the division into separate parts of the whole business performed by their united labour. The co-operation, on the contrary, which takes place between those pin-makers and the labourers who provide them with metal, tools, fire, clothes, and food, is not to be discovered without reflection; and it would, moreover, be a hard task for the most enlightened philosopher to reckon the immense number of persons who co-operate before a single pin can be made and brought to market. "The woollen coat," says Adam Smith, "which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great number of workmen." Joint or united labour is another word for co-operation. If, "without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the very easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated," who shall venture to form an estimate of the number of people who combine their labour before the inhabitants of a city in Europe, at the present time, are supplied with all the useful and agreeable objects which they enjoy? The degree of combination of labour, or co-operation which is requisite for supplying a city with food alone, has been pointed out by Dr. Whately, with his usual felicity. "Let any one," says he, "propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city as our metropolis, containing above a million of inhabitants. . . . Now let any one consider the problem in all its bearings, reflecting on the enormous and fluctuating number of persons to be fed; the immense quantity and variety of provisions to be furnished; the importance of a convenient distribution of them, and the necessity of husbanding them discreetly; and then let him reflect on the anxious toil which such a task would impose on a board of the most experienced and intelligent commissioners, who, after all, would be able to discharge their office but very inadequately. Yet this object is accomplished far better than it could be by any effort of human wisdom, through the agency of men who think each of nothing but his more immediate interest; who, with that object in view, perform their respective parts with cheerful zeal, and *combine unconsciously* to employ the wisest means for effecting an object, the vastness of which it would bewilder them even to contemplate." They are not more conscious of dividing into many distinct parts the whole employment of providing a city with provisions, than they are of co-operating for the purpose of such division; but neither the combination of labour, nor the division of employments, is less certain for being hidden from ignorant and vulgar observers.

### 139.—INDUSTRY ESSENTIALLY SOCIAL.

EVERETT.

[EDWARD EVERETT is a living writer and politician of the United States. In 1845 he was Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of London, and while resident here won the esteem of all parties by the moderation of his views and his desire to maintain the friendly relations which ought ever to subsist between the two countries. Mr. Everett has always been a consistent labourer in the object of advancing the intelligence of the great body of the people, and has delivered at various times some interesting lectures to Mechanics' Institutes and similar associations. The following extract is from his 'Lecture on the Working Men's Party,' published in a collection of such discourses by the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.]

Man is not only a working being, but he is a being formed to work in society; and if the matter be carefully analyzed, it will be found that civilization, that is, the

bringing men out of a savage into a cultivated state, consists in multiplying the number of pursuits and occupations ; so that the most perfect society is one where the largest number of persons are prosperously employed in the greatest variety of ways. In such a society men help each other, instead of standing in each other's way. The farther this division of labour is carried, the more persons must unite, harmoniously, to effect the common ends. The larger the number on which each depends, the larger the number to which each is useful.

This union of different kinds of workmen in one harmonious society seems to be laid in the very structure and organization of man. Man is a being consisting of a body and a soul. These words are *soon* uttered, and they are so *often* uttered, that the mighty truth which is embraced in them scarce ever engages our attention. But man is composed of body and soul. What is body ? It is material substance ; it is clay, dust, ashes. Look at it, as you tread it unorganized beneath your feet ; contemplate it when, after having been organized and animated, it is, by a process of corruption, returning to its original state. Matter, in its appearance to us, is an unorganized, inanimate, cold, dull, and barren thing. What it is in its essence, no one but the Being who created it knows. The human mind can conceive of it only as the absolute negation of qualities. And we say that the body of man is formed of the clay or dust ; because these substances seem to us to make the nearest approach to the total privation of all the properties of intellect. Such is the *body* of man. What is his *soul* ? Its essence is as little known to us as that of the body ; but its qualities are angelic, divine. It is soul which thinks, reasons, invents, remembers, hopes, and loves. It is the soul which lives ; for, when the soul departs from the body, all its vital powers cease ; and it is dead—and what is the body then ?

Now the fact to which I wish to call your attention is, that these two elements, one of which is akin to the poorest dust on which we tread, and the other of which is of the nature of angelic and even of divine intelligence, are, in every human being without exception, brought into a most intimate and perfect union. We can conceive that it might have been different. God could have created matter by itself, and mind by itself. We believe in the existence of incorporeal beings, of a nature higher than man ; and we behold beneath us, in brutes, plants, and stones, various orders of material nature, rising, one above another, in organization ; but none of them (as we suppose) possessing mind. We can imagine a world so constituted, that all the intellect would have been by itself, pure and disembodied ; and all the material substance by itself, unmixed with mind, and acted upon by mind as inferior beings are supposed to be acted upon by angels. But in constituting our race it pleased the Creator to bring the two elements into the closest union ; to take the body from the dust—the soul from the highest heaven—and mould them into one.

The consequence is, that the humblest labourer, who works with his hands, possesses within him a soul endowed with precisely the same faculties as those which in Franklin, in Newton, or Shakspeare, have been the light and the wonder of the world ; and, on the other hand, the most gifted and ethereal genius, whose mind has fathomed the depths of the heavens, and comprehended the whole circle of truth, is inclosed in a body subject to the same passions, infirmities, and wants, as the man whose life knows no alternation but labour and rest, appetite and indulgence.

Did it stop here, it would be merely an astonishing fact in the constitution of our natures—but it does not stop here. In consequence of the union of the two principles in the human frame, every act that a man performs requires the agency both of body and mind. His mind cannot see but through the optic eye-glass ; nor hear, till the drum of his ear is affected by the vibrations of the air. If he would

speaking, he puts in action the complex machinery of the vocal organs ; if he writes, he employs the muscular system of the hands ; nor can he even perform the operations of pure thought except in a healthy state of the body. A fit of the tooth-ache, proceeding from the irritation of a nerve about as big as a cambric thread, is enough to drive an understanding, capable of instructing the world, to the verge of insanity. On the other hand, there is no operation of manual labour so simple, so mechanical, which does not require the exercise of perception, reflection, memory and judgment ; the same intellectual powers by which the highest truths of science have been discovered and illustrated.

The degree to which any particular action (or series of actions united into a pursuit) shall exercise the intellectual powers on the one hand, or the mechanical powers on the other, of course depends on the nature of that action. The slave, whose life, from childhood to the grave, is passed in the field ; the New Zealander, who goes to war when he is hungry, devours his prisoners, and leads a life of cannibal debauch, till he has consumed them all, and then goes to war again ; the Greenlanders, who warm themselves with the fragments of wrecks and driftwood thrown upon the glaciers, and feed themselves with blubber ;—seem all to lead lives requiring but little intellectual action ; and yet, as I have remarked, a careful reflection would show that there is not one, even of them, who does not, every moment of his life, call into exercise, though in a humble degree, all the powers of the mind. In like manner, the philosopher who shuts himself up in his cell, and leads a contemplative existence among books or instruments of science, seems to have no occasion to employ, in their ordinary exercise, many of the capacities of his nature for physical action ;—although he also, as I have observed, cannot act, or even think, but with the aid of his body.

This is unquestionably true. The same Creator who made man a mixed being composed of body and soul, having designed him for such a world as that in which we live, has so constituted the world, and man who inhabits it, as to afford scope for great variety of occupations, pursuits, and conditions, arising from the tastes, characters, habits, virtues, and even vices, of men and communities. For the same reason, that, though all men are alike composed of body and soul, yet no two men probably are exactly the same in respect to either—no provision has been made by the Author of our being for an infinity of pursuits and employments calling out, in degrees as various, the peculiar powers of both principles.

But I have already endeavoured to show that there is no pursuit and no action that does not require the united operation of both ; and this of itself is a broad natural foundation for the union into one interest of all, in the same community, who are employed in honest work of any kind : viz. that, however various their occupations, they are all working with the same instruments, the organs of the body and the powers of the mind.

But we may go a step further, to remark the beautiful process by which Providence has so interlaced and wrought up together the pursuits, interests, and wants of our nature, that the philosopher, whose home seems less of earth than among the stars, requires, for the prosecution of his studies, the aid of numerous artificers in various branches of mechanical industry, and in return furnishes the most important facilities to the humblest branches of manual labour.

Let us take, as a single instance, that of astronomical science. It may be safely said, that the wonderful discoveries of modern astronomy, and the philosophical system depending upon them, could not have existed but for the telescope. The want of the telescope kept astronomical science in its infancy among the ancients. Although Pythagoras, one of the earliest Greek philosophers, by a fortunate exercise of sagacity, conceived the elements of the Copernican system, yet we find

no general and practical improvement resulting from it. It was only from the period of the discoveries made by the telescope that the science advanced with sure and rapid progress. Now, the astronomer does not make telescopes. I presume it would be impossible for a person who is employed in the abstract study of astronomical science to find time enough to comprehend its profound investigations, and to learn and practise the trade of making glass. It is mentioned as a remarkable versatility of talent in one or two eminent observers, that they have superintended the cutting and polishing of the glasses of their own telescopes. But I presume, if there never had been a telescope till some scientific astronomer had learned to mix, melt, and mould glass, such a thing would never have been heard of. It is not less true that those employed in making the glass could not, in the nature of things, be expected to acquire the scientific knowledge requisite for carrying on those arduous calculations, applied to bring into a system the discoveries made by the magnifying power of the telescope. I might extend the same remark to the other materials of which a telescope consists. It cannot be used to any purpose of nice observation without being very carefully mounted on a frame of strong metal, which demands the united labours of the mathematical instrument maker and the brass-founder. Here, then, in taking but one single step out of the philosopher's observatory, we find he needs an instrument to be produced by the united labours of the mathematical instrument maker, the brass-founder, the glass-polisher, and the maker of glass,—four trades. He must also have an astronomical clock, and it would be easy to count up half a dozen trades, which directly or indirectly are connected in making a clock. But let us go back to the *object-glass* of the telescope. A glass-factory requires a building and furnaces. The man who makes the glass does not make the building. But the stone and brick mason, the carpenter and the blacksmith, must furnish the greater part of the labour and skill required to construct the building. When it is built, a large quantity of fuel, wood and wood-coal, or mineral coal of various kinds, or all together, must be provided; and then the materials of which the glass is made, and with which it is coloured, some of which are furnished by commerce from different and distant regions, and must be brought in ships across the sea. We cannot take up any one of *these* trades without immediately finding that it connects itself with numerous others. Take, for instance, the mason who builds the furnace. He does not make his own bricks, nor burn his own lime; in common cases the bricks come from one place, the lime from another, the sand from another. The brickmaker does not cut down his own wood. It is carted or brought in boats to his yard. The man who carts it does not make his own waggon; nor does the person who brings it in boats build his own boat. The man who makes the waggon does not make the tire. The blacksmith who makes the tire does not smelt the ore; and the forgerman who smelts the ore does not build his own furnace, (and there we get back to the point whence we started,) nor dig his own mine. The man who digs the mine does not make the pickaxe with which he digs it, nor the pump with which he keeps out the water. The man who makes the pump did not discover the principle of atmospheric pressure, which led to pump-making: that was done by a mathematician at Florence, experimenting in his chamber on a glass tube. And here we come back again to our glass, and to an instance of the close connection of scientific research with practical art. It is plain that this enumeration might be pursued till every one of every science were shown to run into every other. No one can doubt this who will go over the subject in his own mind, beginning with any one of the processes of mining and working metals, of ship-building, and navigation, and the other branches of art and industry pursued in civilized communities.

If, then, on the one hand, the astronomer depends for his telescope on the ulti-



mate product of so many arts ; in return, his observations are the basis of an astronomical system, and of calculations of the movements of the heavenly bodies, which furnish the mariner with his best guide across the ocean. The prudent ship-master would no more think of sailing for India without his Bowditch's *Practical Navigator* than he would without his compass ; and this Navigator contains tables drawn from the highest walks of astronomical science. Every first mate of a vessel, who works a lunar observation to ascertain the ship's longitude, employs tables in which the most wonderful discoveries and calculations of La Place, and Newton, and Bowditch, are interwoven.

I mention this as but one of the cases in which astronomical science promotes the service and convenience of common life ; and perhaps, when we consider the degree to which the modern extension of navigation connects itself with industry in all its branches, this may be thought sufficient. I will only add, that the cheap convenience of an almanac, which enters into the comforts of every fireside in the country, could not be enjoyed but for the labours and studies of the profoundest philosophers. Not that great learning or talent is now required to execute the astronomical calculations of an almanac, although no inconsiderable share of each is needed for this purpose ; but because even to perform these calculations requires the aid of tables which have been gradually formed on the basis of the profoundest investigations of the long line of philosophers, who have devoted themselves to this branch of science. For, as we observed on the mechanical side of the illustration, it was not one trade alone which was required to furnish the philosopher with his instrument, but a great variety ; so, on the other hand, it is not the philosopher in one department who creates a science out of nothing. The observing astronomer furnishes materials to the calculating astronomer, and the calculator derives methods from the pure mathematician : and a long succession of each for ages must unite their labours in a great result. Without the geometry of the Greeks, and the algebra of the Arabs, the infinitesimal analyses of Newton and Leibnitz would never have been invented.

Examples and illustrations equally instructive might be found in every other branch of industry. The man who will go into a cotton-mill, and contemplate it from the great water-wheel that gives the first movement (and still more from the steam-engine, should that be the moving power), who will observe the parts of the machinery, and the various processes of the fabric, till he reaches the hydraulic press with which it is made into a bale, and the canal or railroad by which it is sent to market, may find every branch of trade, and every department of science, literally crossed, intertwined, interwoven, with every other, like the woof and the warp of the article manufactured. Not a little of the spinning machinery is constructed on principles drawn from the demonstrations of transcendental mathematics ; and the processes of bleaching and dyeing now practised are the results of the most profound researches of modern chemistry. And, if this does not satisfy the inquirer, let him trace the cotton to the plantation where it grew, in Georgia or Alabama ; the indigo to Bengal ; the oil to the olive-gardens of Italy, or the fishing-grounds of the Pacific Ocean ; let him consider the cotton-gin, the carding-machine, the power-loom, and the spinning apparatus, and all the arts, trades, and sciences directly or indirectly connected with these, and I believe he will soon agree that one might start from a yard of coarse printed cotton, which costs ten cents, and prove out of it, as out of a text, that every art and science under heaven had been concerned in its fabric.

## 140.—EXAMPLES OF SPIRITUAL PERFECTION.

BATES.

[DR. WILLIAM BATES was one of the most eminent of the divines whose conscientious scruples removed them from the Church of England in 1662, under the Act of Uniformity. He had previously been one of the king's chaplains; had been offered the deanery of Lichfield and Coventry; and at the time of his ejection was vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West. There is something exceedingly touching in a passage in his farewell sermon to his parishioners: "It is neither fancy, faction, nor humour, that makes me not comply: but merely the fear of offending God. And if, after the best means used for my illumination (as prayer to God, discourse, and study) I am not able to be satisfied as to the lawfulness of what is required; if it be my unhappiness to be in error; surely men will have no reason to be angry with me in this world, and I hope God will pardon me in the next." After his secession from the established Church, Dr. Bates became the minister of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Hackney, at which place he died in 1699, in his seventy-fourth year. His works were collected in 1700, in a folio volume, which has been several times reprinted.]

The gospel proposes the most animating examples of perfection.

We are commanded to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect. There are some attributes of God, which are objects, not of our imitation, but of our highest veneration. Such are his eternity, immensity, omnipotence, immutability. There are other attributes, his moral perfections, which are imitable—holiness, goodness, justice, truth. These are fully declared in his law, and visibly in his providence. This command, as was before explained, is to be understood, not of an equality, but of a resemblance. God is essentially, transcendently, and unchangeably holy, the original of holiness in intelligent creatures. There is a greater disproportion between the holiness of God and that of angels, though it be unspotted, than between the celerity of the sun in the heavens and the slow motion of the shadow upon the dial regulated by it. It should be our utmost aim, our most earnest endeavour, to imitate the divine perfection. Then is the soul godlike, when its principal powers, the understanding and the will, are influenced by God.

The heathen deities were distinguished by their vices—intemperance, impurity, and cruelty; and under such patronage their idolaters sinned boldly. The true God commands us to "be holy, as he is holy; to be followers of Him as dear children." Love produces desires and endeavours of likeness.

The life of Christ is a globe of precepts, a model of perfection, set before us for our imitation. In some respects this is more proportionable to us; for in him were united the perfections of God with the infirmities of a man. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." His purity was absolute, and every grace in the most divine degree was expressed in his actions. His life and death were a compound miracle, of obedience to God and love to men. Whatever his Father ordered him to undertake, or undergo, he entirely consented to; he willingly took on him the form of a servant; it was not put upon him by compulsion. In his life, humility towards men, infinite descents below him, self-denial, zeal for the honour of God, ardent desires for the salvation and welfare of men, were as visible as the flame discovers fire. In his sufferings obedience and sacrifice were united. The willingness of his spirit was victorious over the repugnance of the natural will in the garden. "Not my will, but thine be done," was his unalterable choice. His patience was insuperable to all injuries. He was betrayed by a disciple for a vile price, and a murderer was preferred before him. He was scorned as a false prophet, as a feigned king, and as a deceitful saviour. He was spit on, scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified; and in the height of his sufferings never expressed a spark of anger against his enemies, nor the least degree of impatience. Now consider, it was one principal reason of his obedience to instruct and oblige us to conform to his

pattern, the certain and constant rule of our duty. We may not securely follow the best saints, who sometimes, through ignorance and infirmity, deviate from the narrow way; but our Saviour is "the way, the truth, and the life." What he said, after his washing the disciples' feet (an action wherein there was such an admirable mixture of humility and love, that it is not possible to conceive which excelled, for they were both in the highest perfection), "I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do ye," is applicable to all the kinds of virtues and graces exhibited in his practice. He instructs us to do by his doings, and to suffer by his sufferings. "He suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we may follow his steps." He levels the way by going before us. Those duties that are very harsh to sensible nature, he instructs us in by his preaching and by his passion. How can we decline them, when performed by him in whom the glorious Deity was personally united to the tender humanity? His life was a continual lecture of mortification. It is the observation of the natural historian, that the tender providence of nature is admirable, in preparing medicines for us in beautiful fragrant flowers; that we might not refuse the remedy, as more distasteful than our diseases. But how astonishing is the love of God, who sent his Son for our redemption from eternal death; and in his example has sweetened those remedies which are requisite for the cure of our distempered passions! Taking up the cross, and submitting to poverty and persecution, are made tolerable, by considering that in enduring them we follow our Redeemer. Can any motive more engage and encourage our obedience, than the persuasive pattern and commanding example of our Sovereign and Saviour? Can we be averse from our duty, when our lawgiver teaches us obedience by his own practice? Can any invitation be more attractive than to do that from love to him which he did for love to us and our salvation? We are his subjects by the dearest titles, and our own consent; we are dedicated to his honour: and, as the apostle tells the Galatians, "If ye are circumcised, ye are debtors to keep the whole law;" by the same reason, if we are baptized, we are obliged to obey the law of faith, to order our lives according to the doctrine and example of Christ. An unholy Christian is a contradiction so direct and palpable, that one word destroys another: as if one should say, a living carcass, or a cold calenture. We must adorn the gospel of Christ by the sacred splendour of our actions. "A life innocent from gross notorious sins is a poor perfection; we must show forth the virtues of him who hath called us to his kingdom and glory." Men usually observe what is eminently good, or extremely bad. The excellent goodness of Christians recommends the goodness of the gospel, and ought to convince infidels that it came from the Fountain of goodness.

The primitive Christians endured the fiery trial with insuperable constancy; and the most powerful argument that inspired their courage, despising life and death, was, that Christ was their leader in those terrible conflicts; he was their spectator, when they encountered fierce beasts, and fiercer tyrants, for the defence of his truth, and glory of his name; and while they were suffering for him he was preparing immortal crowns for them. This St. Cyprian, in his pastoral letters to the Christians in Africa, represents with such powerful eloquence, as kindled in their breasts a love to Christ stronger than death.

The angels are propounded to us as a pattern for our imitation. Our Saviour directs our desires, that "the will of God may be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." The will of God is either decretive or preceptive. The decretive extends to all events; nothing falls out at random, nothing by rash chance and casualty; but all things come to pass according to the counsel of his will, by his efficiency or his permission. The preceptive will of God is the rule of our duty. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." This is intended here; for it is to be per-

formed in conformity to the obedience of the angels. But it is comprehensive of our resigned submission to the will and wisdom of God in the disposals of providence, as well as to our active subjection to his commands. We are equally obliged to acknowledge and honour his dominion in ordering all things, as to yield obedience to his sovereignty declared in his laws. The psalmist addresses himself to the angels, as our pattern; "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word." They are the eldest offspring of God's power; glorious, heavenly, and immortal spirits. The title of angels signifies their office; their nature we do not fully know. We can't tell what they are not; not flesh and blood; but negatives do not afford knowledge. It is not known to declare what things are not, but what they are. Their excellency is discovered in scripture, in that the highest degree of our perfection is expressed by likeness to the angels. The perfection of beauty in Stephen is set forth: "They saw his face as the face of an angel." Excellent wisdom in David; "My lord the king is wise as an angel of God." Perfect eloquence; "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels." And the apostle, in asserting the infinite dignity of the Mediator, proves it by the argument that he is above angels; "To which of the angels did he say, thou art my son?" that is in a high and peculiar manner. Now, if they had not been in the highest order of creatures, the argument had not been conclusive; yet they are infinitely below God. The heavens are not clean in his sight, the stars are not pure before him. The seraphim veil their faces and their feet in his glorious presence, and cry one to another, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory." His separate and transcendent attributes are the foundation of their humility and subjection. \* \* \* \* The matter when in their obedience is exercised is secret to us, the laws and admirable order in heaven are not fully discovered: but we are assured, that they continually magnify and celebrate the perfections of God. In this lower world, they are "ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation," the adopted children of God. The highest angels are not exempted from this service, nor the lowest saints excluded from the benefit of it.

The angel told Zacharias, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God." It implies his prepared disposition to receive and perform all his commands. It is said, "they hearken to the voice of his word:" the first signification of his will puts them in motion. They entirely obey him; there is no alloy, no mixture of contraries, in their principles, nothing suspends or breaks the entireness of their activity in God's service. They obey him with all their powers, and the utmost efficacy of them. It is said, "He maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flame of fire," to signify their celerity and vigour in doing God's will. They fly like the wind, to rescue the saints from imminent destructive evils; and, like a flame of fire, are quick and terrible to consume the wicked. They fully perform his commands. The two angels that were sent to preserve Lot from the destruction of Sodom, while he lingered, took him by the hand, and brought him out of the city; and would not destroy it till he was safe. They freely and cheerfully obey God, esteeming his service their glory and felicity. They are styled "thrones and dominions, principalities and powers;" but they are more pleased in the title of *his angels*; that is, messengers, and in the relation of his servants. They esteem it their highest exaltation and happiness to obey God. They, with as much diligence and delight, watch over the meanest saints, though never so obscure and despicable in the world, as those who are in royal dignity; because they in it obey the orders of God. They are steady and uniform in their duty, above all temptations from hopes or

fears that may slacken their endeavours and unstring the bent of their resolutions in his service. There is an eternal constancy in their obedience.

It may be said, this example is above our level in the present state; our wings are broken, we flag, and cannot reach so high a flight. We sometimes conceive more clearly, sometimes more darkly, of our duty. We are sometimes declining, sometimes reviving and returning. We do not practise obedience with the diligence that is commanded. The weakness of the flesh controls the willingness of the spirit. How should it upbraid us, that we fall so short in the imitation of angelic obedience, who are under equal, nay, peculiar, obligations to please God? The grace of God in our redemption is more illustriously visible than in their creation. The goodness of God was most free in making the angels; but it is infinite mercy in saving man from extreme misery, the desert of his disobedience. The divine power made the angels, but men are redeemed by the dearest price, the blood of the Son of God. In this God commendeth his love to us, that when we were sinners he gave his Son to die for us. Now beneficence is magnified by the principle and motive of it. Gifts are endared by the affection of the giver; and ingenuous thankfulness chiefly respects that. All the precious benefits and vital influences that we receive are from the dearest love of God. Supposing the angels receive as great favours from his bountiful hands; yet there is a clearer discovery of his heart, his tender and compassionate love, in our salvation. How should this consideration inspire our prayers with a holy fervour, that God would enlighten our minds, to know his holy, acceptable and perfect will, incline us to choose it, and enable us to do it, as the angels, the most illuminate and zealous servants of God!

The scripture has lighted up excellent examples of holiness in the lives of the saints upon earth, for our direction and imitation. There is a great advantage in looking on examples; they are more instructive than naked precepts, and more clearly convey the knowledge of our duty. A work done in our sight by another directs us better in the practice of it; it is more acceptable and of more powerful efficacy to reform us, than counsel and admonition by words. A reproof, if spoken with an imperious air wherein vanity has a visible ascendant, is heard with distaste, and often with disdain; but an excellent example is a silent reproof, not directed immediately to irregular persons, but discovering what ought to be done, and leaving the application to themselves, so that the impression is more quick and penetrating than that of words. In difficult precepts, no argument is more effectual than examples; for the possibility of performance is confirmed by instances, and the pretence of infirmity is taken away. The command binds us to duty. Examples encourage us to performance. The pattern of the angels, who are pure spirits, is not so influential upon us, as the pattern of the saints, which is more correspondent and proportionate to our present state; as the light of the stars, which are so vastly distant, is not so useful in managing our affairs, as the light of a candle that is near us. The saints are verily allied to us; they were clothed with the same frail garment of flesh, they had like passions, and were in the same contagious world; yet they were holy and heavenly in their affections and actions. They lived in civil conversation with men, and spiritual communion with God. This takes away the pretence of infirmity; for we have the same word of grace, and spirit of grace, to strengthen us.



TWENTY-FIRST WEEK.

#### 141.--DEPOSITION OF KING RICHARD II.

A French knight or gentleman, whose name has not been preserved, has left a most interesting account of the sudden and tragical downfall of one of the unhappiest of English sovereigns. Like many of his countrymen, he was attracted to England by Richard's marriage with a princess of France. He came over to London in the spring of the year 1399, and remained in close attendance on King Richard about seven months, and until that fallen sovereign was brought to London as a prisoner by Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster. Then, returning to his own country, the Frenchman immediately wrote an account of all that he had seen of the behaviour and sufferings of Richard. His manuscript, which formerly belonged to Charles of Anjou, earl of Maine and Mortain, is now among the treasures preserved in the library of the British Museum. Metrical histories were common at the time of its production. It is written for the greater part in French verse or rhyme. Considered as a poem, its merits are small, but as a narrative of facts it is exceedingly valuable, and the facts themselves are of the most moving and interesting sort. It offers an original circumstantial account of the fall of Richard II.; it bears sufficient internal evidence of its authenticity; and it has been considered as the best document of that kind, relative to the above fact, which has been transmitted to us. Its value has been well appreciated by many English writers. Among our old annalists, both Holinshed and Stow made great use of it, and from Holinshed Shakspeare drew many of the materials which he wove into his grand and pathetic historical play. In more modern times, Tyrrel, Rapin, Turner, Lingard, and other historians, have made great use of this French metrical history, quoting it as an authoritative document of an otherwise very obscure part of English history. But the manuscript itself was never published in a perfect form until the year 1824, when the Rev. John Webb enriched the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia* with it, together with an admirable English translation in prose, and copious explanatory notes. From this translation, which, with the foot notes, occupies two hundred and forty pages of a quarto volume, we will select a few passages, which relate more immediately and personally to the ill-fated Richard.

Richard's expedition to Ireland, in the summer of 1399, opened the way into England to the exiled Henry Bolingbroke. Our French knight accompanied the king to Ireland, and wrote an account of the short but difficult campaign in that country. He was with Richard at Dublin when the fatal news was brought to him that Bolingbroke had landed on the English coast, that the Archbishop of Canterbury had publicly preached a sermon in his favour, and that the great body of the nobility, as well ecclesiastic as lay, had joined him. He describes how the king's face turned pale thereat, and how many of the nobles with him treacherously detained him in Ireland for many weeks, with the view of facilitating the progress of Bolingbroke. He heartily sympathises with Richard, and still more heartily curses his rivals and the nobility and people of England, like one that has forgotten or that has never known the enormous faults and errors of the sovereign. Yet he honestly con-

fesses that his partiality is owing in good part to Richard's fondness for Frenchmen. He says,

"I sincerely loved him, because he heartily loved the French; and besides, he was humble, generous, gentle, and courteous in all his doings. . . . He gave most largely, and his gifts were profitable. Bold he was, and courageous as a lion. Right well and beautifully did he also make ballads, songs, roundels, and lays. Though he was but a layman, so gracious were all his deeds, that never, I think, shall that man issue from his country in whom God hath implanted so much worth as was in him."

At last Richard reached Milford Haven. But before he landed, a great army which had gathered in Wales for his service was either disbanded or won over to Bolingbroke. In this great fear he disguised himself like a poor Franciscan friar, and set out at midnight from his host attended by only a few persons, of whom our Frenchman was one. He travelled hard all night, and reached Conway by break of day. There he learned that his enemies had reported him to be dead, and that well-nigh all was already lost. He uttered many pious ejaculations; but he knew not what course to take. At length he resolved to send the Duke of Exeter and the Earl of Surrey to tell Henry of Bolingbroke that he was doing much amiss, but that he, the rightful King of England, would pardon him and reinstate him in all his honours and lands, if he would but desist. Henry, who was at Chester, made Exeter and Surrey his prisoners. Upon receiving this intelligence, the king, who had "continued all sorrowful at Conway," with his intimate friends "all sad and distressed," went straight to Beaumaris. There was a strong castle there that could not have been taken in ten years, if it had only been victualled and furnished with a sufficient and faithful garrison. But there were provisions in none of the king's castles in these parts, and there was fidelity and affection to him in no place whatsoever. Not being able to stay at Beaumaris he went to Caernarvon Castle, which he found totally unfurnished.

"If all his castles to which he retired, there was no furniture, nor had he anything to lie down upon but straw. Really he lay in this manner for four or six nights, as, in truth, not a farthing's worth of victuals or of anything else was to be found in them. Certes, I dare not tell the great misery of the king."

Richard returned to Conway, where he greatly bewailed his young absent wife, who, by this time, was in the hands of the Bolingbroke party. He also bewailed that he was by day and by night in danger of bitter and certain death. While he was lying at Conway doing nothing but bewailing his hard fate, the Earl of Northumberland waited upon him from Duke Henry, who prevailed upon him to put himself in his hands, and trust to the decisions of the English parliament, the earl, it is said, swearing upon the eucharist that no harm should befall him. Richard quitted Conway—where he certainly could not have stayed much longer—and soon found that he was a prisoner, for the Earl of Northumberland had placed a numerous body of troops in ambuscade on one of the mountain-passes.

"When the king beheld them he was greatly astonished, saying, 'I am betrayed! What can this be? Lord of Heaven help me!' Then were they made known by their banners, that might be seen floating. And then were all in bitter dread. I could have wished myself at that time back in France. There did the king demean himself so very sorrowfully, that it was pity to behold!"

The Earl of Northumberland told him that he must carry him to Duke Henry; and they rode away together towards the Castle of Flint, the king still wearing the cowl and dress of a monk.

"And now," says our metrical chronicler, "I shall treat of the afflictions and sorrows of King Richard in the Castle of Flint, where he awaited the coming of the

Duke of Lancaster, who set out from the city of Chester on Tuesday the 22nd day of August, in the year of the incarnation of our Lord 1399, with the whole of his force, which I heard estimated by many knights and squires at upwards of 100,000 men, marshalled in battle array, marching along the sea-shore with great joy and satisfaction, and eager also to take their rightful and natural lord King Richard; who, early in the morning of the said Tuesday, arose, attended by sorrows, sadness, afflictions, mourning, weeping, and lamentations. He heard mass most devoutly with his good friends, the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Stephen Scroope, and another knight named Ferriby, who for no adversity, nor any disaster that befell the king, would desert or relinquish him. There was, moreover, with them one who was son of the Countess of Salisbury, whom King Richard had newly knighted in Ireland. . . . . There was likewise Jerico, a Gascon squire, who showed well the true love that he had for King Richard; for never, for threats of knights or squires, nor for any entreaty whatever, would he put off the device of his lord the king. . . . . King Richard, having heard mass, went up upon the walls of the castle, which are large and wide on the inside, to behold the Duke of Lancaster, as he came along the sea-shore with all his host. It was marvellously great, and showed such joy and satisfaction that the sound and bruit of their instruments, their horns, pipes, and trumpets, were heard even as far as the castle. Then did King Richard commend himself unto the holy keeping of our Lord and of all the saints of heaven. . . . . And he spake to the Earl of Salisbury, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and to the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby, weeping most tenderly, and greatly lamenting upon the said walls of Flint Castle. So that I firmly believe no creature in this mortal world, let him be who he would, Jew or Saracen, could have beheld these five together without being heartily sorry for them. While they were in this distress they saw a great number of persons quit the host, pricking their horses hard towards the castle, to know what King Richard was doing. In this first company were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Percy, and the Earl of Rutland. . . . . These came the very first to the Castle of Flint, bearing the order of Duke Henry. The archbishop entered first, and the others after him; and they went up to the donjon. Then the king came down from the walls, to whom they made very great obeisance, kneeling on the ground. The king caused them to rise, and drew the archbishop aside, and they talked together a very long while. What they said I know not; but the Earl of Salisbury afterwards told me that the archbishop had comforted the king in a very gentle manner, telling him not to be alarmed, and that no harm should happen to his person. The Earl of Rutland, at that time, said nothing to the king, but kept at as great a distance as he could from him, like one that was ashamed to find himself in that presence. They mounted their horses again, and returned to Duke Henry who was drawing very nigh; for between the city of Chester and the castle there are but ten little miles, which are equal to five French leagues or thereabout. And there is neither hedge nor bush between them; nothing but the sea-shore, and on the other side lofty rocks and mountains. And be assured that he made a fine show with them as they came; for they were right well marshalled, and their numbers were such, that for mine own part I never saw so many people together. I think that the chief captain of all the duke's army was Sir Henry Percy, whom they hold to be the best knight in England\*.

"The king went up again upon the castle walls, and saw that the army was two bowshots from the castle. Then he, together with those who were with him, began anew great lamentations; bewailing most piteously his consort Isabel of France, and calling upon our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . . While the king spake, the host

\* The Harry Hotspur of Shakspeare.



approached the castle, and entirely surrounded it, even to the sea, in very fair array. Then the Earl of Northumberland went to Duke Henry, who was drawn up with his men at the foot of the rock. They talked together rather a long while, and concluded that he should not enter the castle till such time as the king had dined, because he was fasting. So the earl returned to the castle. The table being laid, the king sat down to dinner, and caused the Bishop of Carlisle, the Earl of Salisbury, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby, to be seated, saying thus : 'My good, true, and loyal friends, being in peril of death for maintaining loyalty, sit ye down with me.' In the meantime a great number of knights, squires, and archers quitted the host of Duke Henry, and came to the said castle, desiring to behold their king ; not from any good-will that they bore him, but for the great thirst they had to ruin him, and to put him to death. They went to see him at dinner, and published throughout the castle that, as soon as the duke should be come, all those that were with them, without any exception, would have their heads cut off. And they moreover said, that it was not at all certain whether the king would escape. At the hearing of this news every one had great fear and dread at heart for himself ; because nature teacheth every creature to fear and dread death more than anything. Besides. For my own part, I do not think that I ever was so much afraid as I was at that time, considering their great contempt, and how unwilling they were to listen to right reason or loyalty. And, forasmuch as nature constrained me to dread death, my companion and myself consulted Lancaster, the herald, who with a great number of persons had come into the said castle to the king : so I besought him that for the love of our Lord he would help us to save our lives, and that he would be pleased to bring us to Duke Henry, his master. Then he answered us, that he would do it right willingly. The king was a very long time at table ; not for anything at all that he ate, but because he well knew that as soon as he had dined the duke would come for him, to carry him off or put him to death. They also let him remain a long time at table, because he was fasting. After he had dined, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Northumberland went in quest of the Duke of Lancaster. He quitted his men, who were drawn up in very fair array before the castle, and, with nine or eleven of the greatest lords who were with him, came to the king. At the entrance of the castle, Lancaster, the herald, brought us before the duke, kneeling on the ground ; and the herald told him in the English language that we were of France, and that the king had sent us with King Richard into Ireland for recreation, and to see the country, and earnestly entreated him to save our lives. And then the duke made answer in French, 'My young men, fear not, neither be dismayed at anything that you behold, and keep close to me, and I will answer for your lives.' This reply was a most joyful hearing for us. After this the duke entered the castle, armed at all points, except his basinet, as you may see in this history. Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground ; and as they approached each other he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand ; and then the king took off his bonnet, and spake first in this manner : 'Fair Cousin of Lancaster, you be right welcome.' Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, 'My lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me ; the reason wherefore, I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two-and-twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But, if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past.' King Richard then answered him, 'Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well.' And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding anything :

for I heard and understood taem very well.' And the Earl of Salisbury also rehearsed thein to me in French, and another aged knight, who was one of the council of Duke Henry. He told me, as we rode to Chester, that Merlin and Bede had, from the time in which they lived, prophesied of the taking and ruin of the king, and that if I were in his castle he should shew it me in form and manner as I had seen it come to pass, saying thus :—

"There shall be a king in Albion who shall reign for the space of twenty or two-and-twenty years in great honour and in great power, and shall be allied and united with those of Gaul ; which king shall be undone in the parts of the north in a triangular place.' Thus the knight told me it was written in a book belonging to him. The triangular place he applied to the town of Conway, and for this he had a very good reason ; for I can assure you that it is in a triangle, as though it had been so laid down by a true and exact measurement. In the said town of Conway was the king sufficiently undone ; for the Earl of Northumberland drew him forth, as you have already heard, by the treaty which he made with him, and from that time he had no power. Thus the king held this prophecy to be true, and attached thereunto great faith and credit ; for such is the nature of them in their country, that they very thoroughly believe in prophecies, phantoms, and witchcraft, and have recourse to them right willingly. Yet in my opinion this is not right, but is a great want of faith.

"Thus, as you have heard, came Duke Henry to the castle, and spake unto the king, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby ; howbeit unto the Earl of Salisbury he spake not at all, but sent word to him by a knight in this manner : 'Earl of Salisbury, be assured that no more than you deigned to speak to my lord the Duke of Lancaster, when he and you were in Paris at Christmas last past, will he speak unto you.' Then was the earl much abashed, and had great fear and dread at heart, for he saw plainly that the duke mortally hated him. The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, 'Bring out the king's horses ;' and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty francs : the king mounted one, and the Earl of Salisbury the other. Every one got on horseback, and we set out from the said castle of Flint about two hours after mid-day.

"In form and manner as you have heard, did Duke Henry take King Richard his lord ; and he brought him with great joy and satisfaction to Chester, which he had quitted in the morning. And know, that with great difficulty could the thunder of heaven have been heard for the loud bruit and sound of their instruments, horns, buisines, and trumpets, insonmuch that they made all the sea-shore resound with them. Thus the Duke entered the city of Chester, to whom the common people paid great reverence, praising our lord, and shouting after their king, as it were in mockery. The duke led him straight to the castle, which is right fair and strong, and caused him to be lodged in the donjon. And then he gave him in keeping to the son of the Duke of Gloucester, and the son of the Earl of Arundel, who hated him more than any one in the world, because King Richard had put their fathers to death. There he saw his brother the Duke of Exeter, but neither durst nor was able to speak to him. Presently after, the duke sat down to dinner, and made the Archbishop of Canterbury sit above him, and at some distance below him the Duke of Exeter, brother of King Richard, the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Rutland, the Earl of Northumberland, and Sir Thomas Percy,—all these were seated at Duke Henry's table. And the king abode in the tower with his good friends the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two knights ; and from thenceforth we could never see him, unless it were abroad on the journey ; and we were forbidden to speak any more to him, or to any of the others."

The interest of the Frenchman's narrative ends here, for he ceases to be an ear and eyewitness, and the melancholy journey of the king to London is described better by other Chroniclers. He returned to France without waiting the issue of the proceedings in Parliament which placed the crown of England on the head of Henry Bolingbroke. He gives sequel and conclusion to the sad story, but merely on the report of "a clerk whom Duke Henry [Bolingbroke] had taken with him when he departed from Paris," and who had remained in London until some short time after the announcement of the death of King Richard. Upon that mysterious and much-debated fact, the authority of this French clerk does not appear to be entitled to much weight. His notion is that Richard died broken-hearted and self-starved in prison. His friend the knight is of a contrary opinion, believing that the king was yet alive and well, though most secretly immured in some prison or castle.

#### 142.—THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

[THE following interesting account of a remarkable work of art was originally published in Gilbert's 'Annalen' in 1819; and a translation appeared in 'Brewster's Journal.' Mr. Babbage, who has extracted the description in his valuable work, 'The Economy of Machinery and Manufactures,' introduces it with the following observations:

"Amongst the forests which flank many of the lofty mountains of Switzerland, some of the finest timber is found in positions almost inaccessible. The expense of roads, even if it were possible to make them in such situations, would prevent the inhabitants from deriving any advantages from these almost inexhaustible supplies. Placed by nature at a considerable elevation above the spot on which they are required, they are precisely in fit circumstances for the application of machinery; and the inhabitants constantly avail themselves of it, to enable the force of gravity to relieve them of some portion of their labour. The inclined planes which they have established in various forests, by which the timber has been sent down to the watercourses, must have excited the admiration of every traveller; and these slides, in addition to the merit of simplicity, have that of economy, as their construction requires scarcely anything beyond the material which grows upon the spot. Of all these specimens of carpentry, the Slide of Alpach was by far the most considerable, both from its great length, and from the almost inaccessible position from which it descended." ]

For many centuries, the rugged flanks and the deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofty precipices encircled them on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them; and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore permitted to grow and to perish, without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber. The most intelligent and skilful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores. It was not till November, 1816, that M. Rupp, and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the commune of Alpach for 6000 crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818.

The Slide of Alpach is formed entirely of about 25,000 large pine trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about 160 workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly 100,000 francs, or 4,250*l*. It is about three leagues, or 44,000 English feet long, and terminates in the lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the

middle one of which has a groove cut out in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places, for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about 2,000 supports; and in many places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight, and sometimes zig-zag, with an inclination of from  $10^{\circ}$  to  $18^{\circ}$ . It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes underground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffoldings 120 feet in height.

The boldness which characterizes this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut several thousand trees to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and, as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances to point out the road for their return, and to discover, in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established. M. Rupp was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and, in the first months of the undertaking, he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labours of the workmen, which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all; the rest having been hired by accident, without any of the knowledge which such an undertaking required. M. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry. He was supposed to have communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise, which they regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of observing the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of *three leagues*, or nearly *nine miles*, in *two minutes and a half*, and during their descent, they appeared to be only a few feet in length. The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and, as soon as every thing was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, "*Lachez*" (Let go). The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top of the slide in *three minutes*. The workman at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, "*Il vient*" (It comes), and the tree was immediately launched down the slide, preceded by the cry, which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom, and plunged into the lake, the cry of *Lachez* was repeated as before, and a new tree was launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, M. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated, by their thickest extremities, no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and one of the trees having by accident struck against the other, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning.

After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the

lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the Aar to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea, when it was necessary.

In order that none of the small wood might be lost, M. Rupp established in the forest large manufactories of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter when the slide was covered with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized was heaped up and burnt, and the ashes packed up and carried away during the winter.

A few days before the author of the preceding account visited the slide, an inspector of the navy had come for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber. He declared that he had never seen any timber that was so strong, so fine, and of such a size; and he concluded an advantageous bargain for one thousand trees."

[Such is a brief account of a work undertaken and executed by a single individual, and which has excited a very high degree of interest in every part of Europe. We regret to add, that this magnificent structure no longer exists, and that scarcely a trace of it is to be seen upon the flanks of mount Pilatus. Political circumstances have taken away the principal source of demand for the timber; and no other market having been found, the operation of cutting and transporting the trees necessarily ceased.]

#### 143 & 144.—JOHN ELWES, THE MISER.

TOPHAM.

[THE life of a mere miser can afford so little general instruction, and excite so little general interest, that had Mr. Elwes been one of that unhappy class his biography would, in all probability, so far as Mr. Topham was concerned, have remained unwritten; but Mr. Elwes was not a mere miser, he possessed qualities that might have entitled him to the love and reverence of his friends, and to the respect and admiration of his countrymen, had they but been freely developed: they were, however, during a considerable portion of his life, more or less checkered by the unfortunate desire of amassing money, and they may be said to have ultimately disappeared altogether beneath the hateful influence of that all-absorbing passion. "During the life-time of Mr. Elwes, I said to him more than once, I would write his life. His answer was, 'There is nothing in it, sir, worth mentioning.' That I have been of a different opinion, my labours will show." Thus speaks Mr. Elwes's biographer, in the preface to his very interesting little work, which was at first published in portions in a periodical paper called the 'World,' and received by the public with so much approbation that the whole was afterwards issued in a collective form, and ran through several editions. As much of the interest of the publication results from the author's close personal intimacy with Mr. Elwes, and from the easy agreeable style of the narration, the following account is given as nearly as possible in Mr. Topham's own words.]

The family name of Mr. Elwes was Meggot; and, as his Christian name was John, the conjunction of 'Jack Meggot' made strangers sometimes imagine that his intimates were addressing him by an assumed appellation. His father was a brewer of eminence, who died while Mr. Elwes was only four years old; little of the character of Mr. Elwes was therefore to be attributed to him; but from the mother it may be traced at once; for, though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, she starved herself to death. At an early period the boy was sent to Westminster school, where he remained ten or twelve years. During that time he certainly had not misapplied his talents, for he was a good classical scholar to the last; and it is a circumstance not a little remarkable, though well authenticated, that he never read afterwards. His knowledge of accounts was very trifling, which may in some measure explain the total ignorance he was always in as to his affairs.

From Westminster school he removed to Geneva, where he soon entered upon pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding-master of the academy there had to boast of perhaps three of the best riders in Europe—Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sidney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the most desperate, the young horses were always put into his hands, and he was the rough rider to the other two. During this period he was introduced to Voltaire, whom he somewhat resembled in point of appearance: but, though he has mentioned this circumstance, the genius, the fortune, the character of Voltaire never seemed to strike him, they were out of his contemplation and his way; the horses in the riding-school he remembered much longer, and their respective qualities made a deeper impression on him. On his return to England he was introduced to his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, who was then living at Stoke, in Suffolk, perhaps the most perfect picture of human penury that ever existed. Mr. Elwes, being at that time in the world, dressed like other people. This would not have done for Sir Harvey: so the nephew used to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, the expense of which he did not much like, and began to dress in character; a pair of small iron buckles, worsted stockings darned, a worn-out old coat, and a tattered waistcoat were put on, and onwards he rode to visit his uncle, who used to contemplate him with a miserable kind of satisfaction, and seemed pleased to find his heir attempting to come up with him in the race of avarice. There they would sit, saving pair! with a single stick upon the fire, and with one glass of wine occasionally betwixt them, talking of the extravagance of the times; and when evening shut in they would retire to rest, as “going to bed saved candle light.” But the nephew had then, as at all other times, a very extraordinary appetite, and this would have been a monstrous offence in the eyes of the uncle, so Mr. Elwes was obliged to pick up a dinner first with some neighbour in the country, and then return to Sir Harvey with a little diminutive appetite that was quite engaging. I trust, continues Mr. Topham, a small digression, to give the picture of Sir Harvey, will not be thought unamusing or foreign to the subject. He was, as may be imagined, a most singular character. His seclusion from the world nearly reached that of a hermit, and could the extremity of his avarice have been taken out of the question a more blameless life was never led. His life shows that a man may at length, so effectually retire into himself, that he may remain little else but vegetation in a human shape.

Providence perhaps has wisely ordered it that the possessions of estates should change like the succession of seasons: the day of tillage and the seed-time, the harvest and the consumption of it, in due order follow each other, and, in the scale of events, are all alike necessary. This succession was exemplified in the character of Sir Harvey Elwes, who succeeded to Sir Jervoise, his grandfather, a very worthy gentleman, who had, however, involved, as far as they would go, all the estates. On his death, Sir Harvey found himself nominally possessed of some thousands a-year, but really with an income of one hundred pounds per annum. He said on his arrival at Stoke, the family seat, “that never would he leave it till he had entirely cleared the paternal estate;” and he lived to do that, and to realize above one hundred thousand pounds in addition. But he was formed of the very materials to make perfect the character of a miser. In his youth he had been given over for a consumption, (though, such is the power of temperance, he lived till betwixt eighty and ninety years of age,) so he had no constitution and no passion; he was timid, shy, and diffident in the extreme, of a thin spare habit of body, and without a friend upon earth. Next to his greatest delight, the hoarding up and counting over his money, was that of partridge-setting, at which he was so great an adept, and game was then so plentiful, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. He lived upon partridges, he and his whole household, consisting

of one man and two maids. When the day was not so fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall, to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he took them out of an old chest, where they had lain since the gay days of Sir Jervoise. One evening, after he had retired, some robbers, watching their opportunity, obtained admittance into the house; having previously bound the servants, then going up to Sir Harvey, they presented their pistols and demanded his money. At no part of his life did Sir Harvey behave so well as in this transaction. He would give them no answer, till they had assured him that his servant, whom they had left gagged in the stable, and who was a great favourite, was safe; he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which was fifty guineas. But they knew too well he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life. At length he showed them a large drawer, where were two thousand seven hundred guineas. This they packed up in two large baskets, and actually carried off,—a robbery which for quantity of specie had never been equalled. On quitting him, they said they should leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for assistance; on which he very coolly and with some simplicity took out his watch, which they had not asked for, and said, "Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape; after that time, nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does." He was as good as his word: when the time expired he went and untied the man. Some years afterwards the fellows were taken up for other offences, and known to be those who had robbed Sir Harvey; he was accordingly pressed to go and identify their persons: "No, no," said he, "I have lost my money and now you want me to lose my time also." When Sir Harvey died, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave fell from the eye of the servant here alluded to, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum, "to him and to his heirs." Sir Harvey's property was estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, the whole of which was left to the nephew, Mr. Meggot, whose own possessions at the time were, it was imagined, not much inferior, and who, by will, was ordered to assume the name and arms of Elwes. In conclusion of this part of the subject, it may be observed, that the popular view of Sir Harvey's character was well expressed in the almost proverbial saying, "that nobody would live with Sir Harvey Elwes if they could, nor could if they would."

To this property Mr. Elwes succeeded when he had advanced beyond his fortieth year. For fifteen years previous to this period he was well known to the fashionable circles of the metropolis. Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, had played deeper than himself, and with success more various. I remember hearing him say he had once played two days and a night without intermission; and, the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. He lost some thousands at that sitting. Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by some thousands for the mode in which he passed this part of his life; but the vowels of I O U were then in use, and the sums that were owed him even by very noble names were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loser by play. The theory which he professed, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money," he perfectly confirmed by his practice. It is curious to remark how he at this period contrived to mingle small attempts at saving with unbounded dissipation of play. After sitting up a whole night, risking thousands with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Haydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There

would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcase-butcher for a shilling! Sometimes, when the cattle did not arrive at the hour expected, he would walk on in the mire to meet them, and more than once has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole night. His chief country residence at this period was Marcham, in Berkshire, where he had two sons by his housekeeper, to whom he left the whole of his property, with the exception of that portion which was entailed upon Mr. Elwes's nephew, Colonel Timms. Of the state of the house at Marcham, that gentleman used to give the following illustration: A few days after he had gone thither to visit his uncle, a great quantity of rain fell in the night. He had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through, and, putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dripping through the ceiling upon the bed. He got up and moved the bed, but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened: "Ay, ay," said Mr. Elwes, "I didn't mind it myself, but to those who do that's a *nice corner* in the rain!"

On the death of Sir Harvey, Mr. Elwes went to reside at Stoke, and began to keep fox-hounds, the only instance in his whole life of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure, and the only period when he forgot the cares, the perplexities, and the regret which his wealth occasioned. But even here everything was done in the most frugal manner. His huntsman might have fixed an epoch in the history of servants; for in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows; he then prepared breakfast for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him; then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as he could, then running into the house to lay the cloth and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses, diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived there for some years, though his master used often to call him "an idle dog," and say "he wanted to be paid for doing nothing!" No hounds were more killing ones than those of Mr. Elwes. The wits of the country used to say, "it must be so, or they would get nothing to eat." His horses were also the admiration of everybody, yet the whole fox-hunting establishment did not cost him three hundred pounds a year.

From the parsimonious manner in which Mr. Elwes now lived—for he was fast following the footsteps of Sir Harvey—and from the two large fortunes of which he was in possession, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; and had he been gifted with that clear and fertile head which, patient in accumulation and fruitful in disposition, knows how to employ as well as accumulate, which, working from principal to interest, by compounding forms a principal again, and makes money generate itself—had he possessed such a head as this, his wealth would have exceeded all bounds. But nature, which sets limits to the ocean, forbade perhaps this monstrous inundation of property; and as Mr. Elwes knew almost nothing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his property, to trust much to memory, to the suggestion of other people still more. Hence every person who had a want or a scheme, with an apparent high interest—adventurer or honest, it signified not—all was prey to him; and he swam about, like the enormous pike, which, ever voracious and unsatisfied, catches at everything, till it is itself caught. I do not exaggerate when I say, I believe Mr. Elwes lost in this



manner during his life full one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. But perhaps in this ordination Providence was all-wise. In the life of Mr. Elwes the luxuriant sources of industry or enjoyment all stood still. He encouraged no art; he bestowed not on any improvement; he diffused no blessings around him; and the distressed received nothing from his hand. What was got from him was only obtained from his want of knowledge—by knowledge that was superior; and knaves and sharpers might have lived upon him, while poverty and honesty might have starved. When, however, his inordinate passion for saving was not concerned, he would go far and long to serve those who applied to him. Such instances as the following are gratifying to select—it is plucking the sweet-briar and the rose from the weeds that overspread the garden. When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies had for some neglect incurred the displeasure of the ecclesiastical court, and were threatened with excommunication. The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and penance, and a white sheet. They concluded if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place next day they hurried to Mr. Elwes to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done; he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London, a distance of sixty miles, that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. The ladies were so overjoyed, so thankful: so much trouble and expense! What returns could they make? To ease their consciences on that head, an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words,—“My dears, is it expense you are talking of? Send him sixpence, and he gains twopence by the journey!”

---

Mr. Elwes, from his father, Mr. Meggot, had inherited some property in houses in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this property he began now to add by building. Great part of Marylebone soon called him her founder. Portland Place, and Portman Square, and other structures too numerous to name, rose out of his pocket; and had not Lord North and his American war kindly put a stop to this rage of raising houses, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. As it was, he became, from *calculation, his own insurer*. In possessions so large, of course it would happen that some of the houses were without a tenant; it was therefore Mr. Elwes's custom, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of these premises which might happen to be vacant. He travelled in this manner from street to street, frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, were all his furniture; and with these, whenever a tenant offered, he was but too glad to move at a moment's warning. Of all these movables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble, for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose, and then the colds she took were amazing. The scene which terminated her life is not the least singular among the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes. The circumstance was related to me, adds Mr. Topham, by Colonel Timmis himself. Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of the houses that were empty. Colonel Timmis, who wished much to see him, by some accident was informed that his uncle was in London; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of, in vain. Not many days afterwards he learnt accidentally that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited

house in Great Marlborough Street. This was some clue to Colonel Timms, and he went thither. No *gentleman*, however, had been seen to enter; but a pot-boy recollected that he had noticed a poor old man opening the stable door, and locking it after him. Colonel Timms went and knocked loudly at the door, but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had also seen such a man enter; so Colonel Timms resolved to have the stable-door opened; a blacksmith was sent for, and they entered the house together. In the lower part of it all was shut and silent; but, on ascending the staircase, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, upon an old pallet-bed, lay stretched out, seemingly in death, the figure of Mr. Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any one was near him; but, on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say "that he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, but for some reason or other she had not been near him; that she had been ill herself, but that she had got well, he supposed, and gone away." Repaining to the garrets, they found the old woman stretched out *lifeless* upon the floor. To all appearance she had been dead about two days! With all this penury, Mr. Elwes was not a hard landlord,—a fact that redounds in no slight degree to the credit of *such a man*.

The character of an impartial and upright country magistrate is the best character which the country knows. What a lawgiver is to a state, an intelligent magistrate is in a less degree to the district where he resides. Such a magistrate was Mr. Elwes while he resided in Berkshire; and it was almost entirely owing to this best of recommendations that an offer was made to him afterwards, of bringing him in as a representative for the county. The prospect of a contested election betwixt two most respectable families in Berkshire first suggested the idea of proposing a third person, who might be unobjectionable to both. Mr. Elwes was chosen. He agreed to the proposal, as it was further enhanced to him by the understanding that he was to be brought in by the freeholders for nothing. I believe all he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon; and he got into parliament for eighteen pence! On being elected member for Berkshire, he left Suffolk and went again to his seat at Marcham. His fox hounds he carried along with him; but, finding his time would in all probability be much employed, he resolved to relinquish his hounds; and they were shortly after given away to some farmers in that neighbourhood. Mr. Elwes was sixty years old when he thus entered on public life. In three successive parliaments he was chosen for Berkshire; and he sat as member of the House of Commons about twelve years. It is to his honour—an honour in those times indeed most rare!—that in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be what he professed, an independent country gentleman. Wishing for no post, desirous of no rank, wanting no emolument, and being most perfectly conscientious, he stood aloof from all those temptations which have led many good men astray from the paths of honour. He was once unhappy for some days on learning that Lord North intended to apply to the king to make him a peer. I really believe, had such an honour fallen unexpected upon his head, it would have been the death of him. He never would have survived the being obliged to keep a carriage and three or four servants—all perhaps better dressed than himself! For some years Mr. Elwes supported the ministry; and I am convinced, adds his biographer, it was his fair and honest belief that the measures of Lord North were right. The support he gave was of the most disinterested kind, for no man was more materially a sufferer by Lord North's American war than he, in consequence of the depreciation in the value of his great property in houses which took place. At last, however Mr. Elwes's confidence gave way, and he entered into a

regular and systematic opposition with the party of Mr. Fox, which he continued till Lord North was driven from power in March, 1782. When the famous coalition took place, it obtained the support of Mr. Elwes, in consequence of which he was threatened with a contest at the ensuing dissolution of parliament. The character he had long borne in Berkshire for integrity might have made a re-election not improbable, had he been willing to have submitted to the necessary expense. But that was out of the question—he would have died at the first election dinner! So, voluntarily and without offer of resistance, he retired from public life. During his parliamentary career, it was said of Mr. Elwes, “That no man or party of men could be sure of him;” in itself a decisive proof of his independence of character. I say, continues Mr. Topham what I ought—I write only that which I am in duty bound to write—when I here set down, that a more faithful, a more industrious, or a more incorruptible representative of a county never entered the doors of the House of Commons. He never asked or received a single favour, and I believe he never gave a vote but he could solemnly have laid his hand upon his breast and said, “So help me God! I believe I am doing what is for the best!”

When Mr. Elwes, on his first election, thought he had got into the house for nothing, he had not taken into account the inside of the house. In a short time, however, he found out that members of parliament could want money, and he had the misfortune to be the one member who was inclined to lend to them. There existed after his death a pile of bad debts and uncanceled bonds, which, could they have been laid on the table of the House of Commons, would have struck dumb some orators on both sides of the house. Time, which conquers all things, conquered this passion of lending in Mr. Elwes, and an unfortunate proposal which was made to him, of vesting 25,000*l.* in some iron-works in America, gave at last a finishing blow to his various speculations. The plan had been so plausibly laid before him, that he had not a doubt of its success; but he never heard any more either of his iron or his gold. From that time he vested his money in the funds. During his attendance in parliament he invariably walked home at the close of the debates, however inclement the weather, unless some member took him up in his way. One very dark night, as he was hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, that he cut his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance; but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was in Orchard Street, insisted on some one being sent for. Old Elwes at length submitted, and an apothecary was called in, who immediately began, to expatiate on the bad consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wound. “Very probably,” said the old man, “but, Mr. ———, I have one thing to say to you: in my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are; so I will make this agreement—I will take one leg, and you the other; you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that *my* leg gets well first.” I have frequently heard him mention, with great triumph, that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight. On the subject of the manners of Mr. Elwes, gladly I speak of them with the praise that is their due. They were such—so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging—that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He retained this peculiar feature of the old court to the last; but he had a praise far beyond this, he had the most gallant disregard of his own person, and all care about himself, I ever witnessed in man. At the time he was seventy-three he went out shooting with me, to see whether a pointer I at that time valued much was as good a dog as some he had had in the time of Sir Harvey. After walking for some hours much unfatigued, he determined against the dog, but with all due ceremony. A gentleman who was out with us, and who was a very indifferent

shot, by firing at random lodged two pellets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes, who stood by me at the time. The blood appeared, and the shot certainly gave him pain; but when the gentleman came to make his apology and profess his sorrow, "My dear sir," said the old man, "I give you joy on your improvement. I knew you would hit something by and by." When he retired from parliament he was nearly seventy-five years of age. The expenditure of a few hundred pounds would probably have continued him in the situation he loved, where he was respected and had due honour; where he was amongst his friends, and where long habit had made everything congenial to him. All this he gave up for the love of money. That passion, consuming all before it, at length carried him untimely to the grave. When Dr. Wall, his last physician, was called in, and viewed him extended on the squalid bed of poverty from which he would not be relieved, he said to one of his sons, "Sir, your father might have lived these twenty years; but the irritations of his temper have made it impossible to hope for anything; the body is yet strong, but the mind is gone entirely." The scenes that now wait upon my hand, for the few years before his death, will exhibit a story of pefurious denial that never have fallen to my share to find a parallel. In the wonder which they have yet left upon my mind, I can only say "They are true!"

Mr. Elwes had for some years been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house, and here he for some time consoled himself, by constant attendance, for the loss of parliament. He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at piquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for, after a contest of two days and a night, Mr. Elwes rose a loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal, though I have some reason to think it was not less than 3000*l*. This was the last folly of the kind of which he was ever guilty. At the close of the spring of 1785 he wished again to visit his seat at Stoke: but the famous old servant was dead, all the horses that remained with him were a couple of worn-out brood mares, and he himself was not in that vigour of body in which he could ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of two boiled eggs. The mention of a post-chaise would have been a crime: "He afford a *post-chaise*, indeed; where was he to get the money?" would have been his exclamation. At length he was carried into the country, free of expense, by a gentleman. When he reached his seat at Stoke, the past scene of something resembling hospitality, and where his fox-hounds had spread vivacity around, he remarked he "had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly; but that a man grew wiser by time." Here, during the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish. That very strong appetite which Mr. Elwes had in some measure restrained during the long sittings of parliament (where he had accustomed himself to fast sometimes for twenty-four hours in continuance) he now indulged most voraciously, and ate everything he could find. Came in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, would he continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old provisions were finished. With this diet—the charnel-house of sustenance—his dress kept pace, equally in the last stage of dissolution. It is the lot of some men to outlive themselves; such was now the case of Mr. Elwes. When he first visited Suffolk, his peculiarities were but little known; and when he came to reside there his fox-hounds "covered a multitude of sins."

In leaving that county to become a member of parliament, his public conduct could not but be praised, and in his private character that which was not seen could not be blamed. But on his return, when he exposed to continual observa-

tion all his penury, when his tenants saw in his appearance or style of living everything that was inferior to their own, when his neighbours at best could but smile at his infirmities, and his very servants grew ashamed of the meanness of their master, all that approached respect formerly was now gone; and a gentleman, one day inquiring which was the house of Mr. Elwes, was told somewhat facetiously by one of the tenants, "The poor-house of the parish!"

The spring of 1786 Mr. Elwes passed alone, and, had it not been for some little daily schemes of avarice, would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way apace; his thoughts unceasingly ran upon money! money! money! and he saw no one but whom he imagined was deceiving and defrauding him. On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm-house at Thoydon Hall, a scene of more ruin and desolation, if possible, than either his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone on the borders of Epping Forest; and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill; and as he would have no assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay unattended, and almost forgotten for nearly a fortnight. He now determined to make his will, which he did shortly afterwards in London, leaving the whole of his unentailed property to his sons, George Elwes, then living at Marcham, and John Elwes, "late a lieutenant in his Majesty's second troop of horse-guards," then residing at Stoke. The property thus disposed of was judged to amount to about 500,000*l.* Mr. George Elwes, being now married, was naturally desirous that, in the assiduities of his wife, his father might at length find a comfortable home. The old man was induced to agree to the proposal, being offered a gratuitous conveyance. Mr. Elwes carried with him into Berkshire five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown, which he had carefully wrapt up in various folds of paper. Mr. George Elwes and his wife, whose good temper might well be expected to charm away the irritations of avarice and age, did everything they could to make the country a scene of quiet to him. But "he had that within" which baffled every effort of the kind. Of his heart it might be said that "there was no peace in Israel." His mind, cast away on the vast and troubled ocean of his property, extended beyond the bounds of calculation, returned to amuse itself with feteeling and 'carrying about a few guineas! The first symptom of more immediate decay was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. Frequently would he be heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property."

Mr. Partis, the gentleman who on this occasion took him down gratuitously into Berkshire, and was staying awhile in the house, was waked one morning about two o'clock by the noise of a naked foot, seemingly walking about his bedchamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed, he naturally asked, "Who is there?" on which a person, coming up towards the bed, said with great civility, "Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of *five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown*. The unfortunate money was found a few days after in a corner behind the window shutter. For some weeks previous to his death he had got a custom of going to rest in his clothes. He was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets, with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head. On the 18th of November, 1789; he discovered signs of that utter and total weakness which in eight days carried him to the grave. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed, from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of anything about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired with-

out a sigh, with the ease with which an infant goes to sleep on the breast of its mother, worn out with "the rattles and the toys" of a long day.

We cannot better conclude this notice of Mr. Elwes than with the following extract from Mr. Topham's summary of his character. "In one word," he says, "his public conduct lives after him, pure and without a stain. In private life he was chiefly an enemy to himself. To others he lent much; to himself he denied everything. *But in the pursuit of his property, or in the recovery of it, I have not in my remembrance one unkind thing that ever was done by him.*"

#### 115.—MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

ARBUTHNOT.

[JOHN ARBUTHNOT was born near Montrose in 1675, was educated at the University of Aberdeen, and there took his degree as Doctor in Medicine. He came to London, where he gradually established his reputation as a man of science, and eventually became Physician in Ordinary to Queen Anne. Like many men of mere professional eminence, his reputation would have passed away had he not been the intimate friend of Pope and Swift, and won for himself the reputation of being their equal in wit. Of this triumvirate Warburton says, "Wit they had all in equal measure; and this so large, that no age, perhaps ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or art had brought it to higher perfection." The three engaged in a project which was never completed—to write a satire upon all the abuses of human learning. To this project we owe the 'Gulliver's Travels' of Swift, and the first book of the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus' by Arbuthnot. Nothing can be more perfect than this fragment. Its very extravagance is the result of profound skill, contrasting and heightening the pungency of the more subtle wit with which the merely ludicrous is clothed. The passage which we select describes the christening of the great Martinus, and the wonderful doings of his father Cornelius. Arbuthnot continued to practise as a physician almost till the time of his death in 1735. His integrity and benevolence were as conspicuous as his great talents.]

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield: and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests, though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust), and entrusted it to his housemaid, with orders that when the company was come she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:—

"This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomist examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the

child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus !”

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child : he took it in his arms and proceeded :—

“ Behold then my child, but first behold the shield, behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious *arugo* ; behold this beautiful varnish of time, this venerable verdure of so many ages !” In speaking these words he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch : but at every inch he uncovered his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal, the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, “ O God ! my shield, my shield !”

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the doctor in a trance ; Hungary-water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him, when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid. “ O woman ! woman !” he cried (and snatched it violently from her), “ was it to thy ignorance, that this relic owes its ruin ? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long ? where those traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity ? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and uncertainty went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned ? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away ! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cuspis of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier ; others, accounting the *insignia virilin*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini* ; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the head of a nail. O my shield ! my shield ! well may I say with Horace, “ *Non bene relicta parmula.*”

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt ; and cried, “ Come, come, all is well ; what has the woman done but her duty, a tight cleanly wench, I warrant her ; what a stir a man makes about a bason, that an hour ago, before her labour was bestowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop-door !” —“ A bason ! (cried another) no such matter ; 'tis nothing but a paltry old sconce, with the nozzle broken off.” The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon, looking on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion, and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a sconce, and no other. But this, instead of comforting threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed, where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber. \*

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. “ How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with the name of music ? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf nowadays with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pithocaris ? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbot, showed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers ; all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by

ancient musicians? Does not Ælian tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to hoising by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas.) and consider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the power of your music. Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of an ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtue to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatic pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus assures us (whence Cœlius calls it *loci dolentia decantare*), only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondeus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age, could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on the fifth of November."—"Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect; nor both of them together bring Horneck to common civility."—"That's a gross mistake" (said Cornelius very warmly); "and, to prove it so, I have here a small lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try upon the most passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus), for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoil one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body. He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of harpeggiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man, and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily; and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and euharmonic manner as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures; all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark" (quoth he) "in this the power of the Ionian, in that you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and throw stones; Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother," said he, "do you observe I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers. But it is enough; learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and it is said believed that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient tubæen to calm his temper.



## 140.—AN EARTHQUAKE IN LONDON, 1750.

HORACE WALPOLE.

[ALTHOUGH Horace Walpole wrote the 'Castle of Otranto,' which Byron has called the first romance in our language, and published incessantly various antiquarian and critical works, we doubt if he would take rank amongst "the best authors" but for his Letters, which have been given to the world from time to time during the last fifty years. These now form six considerable octavo volumes. These letters were as much authorship as if they had been written for the press. They have not the greatest of all charms in letter-writing, a free outpouring of the thoughts in friendly confidence. They are the carefully wrought observations of a clever, sarcastic, vain, and fastidious man of rank, upon the artificial tastes and habits of the society amongst which he lived. There is no heart in them, and therefore we care nothing for the writer. Upon the whole, they induce a feeling of dislike towards him. We see how much of insincerity there must have been in this clever embalmer of perishable scandals. His object was to amuse his correspondents for the price of their admiration. He now amuses a larger circle, who have very little esteem to give him in return. Horace Walpole was the youngest son of the famous minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and was born in 1717. Throughout his life he took a small part in public affairs, although his interest in the movements of party was always considerable. He succeeded to the title of Earl of Orford in 1791, and died in 1797.]

"Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,  
That they have lost their name."

My text is not literally true ; but, as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first ; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Southfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, (exactly a month since the first shock,) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two ; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head ; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell ; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses ; in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done : there has been some ; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much chinaware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who had lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them ; Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London ; they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "Lord ! one can't help going into the country !" The only visible effect it has had, was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid whether it was an earthquake or blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment." If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water : I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

\* \* \* \* \*

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes, as at the effects they have had.

All the women in the town have taken them up upon the foot of *judgments*; and the c'erry, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations. Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense, and much less of the popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for since the two first editions.

I told you the women talked of going out of town; several families have literally gone, and many more going to day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you; but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic.\* Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and staid late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" But I have done with this ridiculous panic: two pages were too much to talk of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day.

"On Monday next will be published (price 6d.) a true and exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns, that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Caroline Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish.†

‡ I did not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earthquake. I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays,

\* "I remember," says Addison, in the two hundred and fortieth Tatler, "when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, that there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were very good against an earthquake!"

† "Incredible numbers of people left their houses, and walked in the fields or lay in boats all night: many persons of fashion in the neighbouring villages sat in their coaches till day-break; others went to a greater distance, so that the roads were never more thronged."—*Gentleman's Magazine*,

relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely, a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electricity—but that is the fashionable cause, and every thing is resolved into electrical appearances as formerly every thing was accounted for by Descartes's vortices and Sir Isaac's gravitation; but they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you that still it was nothing less than a judgment. Dr. Barton, the rector of St. Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest, divine, upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold. "And besides," said he, "you may go to St. James's Church; the Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes." Turner, a great chinaman, at the corner of next street, had a jar cracked by the shock: he originally asked ten guineas for the pair; he now asks twenty, "because it is the only jar in Europe that had been cracked by an earthquake."

## 147.—INTRODUCTION TO THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

YOUNG.

[We scarcely know whether the 'Night Thoughts' of EDWARD YOUNG have ceased to find a place in the libraries of general readers. Half a century ago they were amongst the most popular of poems, and were reprinted in every collection which bore the name of 'English Classics.' There are some things in them which ought not to be forgotten. Their general tone is gloomy; their satire is harsh; there is much of meretricious ornament in their illustrations; the blank verse wants the musical flow of the great masters of that noble instrument; but they are strikingly impressive; and we have few productions more calculated to arrest the career of levity—perhaps only for a passing moment—by presenting to its view "the vast concerns of an eternal scene." Young's Satires, entitled 'The Love of Fame,' are sometimes looked at; and they stand out to advantage amidst the poetical mediocrity of the age which succeeded Pope. His tragedies are forgotten, in their false sublime of language and exaggerated display of character. Edward Young was born in 1684, according to the most correct accounts, and died in 1765. He did not take orders in the Church till 1727.]

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,  
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;  
 Swift on his downy pincion flies from woe,  
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.  
 From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,  
 I wake: how happy they who wake no more!  
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.  
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
 Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,  
 From wave to wave of fancied misery,  
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost.  
 Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,  
 (A bitter change!) severer for severe.  
 The day too short for my distress; and night,  
 Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,  
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.  
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse  
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;  
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.  
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd ;  
Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence, and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins  
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought  
To reason, and on reason build resolve,  
(That column of the majesty in man,)  
Assist me : I will thank you in the grave—  
The grave, your kingdom : there this frame shall fall  
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.  
But what are ye ?—

Thou who didst put to flight  
Primæval silence, when the morning stars,  
Exulting, shouted on the rising ball ;  
O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck  
That spark, the sun ; strikes wisdom from my soul ;  
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,  
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,  
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,  
To lighten and to cheer. Oh, lead my mind ;  
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe ;)  
Lead it through various scenes of life and death ;  
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.  
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song ;  
Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will  
Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve  
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears ;  
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd  
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours :  
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.  
It is the signal that demands despatch ;  
How much is to be done ! my hopes and fears  
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down—On what ! A fathomless abyss ;  
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !

And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?  
How poor, how rich,, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful, is man !  
How passing wonder he, who made him such !  
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,  
From different natures marvellously mix'd !  
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !  
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !

Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd !  
 Though sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine !  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,  
 And wond'ring at her own : How reason reels !  
 Oh, what a miracle to man is man.  
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !  
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !  
 What can preserve my life ! or what destroy !  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.  
 'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof ;  
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,  
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod  
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom  
 Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep  
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;  
 Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,  
 With antique shapes, wild natives of the brain !  
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature  
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;  
 Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfined,  
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal :  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.  
 For human weal, Heav'n husbands all events ;  
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.  
 Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost ?  
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,  
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?  
 Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire ?  
 They live ! they greatly live a life on earth  
 Unkindled, unconceived ; and from an eye  
 Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall  
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.  
 This is the desert, this the solitude ;  
 How populous, how vital, is the grave !  
 This is creation's melancholy vault,  
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;  
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !  
 All, all on earth, is shadow ; all beyond  
 Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :  
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !



148.—THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA, 1784.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Savages we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility. They think the same of theirs.

Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness, nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors ; when old, counsellors ; for all their government is by counsel of the sages ; there is no force, there are no officers to compel obedience, or inflict punishment. Hence, they generally study oratory ; the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. The employments of men and women are accounted natural and honourable ; having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base ; and the learning on which we value ourselves they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, anno 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating youth ; and that, if the Six Nations would send half a dozen of their young lads to that college, the government would take care they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition on the same day that it is made ; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it as of a matter important. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following ; when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginian government in making them that offer. "For we know," says he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things, and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it ; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces ; they were instructed in all your sciences ; but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy ; spoke our language imperfectly : were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors or counsellors ; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we

decline accepting it ; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and *make men of them*."

Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the council is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories (for they have no writing), and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve traditions of the stipulations in treaties one hundred years back, which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak, rises : the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished, and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, that if he has omitted any thing he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of a polite British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion that makes the Speaker hoarse in calling to order ! and how different from the mode of conversation in the polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffered to finish it !

The politeness of these savages in conversation is, indeed, carried to excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes ; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them. The missionaries who have attempted to convert them to Christianity all complain of this as one of the greatest difficulties of their mission. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the gospel explained to them, and give their usual tokens of assent or approbation ; you would think they were convinced. No such matter—it is mere civility.

When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private ; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," say they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns we wish for opportunities of looking at you ; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling for strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them, and lead them in. There is, in every village, a vacant dwelling called the stranger's house. Here they are placed while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary, and every one sends them what they can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought ; and then, not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c. ; and it usually ends with offers of service, if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey ; and nothing is exacted for the entertainment.

The same hospitality, esteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons, of which Conrad Weiser, our interpreter, gave me the following instance. He had been naturalised among the Six Nations, and spoke well the Mohock language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from

our governor to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canasetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit on, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed, and had lit his pipe, Canasetego began to converse with him, asked him how he had fared the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what occasioned the journey, &c., &c. Conrad answered all his questions; and, when the discourse began to flag, the Indian, to continue it, said:—"Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs. I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed that once in seven days they shut up their shops, and assemble all in the great house; tell me, what is it for?" "They meet there," said Conrad, "to hear and learn good things." "I do not doubt," said the Indian, "that they tell you so; they have told me the same; but I doubt the truth of what they say, I will tell you my reasons. 'I went lately to Albany to sell my skins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I used generally to deal with Hans Hanson, but I was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants; however, I called first upon Hans, and asked what he would give for beaver. He said he would not give more than four shillings a pound; 'but,' said he, 'I cannot talk on business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn good things, and I am going to the meeting.' So I thought to myself, since we cannot do any business to day, I may as well go to the meeting too; and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said; but, perceiving that he looked much at me and at Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting broke up. I thought, too, that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So, when they came out, I accosted my merchant: 'Well, Hans,' said I, 'I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound!' 'No,' said he, 'I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence.' I then spoke to several other dealers, but they all sung the same song—"three and sixpence—three and sixpence." This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right; and that, whatever they pretend of meeting to learn good things, the real purpose is, to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they meet so often to learn good things, they would certainly have learnt some before this time; but they are still ignorant. You know our practice; if a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I treat you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, we give him meat and drink, that he may allay his thirst and hunger, and spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on. We demand nothing in return. But, if I go into a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' and, if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog!' You see they have not yet learnt those little good things that we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and, therefore, it is impossible their meetings should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect: they are only to contrive the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver."

#### 149.—THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

STERNE.

[We find the following curious and amusing passage in Boswell's 'Life of Johnson': "It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London: Johnson. 'Nay, Sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in



London. The man Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months,' *Goldsmith*. 'And a very dull fellow,' *Johnson*. 'Why, no, Sir.' Johnson had disliked 'the man Sterne,' and in truth his habits were not such as a rigid moralist could approve. But Johnson properly repressed the envious notion of Goldsmith, that he was 'a dull fellow.' Laurence Sterne was born in 1713 at Clonmel, in Ireland. His father was the grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, and was a lieutenant in an English regiment at the time of the birth of his son. Although of English descent and parentage, the early years of Laurence Sterne were spent in Ireland. At ten years of age he was put to school at Halifax. His father died in 1731, and in 1733 he was admitted at Jesus' College, Cambridge. He subsequently took orders, and obtained the livings of Sutton and Stillington, in Yorkshire. In 1741 he married. He appears to have lived in contented obscurity for nearly twenty years, discharging his professional duties without blame: "Books, painting, fiddling, shooting, were my amusements," he says; and really, when we consider the indifference to religion which characterised the clergy of that age, we cannot say that his example had any thing in it peculiarly unbecoming his calling. 'The publication of two volumes of *'Tristram Shandy,'* in 1759, at once raised him to universal notoriety, and in 1760 Lord Falconbridge presented him to the perpetual curacy of Coxwold, whither he immediately removed. Seven other volumes of *'Tristram Shandy'* followed in subsequent years, as well as his *'Sermons'* and the *'Sentimental Journey.'* He died in 1768. His celebrity threw him into society that ruined his moral sense, and made him unwelcome to those who justly thought that genius was no apology for licentiousness. The same fault has condemned his writings to comparative neglect. In many of the higher excellences there is no book in our language equal to *'Tristram Shandy,'* and, if its pruriencies could be weeded from it, there are few creations of original talent more capable of calling forth the highest and best feelings of our nature. Leigh Hunt, in his *'Essay on Wit and Humour,'* says, "If I were requested to name the book of all others, which combined wit and humour under their highest appearance of levity with the profoundest wisdom, it would be *'Tristram Shandy.'*" The passage which we shall extract from this remarkable book has the disadvantage of being amongst the best known of Sterne's celebrated scenes, but it has the advantage at the same time of requiring no excisions to render it quotable in a work intended for general perusal.]

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies—which was about seven years before my father came into the country—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; "Tis for a poor gentleman—I think, of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now that he has a fancy for a glass of sack, and a thin toast—"I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me."

"If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he, "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby, "thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—"

"And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."

—"Step after him," said my uncle Toby,—“do, Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.”

—“I have quite forgot it, truly,” said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal, “but I can ask his son again.” “Has he a son with him then?” said my uncle Toby. “A boy,” replied the landlord, “of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day; he has not stirred from the bedside these two days.”

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—“Stay in the room a little,” says my uncle Toby.

“Trim!” said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. “Corporal!” said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

“Trim!” said my uncle Toby, “I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.” “Your honour’s roquelaure,” replied the corporal, “has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, ’twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour’s torment in your groin.” “I fear so,” replied my uncle Toby; “but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair,” added my uncle Toby, “or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?” “Leave it, an’t please your honour, to me,” quoth the corporal; “I’ll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.” “Thou shalt go, Trim,” said my uncle Toby, “and here’s a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.” “I shall get it all out of him,” said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

“I despaired at first,” said the corporal, “of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.” “Is he in the army then?” said my uncle Toby. “He is,” said the corporal. “And in what regiment?” said my uncle Toby. “I’ll tell your honour,” replied the corporal, “every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.” “Then, Trim, I’ll fill another pipe,” said my uncle Toby, “and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—“Your honour is good:”—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

“I despaired at first,” said the corporal, “of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was

proper to be asked." "That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I got better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; 'but I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand and instantly burst into tears." "Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby, "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend: I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?" "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose; "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar, ('and thou mightst have added my purse too,' said my uncle Toby,) he was heartily welcome to it; he made a very low bow, (which was meant, to your honour,) but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it was wrong," added the corporal. "I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.' 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. 'A soldier, an' please your reverence,' said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'" "'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to

kneel on ; he must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe,' said I, 'for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, 'for the reputation of the army, I believe, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.' "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then,) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world and who have not ; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it :—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside :—'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me, if he was of Leven's,'—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,'—said he, a second time, musing ;—'possibly he may my story'—added he, 'pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.'—'I remember the story, an't please your honour,' said I, 'very well.'—'Do you so ?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—'then well may I.'—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he, the boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed, and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,—"I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your honour," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ?"—"Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted, and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ;—but finish the story thou art upon :—" "Tis finished already," said the corporal,—"for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour good night : young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders.—But alas !" said the corporal, "the

lieutenant's last day's march is over."—"Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, although he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal as he was putting him to bed,—“and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.”—“Your honour knows,” said the corporal, “I had no orders;”—“True,” quoth my uncle Toby, “thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.”

“In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,” continued my uncle Toby, “when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.”

“In a fortnight or three weeks,” added my uncle Toby, smiling, “he might march.” “He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world,” said the corporal:—“He will march,” said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—“An' please your honour,” said the corporal, “he will never march but to his grave.” “He shall march,” cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—“he shall march to his regiment.”—“He cannot stand it,” said the corporal.—“He shall be supported,” said my uncle Toby.—“He'll drop at last,” said the corporal, “and what will become of his boy?”—“He shall not drop,” said my uncle Toby, firmly.—“Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him,” said Trim, maintaining his point, “the poor soul will die.”—“He shall not die, by God,” cried my uncle Toby.

The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recurring angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids, and hardly could the wheel at the eastern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's

room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal, the night before, for him.

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—Shall I go on?—No.

### 150.—ORIGIN OF DUELLING.

BASSOMPIERRE.

[FRANÇOIS DE BASSOMPIERRE, Marshal of France, was born in Lorraine, in 1570. He was of a noble family, accomplished in martial exercises, and handsome in his person; and it was a natural consequence of these advantages that he was received with the highest favour at the Court of France, which he first visited in 1598. For some thirty years his career was that of a gallant soldier, a successful diplomatist, and a "chartered libertine." But he found time to write accounts of his Embassies, which are curious, though somewhat dull. The most interesting of these productions is a narrative of his Embassy to England, in 1626, which has been ably translated, with notes, by a living writer of eminence. The last twelve years of Bassompierre's life present a dreary contrast to his early adventures. They were spent in prison, at the absolute bidding of the powerful minister of France, Richelieu, whom he had thwarted and offended. His prison hours were employed in the composition of his Memoirs. He was released on the death of the Cardinal, and died three years afterwards, in 1646.]

The origin of the execrable and accursed practice of duelling, which has cost France more noble blood than the loss of twenty battles, is to be traced no farther back than the reign of King Henry the Second; for, before that time, if any difference arose between gentlemen, it was amicably arranged or decided by the decree of the constable and marshals of France, the natural judges of the honour of the nobility; the satisfaction from the aggressor to the offended party being apportioned to the outrage which had been given or received: and if the offence was so great that it could not be atoned for by words, apologies, or imprisonment, or if the disagreement was of so aggravated a nature that the parties could not be reconciled, and no sufficient proofs were to be had of the facts, very rarely, and with great difficulty, they permitted single combat in the lists, with the customary formalities and ceremonies; and if it happened that they discovered malice or insolence in either party, they never failed to adjudge the penalty or chastisement which the crime deserved. No man, therefore, took justice into his own hands, since com-

plaints were sure to receive the most equitable compensation possible; and every body put such restraint upon himself and observed such moderation in his deportment, fearing the punishment of any excesses, that it very rarely happened that any such appeal was necessary. Two or three words, inconsiderately uttered at different times by Henry the Second, first opened the door and gave rise to duels; and the devil has since fomented their continuation and progress. One was, "that he did not esteem a man a gentleman who suffered another to give him the lie without resenting it;" upon which, all to whom that happened came to demand combat in the lists; and the king, finding himself importuned on this point by a multitude of persons, one day asked a man who pressed him, why he came to ask him to do him justice for an offence he had received, when he wore that at his side with which he could do justice to himself? This gentleman, who knew very well what the king meant, immediately wrote a note to the person by whom he thought himself offended, in which he told him that he should expect him in a meadow, in his doublet, armed with a sword and dagger, to give satisfaction for the injury he had done him, and invited him to come similarly armed and equipped, which the other did; and the offended party having killed his enemy, his frank and generous conduct was highly esteemed by all the court; and several nobles having entreated the king to grant him a pardon, his majesty could not in justice refuse it, since he had instigated him to the commission of the crime.

The applause which this first offender received for his offence, and the impunity he enjoyed, inspired others with the desire of imitating him, and in a short time rendered duels so frequent, that the king, who now perceived the importance of the words he had so lightly uttered, was constrained to remedy the evil by severe and rigorous edicts against duelling. These were effectual in checking the spread of them during his reign, that of his eldest son, Francis XI., and part of that of Charles IX. But, as the minorities of the kings and the civil wars opened the door to every kind of disorder and contempt of law-authority, and as the laws of France seldom continue long in force, the edict against duelling was violated, together with many others, though not to any great excess; for public dissensions occupied the nobility so fully, that they had no time to bestow on private ones. Then followed the reign of Henry III., during which duels were not only fought with perfect impunity, but seconds, thirds, and even fourths, were added, in order to make the bloodshed more copious, and the massacres more extensive and complete. The wars of the League, which happened towards the end of this reign, and lasted through the former part of the following, checked or rather diverted the course of this sanguinary mania, until the peace of Vervins, when it broke out with redoubled violence and fury, as King Henry IV. did not apply the necessary remedies for the cure of the evil, either from negligence, or because his attention was diverted by the number of pressing affairs upon his hands. It was even thought that he was not sorry to see his nobility occupied with their own quarrels, which prevented their turning their thoughts against him. At length, however, he wisely took into consideration the number of brave men who were continually lost to the service of his person and his kingdom, and that he was chargeable with their death, which he might have prevented by the abolition of this fatal and tragical custom. Admonished by preachers, and pressed by the parliaments, he applied himself, although late, to correct it by very severe laws; and in the beginning of the year 1609, having assembled the constable, marshals of France, and the principal lords of his council, he issued that very harsh edict against duelling, which he swore, in their presence, to observe religiously, and not to pardon any man soever who might violate it. He made the constable and marshals swear to the like observance of it, giving them fresh and more ample jurisdiction in the affair; and expressly forbade the marshals and secretaries of state,

under pain of answering it in their own names and persons, to seal or sign any pardon or reprimand in cases of this nature, whatever orders they might receive from him; and lastly, to add to the terror and infamy of the punishment, he ordered that all who were killed in a duel should be not only deprived of burial, but hung by the feet to a gibbet. This vigorous edict, supported as it was by circumstances, was effectual; and, for the last year of the reign of the late king, and the first two of the present, there was but one instance of a violation of it.

[Marshal Bassompierre goes on to say that the practice of duelling gradually revived as the law against it was mitigated, or enforced, according to the caprice of those in power. At last, the edict came to be outraged and despised, and men were again left to assert their honour after the barbarian fashion that has so long prevailed in Christian Europe.]

### 151.—DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

[CAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS, commonly called Pliny the Elder, is supposed to have been born A.D. 23. The manner of his death, A.D. 70, is recorded in a letter to Tacitus, by his nephew Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, commonly called Pliny the Younger. Of the writings of the elder Pliny, his 'Natural History' has come down to us, which was justly called by his nephew "a work of great compass and erudition, and as varied as Nature herself." The younger Pliny was born A.D. 61, and was in his eighteenth year when the great eruption of Vesuvius occurred, which he describes. Of his writings, there remain to us his 'Panegyric upon Trajan,' and his 'Epistles,' in ten books. Of these curious and interesting letters there is an English translation by Melmoth. He is supposed to have died about the end of Trajan's reign.]

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it I am well assured will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternalise his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23rd of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study; he immediately rose, and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less imprec-



nated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic, turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina but several others, for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for, being pretty fat and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them.

Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, throw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Miscunum—— But as this has no connection with your history, so your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that, therefore, I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eyewitness of myself or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history, between writing to a friend and writing to the public.—Farewell.

## 152.—MORNING.

THE Poets luxuriate in their descriptions of Morning and Evening. These descriptions belong more especially to the mornings and evenings of Summer, when "the breath of morn" is sweet, and "the coming on of gentle evening" is "mild."

First let us hear a quaint and simple old master sing the charms of MORNING.

The Sun, when he hath spread his rays,  
And shewed his face ten thousand ways,  
Ten thousand things do then begin  
To show the life that they are in,  
The heaven shews lively art and hue,  
Of sundry shapes and colours new,  
And laughs upon the earth; anon,  
The earth, as cold as any stone,  
Wet in the tears of her own kind,  
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.  
For well she feels that out and out,  
The sun doth warm her round about,  
And dries her children tenderly;  
And shews them forth full orderly.  
The mountains high, and how they stand!  
The valleys and the great mainland!  
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,  
The castles, and the rivers long.  
And even for joy thus of this heat  
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,  
And sleeps no more; but sendeth forth  
Her clergions, her own dear worth,

To mount and fly up to the air;  
Where then they sing in order fair,  
And tell in song full merrily,  
How they have slept full quietly  
That night, about their mother's sides.  
And when they have sung more besides,  
Then fall they to their mother's breast.  
Whereas they feed or take their rest.  
The hunter then sends out his horn,  
And rangeth straight through wood and  
corn.

On hills then show the ewe and lamb,  
And every young one with his dam.  
Then lovers walk, and tell their tale,  
Both of their bliss and of their bale;  
And how they serve, and how they do,  
And how their lady loves them too.  
Then tune the birds their harmony;  
Then flock the fowl in company;  
Then everything doth pleasure find  
In that, that comforts all their kind.

SURREY.

Cowley's 'Hymn to Light' is a noble performance, from which we extract a few stanzas:—

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come  
 From the old Negro's darksome womb ;  
 Which when it saw the lovely child,  
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled.  
 Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,  
 But ever ebb and ever flow !  
 Thou golden show'r of a true Jove !  
 Who dost in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love !  
 Hail ! active Nature's watchful life and health !  
 Her joy, her ornament, and wealth !  
 Hail to thy husband, Heav'n, and thee !  
 Thou the world's beautiful bride, the lusty bridegroom he !  
 Say, from what golden quivers of the sky  
 Do all thy winged arrows fly ?  
 Swiftness and Power by birth are thine ;  
 From thy great Sire they come, thy Sire, the Word Divine.  
 Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,  
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,  
 And all the year dost with thee bring  
 Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.  
 Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above  
 The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,  
 And still, as thou in pomp dost go,  
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

COWLEY.

The dramatic Lyrists, Shakspeare and Fletcher, have painted some of the characteristics of Morning with rainbow hues:

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

SHAKSPEARE.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty ;  
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
 The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

SHAKSPEARE.

See, the day begins to break,  
 And the light shoots like a streak  
 Of subtile fire ; the wind blows cold,  
 While the morning doth unfold ;  
 Now the birds begin to rouse,

And the squirrel from the boughs  
 Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;  
 The early lark, that erst was mute,  
 Carols to the rising day  
 Many a note and many a lay.

FLETCHER.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!  
 See, the blushing morn doth peep  
 Thro' the windows, while the sun  
 To the mountain tops is run,  
 Gilding all the vales below  
 With his rising flames, which grow  
 Greater by his climbing still.  
 Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill  
 Bag and bottle for the field!  
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield  
 To the bitter north-east wind.  
 Call the maidens up, and find  
 Who lays longest, that she may  
 Go without a friend all day;  
 Then reward your dogs, and pray  
 Pan to keep you from decay:  
 So unfold, and then away!

FLETCHER.

After these, the modern sonnet sounds somewhat tame:

'Tis not alone a bright and streaky sky—  
 Feel cheering warmth—a spicy air serene—  
 Fair peeping flowers, nor dews that on them lie—  
 Nor sunny breadths topping the forests green—  
 That make the charm of Morning:—thoughts as high,  
 As meek and pure, live in that tranquil scene,  
 Whether it meet the rapt and wakeful eye  
 In vapoury clouds, or tints of clearcut sheen.  
 If to behold, or hear, all natural things  
 In general gladness hail the blessed light—  
 Herds lowing—birds sporting with devious flight,  
 And tiny swarms spreading their powdery wings—  
 And every herb with dewy shoots up-springing—  
 If these be joys—such joys the Morn is ever bringing.

ANON.

### 163.—THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD IN 1780.

BURKE.

[It has been justly said by Mr. Craik, in his admirable 'Sketches of Literature and Learning in England,' that—"Burke was our first, and is still our greatest, writer on the philosophy of practical politics. \* \* \* \* The writings of Burke are, indeed, the only English political writings of a past age that continue to be read in the present. And they are now, perhaps, more studied, and their value, both philosophical and oratorical, better and more highly appreciated than even when they were first produced." Of the justness of these remarks, the extract which we give will furnish an example. 'It is a part of a celebrated speech on the economical reformation of the Civil and other Establishments—a subject which in itself now possesses only an historical interest, for the abuses of which it complains have been long ago swept away. But see how, in the hands of this great philosophical orator, what was temporary and partial becomes permanent and universal. We may add, in the words of the judicious critic just quoted, "If it was objected to him in his own day, that, 'too deep for his hearers,' he

• • • • • 'still went on refining,'

And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;'

that searching philosophy, which pervades his speeches and writings, and is there wedded in such happy union to glowing words and poetic imagery, has rescued them alone from the neglect and oblivion that have overtaken all the other oratory and political pamphleteering of that day, however more loudly landed at the time, and has secured to them an existence

as extended as that of the language." The public life of Edmund Burke belongs to history. He was born in Dublin in 1730, came to London in 1750, became a member of the House of Commons in 1766, and died in 1797.]

I come next to the great supreme body of the civil government itself. I approach it with that awe and reverence with which a young physician approaches to the case of the disorders of his patient. Disorders, Sir, and infirmities, there are—such disorders, that all attempts towards method, prudence, and frugality will be perfectly vain, whilst a system of confusion remains, which is not only alien, but adverse to all economy; a system, which is not only prodigal in its very essence, but causes every thing else which belongs to it to be prodigally conducted.

It is impossible, Sir, for any person to be an economist where no order in payments is established; it is impossible for a man to be an economist who is not able to take a comparative view of his means, and of his expenses, for the year which lies before him; it is impossible for a man to be an economist under whom various officers, in their several departments, may spend,—even just what they please,—and often with an emulation of expense, as contributing to the importance, if not profit, of their several departments. Thus much is certain, that neither the present nor any other first lord of the treasury, has been ever able to take a survey, or to make even a tolerable guess, of the expenses of government for any one year, so as to enable him with the least degree of certainty, or even probability, to bring his affairs within compass. Whatever scheme may be formed upon them must be made on a calculation of chances. As things are circumstanced, the first lord of the treasury cannot make an estimate. I am sure I serve the king, and I am sure I assist administration, by putting economy at least in their power. We must *class services*; we must (as far as their nature admits) *appropriate* funds; or every thing, however reformed, will fall again into the old confusion.

Coming upon this ground of the civil list, the first thing in dignity and charge that attracts our notice is the *royal household*. This establishment, in my opinion, is exceedingly abusive in its constitution. It is formed upon manners and customs that have long since expired. In the first place, it is formed, in many respects, upon *feudal principles*. In the feudal times it was not uncommon, even among subjects, for the lowest offices to be held by considerable persons—persons as unfit by their incapacity, as improper from their rank, to occupy such employments. They were held by patent, sometimes for life, and sometimes by inheritance. If my memory does not deceive me, a person of no slight consideration held the office of patent hereditary cook to an Earl of Warwick. The Earl of Warwick's soups, I fear, were not the better for the dignity of his kitchen. I think it was an Earl of Gloucester who officiated as steward of the household to the Archbishops of Canterbury. Instances of the same kind may, in some degree, be found in the Northumberland house-book and other family records. There was some reason, in ancient necessities, for these ancient customs. Protection was wanted; and the domestic tie, though not the highest, was the closest.

The king's household has not only several strong traces of this *feudality*, but it is formed also upon the principles of a *body corporate*; it has its own magistrates, courts, and by-laws. This might be necessary in the ancient times, in order to have a government within itself, capable of regulating the vast and unruly multitude which composed and attended it. This was the origin of the ancient court called the *Green Cloth*, composed of the marshal, treasurer, and other great officers of the household, with certain clerks. The rich subjects of the kingdom (only on a reduced scale) have since altered their economy; and turned the course of their expense from the maintenance of vast establishments within their walls to the employment

of a great variety of independent trades abroad. Their influence is lessened ; but a mode of accommodation, and a style of splendour, suited to the manners of the times, has been increased. Royalty itself has insensibly followed ; and the royal household has been carried away by the resistless tide of manners, but with this very material difference—private men have got rid of the establishments along with the reasons of them ; whereas the royal household has lost all that was stately and venerable in the antique manners, without retrenching any thing of the cumbrous charge of a Gothic establishment. It is shrunk into the polished littleness of modern elegance and personal accommodation ; it has evaporated from the gross concrete into an essence and rectified spirit of expense, where you have tuns of ancient pomp in a vial of modern luxury.

But when the reason of old establishments is gone it is absurd to preserve nothing but the burthen of them. This is superstitiously to embalm a carcass not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it. It is to burn precious oils in the tomb ; it is to offer meat and drink to the dead,—not so much an honour to the deceased as a disgrace to the survivors. Our palaces are vast inhospitable halls. There the bleak winds, there “Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud,” howling through the vacant lobbies, and clattering the doors of deserted guard-rooms, appall the imagination, and conjure up the grim spectres of departed tyrants—the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane ; the stern Edwards and fierce Henries—who stalk from desolation to desolation, through the dreary vacuity and melancholy succession of chill and comfortless chambers. When this tumult subsides, a dead and still more frightful silence would reign in this desert, if every now and then the tacking of hammers did not announce that those constant attendants upon all courts in all ages, *jobs*, were still alive ; for whose sake alone it is that any trace of ancient grandeur is suffered to remain. These palaces are a true emblem of some governments ; the inhabitants are decayed, but the governors and magistrates still flourish. They put me in mind of Old Sarum, where the representatives, more in number than the constituents, only serve to inform us that this was once a place of trade, and sounding with “the busy hum of men,” though now you can only trace the streets by the colour of the corn ; and its sole manufacture is in members of parliament.

These old establishments were formed also on a third principle, still more adverse to the living economy of the age. They were formed, Sir, on the principle of *purveyance and receipt in kind*. In former days, when the household was vast, and the supply scanty and precarious, the royal purveyors, sallying forth from under the Gothic portcullis to purchase provision with power and prerogative instead of money, brought home the plunder of an hundred markets, and all that could be seized from a flying and hiding country, and deposited their spoil in an hundred caverns, with each its keeper. There every commodity, received in its rawest condition, went through all the process which fitted it for use. This inconvenient receipt produced an economy suited only to itself. It multiplied offices beyond all measure ; buttery, pantry, and all that rabble of places, which, though profitable to the holders, and expensive to the state, are almost too mean to mention.

All this might be and I believe was, necessary at first ; for it is remarkable that *purveyance*, after its regulation had been the subject of a long line of statutes (not fewer, I think, than twenty-six) was wholly taken away by the twelfth of Charles the Second ; yet, in the next year of the same reign, it was found necessary to revive it by a special act of parliament, for the sake of the king's journeys. This, Sir, is curious, and what would hardly be expected in so reduced a court as that of Charles the Second, and so improved a country as England might then be thought. But so it was. In our time, one well-filled and well-covered stage-coach requires more accom-

modation than a royal progress ; and every district, at an hour's warning, can supply an army.

I do not say, Sir, that all these establishments, whose principle is gone, have been systematically kept up for influence solely ; neglect had its share. But this I am sure of, that a consideration of influence has hindered any one from attempting to pull them down. For the purposes of influence, and for those purposes only, are retained half, at least, of the household establishments. No revenue, no, not a royal revenue, can exist under the accumulated charge of ancient establishment, modern luxury, and parliamentary political corruption.

If therefore we aim at regulating this household, the question will be, whether we ought to economize by *detail* or by *principle* ? The example we have had of the success of an attempt to economize by detail, and under establishments adverse to the attempt, may tend to decide this question.

At the beginning of his majesty's reign, Lord Talbot came to the administration of a great department in the household. I believe no man ever entered into his majesty's service, or into the service of any prince, with more clear integrity, or with more zeal and affection for the interest of his master ; and, I must add, with abilities for a still higher service. Economy was then announced as a maxim of the reign. This noble lord, therefore, made several attempts towards a reform. In the year 1777, when the king's civil list debts came last to be paid, he explained very fully the success of his undertaking. He told the House of Lords that he had attempted to reduce the charges of the king's tables, and his kitchen.—The thing, Sir, was not below him. He knew that there is nothing interesting in the concerns of men whom we love and honour that is beneath our attention.—“Love,” says one of our old poets, “esteems no office mean ;” and, with still more spirit, “entire affection scorneth nicer hands.” Frugality, Sir, is founded on the principle that all riches have limits. A royal household, grown enormous even in the meanest departments, may weaken and perhaps destroy all energy in the highest offices of the state. The gorging a royal kitchen may stint and famish the negotiations of a kingdom. Therefore the object was worthy of his, was worthy of any man's attention.

In consequence of this noble lord's resolution (as he told the other House), he reduced several tables, and put the persons entitled to them upon board wages, much to their own satisfaction. But unluckily, subsequent duties requiring constant attendance, it was not possible to prevent their being fed where they were employed—and thus this first step towards economy doubled the expense.

There was another disaster far more doleful than this. I shall state it, as the cause of that misfortune lies at the bottom of all our prodigality. Lord Talbot attempted to reform the kitchen ; but such, as he well observed, is the consequence of having duty done by one person, whilst another enjoys the emoluments, that he found himself frustrated in all his designs. On that rock his whole adventure split—his whole scheme of economy was dashed to pieces ; his department became more expensive than ever ; the civil list debt accumulated.—Why ? It was truly from a cause which, though perfectly adequate to the effect, one would not have instantly guessed—it was because the *turnspit* in the king's kitchen was a member of parliament. The king's domestic servants were all undone ; his tradesmen remained unpaid, and became bankrupt—because the *turnspit* of the king's kitchen was a member of parliament. His majesty's slumbers were interrupted, his pillow was stuffed with thorns, and his peace of mind entirely broken—because the *king's turnspit* was a member of parliament. The judges were unpaid ; the justice of the kingdom bent and gave way ; the foreign ministers remained inactive and unprovided ; the system of Europe was dissolved ; the chain of our alliances was broken ; all the wheels of government at home and abroad were stopped—because the *king's turnspit* was a member of parliament.

## 154.—ON THE NEW TESTAMENT

DODDRIDGE.

[PHILIP DODDRIDGE was born in 1702; died in 1751. His family were of that numerous and respectable body of nonconformists who seceded from the Church soon after the restoration of Charles II. Doddridge was educated for the ministry; and became one of the most distinguished of that body. His early death was lamented not only by those of his own persuasion, but by all zealous and earnest Christians. His works, amongst which are 'The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' and 'The Family Expositor,' are monuments of his deep piety and unaffected eloquence.]

I have long been convinced that if anything can stop that progress of infidelity and vice, which every wise man beholds with sorrow and fear, that if anything can allay those animosities, which (unnatural as they are) have so long inflamed us, and pained the heart of every generous Christian; in a word, that if anything can establish the purity and honour, the peace and glory of the Church, or spread the triumphs of personal and domestic religion among us, it must be an attentive study of the Word of God, and especially of the New Testament, that best of books; which, if read with impartiality and seriousness, under the influences of that blessed Spirit by whom it was inspired, would have the noblest tendency to enlighten and adorn the mind, and not only to touch but to animate and transform the heart.

The New Testament is a book written with the most consummate knowledge of human nature; and though there are a thousand latent beauties in it, which it is the business and glory of true criticism to place in a strong point of light, the general sense and design of it is plain to every honest reader, even at the very first perusal. It is evidently intended to bring us to God through Christ, in a humble dependence on the communication of his sanctifying and quickening Spirit; and to engage us to a course of faithful and universal obedience, chiefly from a grateful sense of the riches of divine grace, manifested to us in the Gospel. And though this scheme is indeed liable to abuse, as every thing else is, it appears to me plain in fact, that it has been, and still is, the grand instrument of reforming a very degenerate world; and, according to the best observations I have been able to make on what has passed about me, or within my own breast, I have found, that in proportion to the degree in which this evangelical scheme is received and relished, the interest of true virtue and holiness flourished, and the mind is formed to manly devotion, diffusive benevolence, steady fortitude, and, in short, made ready to every good word and work.

I should have thought, my honoured friends, that I had made you a very unworthy return for your regard to me, if I had offered you merely an amusement, though ever so critical and polite. It had been much better, on both sides, that the work should never have been undertaken or perused, than that these divine authors should be treated like a set of profane classics; or that the sacred and momentous transactions which they relate, should be handled and read like an invented tale, or a common history. I have often reminded myself of it; and permit me now, Sirs, solemnly to remind you, that these are the Memoirs of the Holy Jesus, the Saviour of sinful men, whom to know is life eternal, and whom to neglect is everlasting destruction. We have here the authentic records of that Gospel which was interdicted as the great medicine for our souls; of that character which is our pattern; of that death which is our ransom; of Him, in short, whose name we bear, as we are professed Christians; and before whose tribunal we are all shortly to appear, that our eternal existence may be determined, blissful or miserable, according to our regard for what he has taught, and done, and endured. Let not the greatest, therefore, think it beneath their notice; nor the meanest imagine, that



amkist all the most necessary cares and labours, they can find any excuse for neglecting or for even postponing it.

Had I not been fully convinced of the importance of Christianity, I should not have determined to devote my whole life to its service, (for, on the principles of natural religion, I know the soul to be immortal, and should expect nothing but its ruin in the ways of the most sanctified fraud :) but as I am thus convinced, I must make it my humble request to every one that enters on the perusal of these volumes, that they may, for a little while at least, be the employment of his retired hours ; and that, as he proceeds from one section to another, he would pause and reflect, "Whose words do I hear ? Whose actions do I survey ? Whose sufferings do I contemplate ?" And as all must know they are the words, the actions, and the sufferings of Jesus the Son of God, our supreme Lord, and our final Judge, let it be farther, and very seriously inquired, in what degree the obvious and confessed design of the glorious Gospel has been practically regarded and complied with : "Can I, in my heart, think that I am a disciple, whom such a Master will approve, and whom he will choose for his attendant in that world of glory to which he is now gone ?" Let the plainness of this advice be forgiven ; for such is the temper and conduct of most who call themselves Christians, that, if this religion be true, their cold and unaffected knowledge of the history of Christ, and of the purposes of his appearance, will only serve to furnish out matter for eternal self-accusation and remorse : and he is at best but a learned and polite infidel, who would not rather be the instrument of conducting the lowest creature, capable of reading or hearing these lines, to the saving knowledge of a crucified Redeemer, than fill the most refined nation with his own applause, while the grace of the Saviour is forgotten, or his service neglected.

As what I now present to the reader concludes the historical part of the New Testament, I here fulfil the promise which I long since made, of offering some remarks on the excellence and usefulness of that history ; which may dispose the reader more frequently to review it, and to study it with the greater application.

It must be universally granted, that the excellence of any performance is to be estimated by considering its design, and the degree in which it is calculated to answer it. The design of the Gospel history is summed up in the words which I have placed for my motto ; which, though they are taken from the conclusion of St. John's Gospel, are applicable, not only to all the other Evangelists, but likewise to the Acts of the Apostles, that invaluable appendix to them. "These things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name."

I shall beg leave to show how admirably the history before us is calculated to answer both these ends : viz., to produce a conviction of the truth of Christianity, and to make those good impressions on the heart, which may secure the eternal life and happiness of the reader ; which no speculative conviction, even of the most sublime, comprehensive, and important truths, will itself be able to do. I apprehend, that in proportion to the degree in which these *two* premises can be illustrated, the excellence and value of this history will immediately appear : for 'no man is so far infatuated as to dispute, whether obtaining life, eternal life, be an end of the highest importance ; how light soever he may in fact make of it, and how wantonly soever he may barter it away for every trifle that strikes his imagination or fires his passions. Obvious as the hints are which occur on these heads, I will touch a little upon them, that we may more evidently see how much we are indebted to the Divine Wisdom and Goodness, in giving us so invaluable a treasure as these books contain, and how highly we are concerned to attend diligently to the contents of them.

First, every intelligent reader of this Evangelical History must have seen, that it is admirably adapted to produce and support, in all attentive and impartial minds, a strong conviction of the truth of Christianity ; and, by consequence, of the divine glories of Jesus the Christ, as the Son of God.

It is evident that our most material arguments for the demonstration of the truth of Christianity, are drawn from miracles, from prophecies, from the character of its founders, and from the genius of the religion itself. Now, though all these receive great illustration from the epistolary parts of the New Testament, and some of them, especially the second, from the Old ; yet it is certain that the great basis and foundation of them all, is what we read in the history of Christ and his Apostles. There we are informed, of the miracles which they wrought, of the character they maintained, and of the system of religion which they published to the world ; and the application of Old Testament prophecies to Jesus of Nazareth, is, beyond all controversy, to be justified chiefly from what we find there.

These books do in the most authentic manner, as we have demonstrated elsewhere, show us who Jesus of Nazareth was, and what he professed himself to be. They give us an account of the very high pretensions he made to an immediate mission from God, and to a most intimate relation to him, as His Son, in a peculiar and appropriate sense, not communicable to any other. They give us also, as in this connection it is very fit they should, a very large and circumstantial narration of a variety of miracles which he wrought. Their number appears to be very great ; so that a late writer, who had considered them very accurately, reckons up sixty-nine relating to particular persons, besides twenty other instances, in all of which several, and in most of them multitudes—yea, frequently great multitudes, are mentioned, not merely as the spectators, but as the objects of his miraculous power ; which must, on the most moderate computation, arise to many hundreds ;—not to mention those yet more numerous miracles which were performed by his Apostles in his name, wherever they came, especially after the descent of the Holy Ghost upon them ; or the variety of supernatural gifts and powers with which they were endowed ; and which, in many thousands of instances, they communicated to others.

It is further to be recollected here, that these miracles were not of such a kind as to leave any room for a doubt, whether they lay within the natural efficacy of second causes or not ; since the most hopeless and inveterate diseases gave way, not merely to some trivial application of means, whether internal or external, but to a touch or a word ; and death itself obeyed the voice of Jesus, and of his servants, speaking by his authority.

Now I would wish that any one who feels himself inclined to scepticism with regard to Christianity, would sit down and read over every one of the Evangelists in this particular view ; that he would take the stories of the several miracles in their succession ; and, after having attentively weighed them, would ask his own heart, whether, if he had seen such facts as these, he would not immediately have been convinced in his own conscience that this was indeed the seal of Heaven, set to the commission of the person who performed them ; and, consequently, whether, if these things were really done by Jesus, and his missionaries in his name, he must not be compelled to acknowledge that Christianity is true. Let any impartial and rational man in the world judge, whether, if an impostor had arisen, falsely and blasphemously arrogating to himself the high titles of the Son of God and Saviour of men, God would have honoured his lips with this wonderful power over diseases and death ; or his dead body, after a public execution, with a resurrection : that is, in one word, whether he would have interposed to give such credit to him, as it is not pretended he hath ever given, in any other instances, to the best of men, in the best of causes. Every man's heart will surely tell him, with the circumstances of such facts full

in his view, that the only question is, whether they be themselves credible? And that, if this be allowed, the divine attestation to the authority of such a teacher follows, by a connection which can never be broken, and which probably few men living will have an inveteracy of prejudice sufficient to gainsay.

The historical books of the New Testament do also admirably illustrate that argument in favour of Christianity, which is drawn from the accomplishment of prophecies; and this in a variety of respects. Many very important passages of this kind are expressly quoted; not merely by way of allusion, but by a literal and exact application of them, according to their genuine sense, and agreeably to the connection in which they stand. The application of some others, in themselves more dubious, will, upon strict examination, appear just; and may prove a key to the sense of many more, on the truest principles of analogy, as many writers have shown: nay, the texts quoted by way of allusion and accommodation, of which there are such numerous instances, have consequently tended to the establishment of the argument from prophecies, however, under injudicious management, they may seem to have perplexed it; as they have had their share in recommending the Jewish Scriptures to the perusal of Christians; and so in guarding them more surely against any possibility of corruption, if the Jews themselves could have been wicked enough to attempt it.

But, besides these various views in which the citations may be considered under this head I must further observe, that when not this or that particular passage of the Evangelical history alone, but the whole series of it, comes to be compared with correspondent representations in the Old Testament, it fixes upon the mind the strongest impression that can well be imagined, of the reference of the Prophets to Jesus as the Messiah. The ingenious Earl of Rochester, whose story is so celebrated, was deeply sensible of this, with regard to the 53rd of Isaiah, as illustrated by all the story of our Lord's passions: and there are many other sections of that prophet, and of several others, to which the remark may be applied; which, indeed, extends to all the general representations of the Messiah's character, conduct, and circumstances.

The account which the New Testament gives us of the temper and character of our Divine Redeemer, is a topic of argument on this head by no means to be forgotten. We do not, indeed, there meet with any studied encomiums upon the subject. The authors deal not in such sort of productions; but, which is a thousand times better, they show us the character itself. The sight of what is great and beautiful has another kind of effect than the most eloquent description of it. And here we behold the actions of Christ; we attend his discourses, and have a plain and open view of his behaviour. In consequence of this we see in him every thing venerable, every thing amiable. We see a perfection of goodness nowhere in the world to be seen or to be heard: and numberless arguments plead at once, to persuade the heart that it is absolutely impossible such a person should be engaged in a design founded in known falsehood, and tending only to mislead and ruin his followers.

And though it is true the character of his Apostles does not fully come up to the standard of their master, nor is entirely free from some small blemishes; yet we see so little of that kind in them, and on the contrary, such an assemblage of the human, divine, and social virtues, that we cannot, if we thoroughly know them, if we form an intimate acquaintance with them, entertain with patience the least suspicion, that they were capable of a part so detestable as theirs must have been, if they knew Jesus to have been an impostor, and the gospel a fable; with which they must be chargeable, if Christianity were not indeed as authentic and divine.

The series of sufferings which they endured; the gentle humble patience with

which they bore them ; the steady perseverance and invincible fortitude with which they pursued their scheme, in the midst of them all, and with no earthly prospect but that of continued hardship and persecution, till it should end in death, furnish out an important branch of this argument ; which the Book of Acts, especially taken in connection with the epistles, does almost continually illustrate, in the most artless, and therefore the most forcible, manner.

To conclude this head, the history before us represents, in the most clear and convincing light, the genius of that doctrine which Christ taught, and of the religion which he came to settle in the world. When we view it as exhibited in human writings, we may mistake : for it is too often tinged with the channel through which it has passed. Men of bad dispositions have warped it, to make it comply with the corruptions of their own hearts, and to subserve, in many instances, the schemes of their ambitious and worldly interests. Good men, insensibly influenced by a variety of prejudices, which, under fair and plausible forms, have insinuated themselves into their breasts, have frequently mistaken, not the essentials of Christianity (for no good man can mistake them), but the circumstantialia of it ; and have propagated their various and frequently contradictory mistakes, with a zeal, which nothing but an apprehension that they were its fundamentals could have inspired ; and thus its original purity and beauty have been debased and obscured. But here we drink this water of life at its fountain-head, untainted and unmixed, and with that peculiar spirit, which, at a distance from it, is so apt to evaporate. Here we plainly perceive there is nothing in the scheme but what is most worthy of God to reveal, and of his Son to publish—to publish to the world. Here we see, not, as in the heathen writers, some detached sentiment, finely heightened with the beauty of expression and pomp of words, like a scattered fragment, with the partial traces of impaired elegance and magnificence ; but the elevation of a complete temple, worthy of the Deity to whom it is consecrated : so harmonious a system of unmingled truth, so complete a plan of universal duty, so amiable a representation of true morality in all its parts, without redundancy, and without defect, that the more capable we are of judging of real excellence, the more we shall be prepossessed in its favour. And if we have a capacity and opportunity of examining together with it the books which the followers of other religions have esteemed sacred, and the system of doctrines and manners which their respective founders have published to the world, we shall find how much the Gospel is credited by the comparison—shall indeed find the difference much like that of a coarse picture of sunshine, from the original beams of that celestial luminary. This I have so deeply felt in mine own heart, while reading these books, and especially while commenting upon them, that it has been matter of astonishment, as well as grief, to me, that there should be any mind capable of resisting evidence so various, so powerful, and so sweet.

But this leads me to the other branch of the argument, in which I shall remind my reader,

• Secondly, That these books are admirably adapted to make those good impressions on the heart which may prepare it for eternal life, through the name of the Redeemer, of whose divine mission they contain such incontestible proofs.

Now, the most effectual demonstration of this would be an attentive perusal of these books, not so much with a view to criticise upon them, as to give up the soul to their genuine influence, and to leave the heart to be (if I may so express myself) carried away with the torrent whither it will : and the impulse cannot fail of being in some happy direction, and, amidst all its varieties, will undoubtedly bear us forward towards that perfection of goodness and of happiness which is the great end of all our pursuits.

For surely the breast of every well-disposed reader, under the influences of that

Blessed Spirit which guided the sacred penmen in these lively and well-chosen narrations, must, by every page of them, be inflamed with some devout passion: and his progress must often be interrupted with tears of holy delight, and with warm, and perhaps rapturous, aspirations of soul. Surely this adorable Saviour cannot be heard, cannot be seen, without admiration and love. Surely the heart must often, as it were, go out to meet him, with its cheerful hosannas to him that cometh in the name of the Lord. Often must it rise in affectionate praises to the God and Father of all, who blessed this earth of ours with such a visitant, who enriched it with such an unspeakable, such an inestimable gift. A thousand times must it congratulate, and almost envy, the happy lot of those, who, dwelling on earth, though in the meanest cottages, when it was blessed with the presence of such a Teacher, such a Friend, had daily opportunities of conversing with him. And as often may it exult to think, that he is still near by his spiritual presence, carrying on the kind purposes of his appearance in mortal flesh; and waiting, by the dictates of his divine philosophy, to train up the immortal spirits of men for their proper and complete happiness. Under the impression of that thought, how strongly must the soul be disposed to inquire after Christ, to form an acquaintance with him, to commit itself to his discipline and guardianship, to trace his steps, and, as far as possible, to imbibe his spirit! What will appear so desirable as to secure his friendship, to be honoured with his high approbation, and enriched with the blessings of his patronage and care? Receiving the divine oracles from his lips, what incomparable advantages have we for learning every thing great and lovely? What powerful inducements diligently to labour, ardently to pray, liberally to dispense good, calmly to endure injuries, patiently to support the heaviest afflictions, and resolutely to meet the most dreadful death, if called out to encounter it in the way of our duty?

Among many other good affections which the perusal of this history may naturally inspire, and which I have endeavoured often to suggest in the improvements which conclude each section, I cannot forbear mentioning one more; I mean a generous and cordial love to our fellow Christians of every rank and denomination. I never reflect upon the New Testament in this view, but I find it difficult to conceive how so much of a contrary temper should ever have prevailed amongst such multitudes who have professed religiously to receive it—yea, whose office hath been to interpret and enforce it. To have enlisted under the banner of Jesus, to have felt his love, to have espoused his interest, to labour to serve him, to aspire after the enjoyment of him, should, methinks, appear to every one, even on the slightest reflection, a bond of union too strong to be broken by the different apprehensions that one or another of us may entertain (perhaps, too, after diligent inquiry) concerning the exact sense of some of the doctrines he taught, or the circumstantial forms of some of his institutions. A humble sense of our own weakness, and of the many imperfections of our character, which will never be more deeply felt than when we consider ourselves as standing before our Divine Master, will dispose us to mutual candour, will guard us against the indecency of contending in his presence, and will, as St. Paul, with admirable spirit, expresses it, dispose us to receive one another, as Christ hath received us. Yea, our hearts will be so eagerly desirous of employing our life in serving him to the best purpose we can, that we shall dread the thought of mis-spending, in our mutual animosities, accusations, and complaints, the time that was given us for ends so much nobler, and which is capable of being employed to the honour of our common Lord, and for the benefit of the Church and the World.

# HALF-HOURS

## TWENTY-THIRD WEEK.

### 155.—THE SLOTH.

CHARLES WATERTON.

[MR. WATERTON is a gentleman of fortune resident in Yorkshire, who is distinguished for his enthusiastic pursuit of his favourite subject of Natural History, in the most barbarous regions, amidst no common dangers and difficulties. His 'Wanderings in South America,' from which the following is an extract, is a narrative, or rather series of sketches, connected with his travels from 1812 to 1824.]

Let us now turn our attention to the Sloth, whose native haunts have hitherto been so little known, and probably little looked into. Those who have written on this singular animal have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain; that he is proverbially slow in his movements; that he is a prisoner in space; and that, as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he had mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

If the naturalists who have written the history of the Sloth had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions; they would have learned, that though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting upon the ground, the Sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to live, and to die in the trees; and, to do justice to him, naturalists must examine him in this upper element. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and being good food he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilised man. Were you to draw your own conclusions from the descriptions which have been given of the Sloth, you would probably suspect that no naturalist has actually gone into the wilds with the fixed determination to find him out, and examine his haunts, and see whether nature has committed any blunder in the formation of this extraordinary creature, which appears to us so forlorn and miserable, so ill put together, and so totally unfit to enjoy the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the rest of animated nature; for he has no soles to his feet, and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, "Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow."

It mostly happens that Indians and Negroes are the people who catch the Sloth, and bring it to the white man; hence it may be conjectured that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the Sloth have not been penned down with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the Sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited.

However, we are now in his own domain. Man but little frequents these thick and noble forests, which extend far and wide on every side of us. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the Sloth. We will first take a near view of him.

By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we shall be enabled to account for his movements hereafter, when we see him in his proper haunts. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both the fore and hind-legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp, and long, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers—a trying position. Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the Sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, &c., this just suits the Sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner as to acquire him the name of Sloth.

Indeed his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and, as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

Some years ago I kept a Sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably immediately shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But, if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress: his favourite abode was the back of a chair; and, after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him.

The Sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience: but the Sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and what is more extraordinary, not upon the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but under them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

Hence his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the Sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life, as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but farther proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

It must be observed that the Sloth does not hang head downwards like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and, after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch; so that all four are in a line; he seems perfectly at rest in this position. Now, had he a tail, he would be

at a loss to know what to do with it in this position ; were he to draw it up within his legs, it would interfere with them ; and, were he to let it hang down, it would become the sport of the winds. Thus his deficiency of tail is a benefit to him ; it is merely an apology for a tail, scarcely exceeding an inch and a half in length.

I observed, when he was climbing, he never used his arms both together, but first one, and then the other, and so on alternately. There is a singularity in his hair, different from that of all other animals, and, I believe, hitherto unnoticed by naturalists ; his hair is thick and coarse at the extremity, and gradually tapers to the root, where it becomes fine as a spider's web. His fur has so much the hue of the moss which grows on the branches of the trees, that it is very difficult to make him out when he is at rest.

The male of the three-toed Sloth has a longitudinal bar of very fine black hair on his back, rather lower than the shoulder blades ; on each side of this black bar there is a space of yellow hair, equally fine ; it has the appearance of being pressed into the body, and looks exactly as if it had been singed. If we examine the anatomy of his fore-legs, we shall immediately perceive, by their firm and muscular texture, how very capable they are of supporting the pendent weight of his body, both in climbing and at rest ; and, instead of pronouncing them a bungled composition, as a celebrated naturalist has done, we shall consider them as remarkably well calculated to perform their extraordinary functions.

As the Sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity ; indeed, I would hazard a conjecture that, by the time the animal had finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries.

There is a saying amongst the Indians, that when the wind blows the Sloth begins to travel. In calm weather he remains tranquil, probably not liking to cling to the brittle extremity of the branches, lest they should break with him in passing from one tree to another ; but as soon as the wind rises the branches of the neighbouring trees become interwoven, and then he Sloth seizes hold of them, and pursues his journey in safety. There is seldom an entire day of calm in these forests. The trade-wind generally sets in about ten o'clock in the morning, and thus the Sloth may set off after breakfast, and get a considerable way before dinner. He travels at a good round pace ; and were you to see him pass from tree to tree, as I have done, you would never think of calling him a Sloth.

Thus it would appear that the different histories we have of this quadruped are erroneous on two accounts : first, that the writers of them, deterred by difficulties and local annoyances, have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts ; and, secondly, they have described him in a situation in which he was never intended by nature to cut a figure,—I mean on the ground. The Sloth is as much at a loss to proceed on his journey upon a smooth and level floor, as a man would be who had to walk a mile in stilts upon a line of feather-beds.

One day, as we were crossing the Essequibo, I saw a large two-toed Sloth on the ground upon the bank ; how he had got there, nobody could tell : the Indian said he had never surprised a Sloth in such a situation before : he would hardly have come there to drink, for both above and below the place the branches of the trees touched the water, and afforded him an easy and safe access to it. Be this as it may, though the trees were not above twenty yards from him, he could not make his way through the sand time enough to escape before we landed. As soon as we



got up to him he threw himself upon his back, and defended himself in gallant style, with his fore-legs. "Come, poor fellow," said I to him, "If thou hast got into a hobble to-day, thou shalt not suffer for it: I'll take no advantage of thee in misfortune; the forest is large enough both for thee and me to rove in: go thy ways up above, and enjoy thyself in these endless wilds; it is more than probable that thou wilt never have another interview with man. So fare thee well." On saying this, I took a long stick which was lying there, held it for him to hook on, and then conveyed him to a high and stately mora. He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in about a minute he was almost at the top of the tree. He now went off in a side direction, and caught hold of the branch of a neighbouring tree; he then proceeded towards the heart of the forest. I stood looking on, lost in amazement at his singular mode of progress. I followed him with my eye till the intervening branches closed in betwixt us; and then I lost sight for ever of the two-toed Sloth. I was going to add, that I never saw a Sloth take to his heels in such earnest; but the expression will not do; for the Sloth has no heels.

That which naturalists have advanced, of his being so tenacious of life, is perfectly true. I saw the heart of one beat for half an hour after it was taken out of the body. The wourali poison seems to be the only thing that will kill it quickly. On reference to a former part of these wanderings, it will be seen that a poisoned arrow killed the Sloth in about ten minutes.

So much for this harmless unoffending animal. He holds a conspicuous place in the catalogue of the animals of the New World. Though naturalists have made no mention of what follows, still it is not less true on that account. The Sloth is the only quadruped known, which spends its whole life from the branch of a tree suspended by its feet. I have paid uncommon attention to him in his native haunts. The monkey and squirrel will seize a branch with their fore-feet, and pull themselves up, and rest or run upon it; but the Sloth, after seizing it, still remains suspended, and suspended moves along under the branch, till he can lay hold of another. Whenever I have seen him in his native woods, whether at rest, or asleep, or on his travels, I have always observed that he was suspended from the branch of a tree. When his form and anatomy are attentively considered, it will appear evident that the Sloth cannot be at ease in any situation, where his body is higher, or above his feet. We will now take our leave of him.

#### 150.—THE POET DESCRIBED.

S. JOHNSON.

[We have already given a brilliant estimate of the character of Dr. Johnson in connection with his times, from the pen of Mr. Macaulay. (Vol. i. p. 151.) It is therefore scarcely necessary for us here to add more than a statement of the dates connected with the life of this eminent man. He was born at Lichfield, on the 18th of September, 1709, in which city his father was a bookseller. He was placed at Pembroke College, Oxford, but the straitened circumstances of his father compelled him to leave the University without taking a degree. He became usher in a school at Market Bosworth, married in 1730, and with a little fortune that his wife brought him, set up a school, which was unsuccessful. In company with his pupil, David Garrick, he came to London. For many years he was a literary drudge for periodical works, ill-paid, neglected by the great, unknown to the small reading public whom he addressed. At length his great talents and acquirements forced their way into notice. He completed his *English Dictionary* in 1755. His '*Rambler*' and his '*Imitations of Juvenal*' had previously given him a high rank amongst the original writers of his day. In 1762 a pension of three hundred a year was bestowed upon him, and from that time to his death in 1784 his life was a happy one as far as worldly circumstances were concerned. The following extract is from his '*Rasselas*.' It is one of the many examples which his writings present of the occasional largeness of his critical views when applied to the general principles of poetry—a characteristic singularly in contrast with the narrowness with which he regards particular styles and individual authors.]

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that in almost all countries the most ancient poets are considered as the best; whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing for those that followed them but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers, of art; that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors; I could never describe what I had not seen; I could not hope to move those with delight or terror whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified; no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind at

they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondency of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same; he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

"His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages, and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must by incessant practice familiarise to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.

#### 155.—THE CHARACTER OF LOUIS XI.

COMINES.

[THE character of Louis XI.—one of the strangest in history—has been made familiar to the general reader by the fascinating pen of Sir Walter Scott. For the materials of this character the author of 'Quentin Durward' was indebted almost entirely to Philip de Comines, who was most intimate with the French monarch, and an eye-witness of nearly all the scenes and events he describes in his chronicle or historical memoir. Although as a statesman, or political agent, Comines had much of the cunning and indirectness of the king, his master, he is, as a memoir-writer, exceedingly frank and straightforward. His accuracy and impartiality have been admitted by all historians. His genius for narration is of a first-rate order; his style is deliciously quaint, and characteristic of the times in which he lived. Philip de Comines was by birth a Fleming, and a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, who, at that time, by holding nearly all Flanders, and a great part of France, was at least equal in power to the French king, his suzerain. In the year 1404, when he was only nineteen years old, he entered the service of Charles the Bold, or the Rash, whose father was then living, and who, consequently, was only Count of Charolais. The character and tastes of the Burgundian prince—a man of frank violence, who was passionately fond of war, and preferred the sword to the pen, the battle-field to the council-chamber—could scarcely suit one of Messire Philip's disposition. He left the service of Charles for that of his rival and mortal enemy, Louis XI., who promoted him, kept him much about his person, and employed him in some of the most confidential and important of his state matters. In the succeeding reign Comines was at first suspected, and imprisoned in one of the dreary cages which he describes. He was afterwards employed as a negotiator. He died in 1600, at his own estate of Argenton, in Poitou.]

Of all the Princes that I ever had the honour to know, the wisest and most dexterous to extricate himself out of any danger or difficulty in time of adversity, was our master, King Louis XI. He was the humblest in his conversation and habit, and the most painful and indefatigable to win over any man to his side, that he thought capable of doing him either much mischief or good: though he was, often refused, he would never give over a man that he once undertook, but still pressed and continued his insinuations, promising him largely, and presenting him with such sums and pensions as he knew would satisfy his ambition, and for such as he had discarded in the time of peace and prosperity, he paid dear (when he had occasion for 'em) to recover them again; but when he had once reconciled them, he retained no pique to them for what had passed, but employed them freely for the future. He was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of indifferent condition, and morose to such as he thought had no need of him. Never Prince was so conversable nor so inquisitive as he, for his desire was to know everybody he could; and, indeed, he knew all persons of any authority or worth in England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, the territories of the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, and in his

own country ; and by those qualities he preserved the crown upon his head, which was in much danger by the enemies he had created to himself by his inadvertency upon his accession to the crown. But above all, his great bounty and liberality did him the greatest service. And yet, as he behaved himself wisely in time of distress, so when he thought himself a little out of danger, though it were but by a truce, he would disoblige the servants and officers of his court by mean trifling ways, which were little to his advantage ; and as for peace, he could hardly endure the thoughts of it. He spoke slightly of some people, and rather before their faces than behind their backs, unless he was afraid of them, and of that sort there were a great many, for he was naturally timorous. When he had done himself any prejudice by his talk, or was apprehensive he should do, to make them amends whom he had injured, he would say to the person whom he had disoblige, "I am sensible my tongue has done me a great deal of mischief, but, on the other hand, it has sometimes done me good ; however, it is but reason I should make some reparation for the injury." And he never used those kind of apologies to any person, but he did something for the person to whom he made it, and it was always considerable. It is certainly a great blessing for any prince to have experienced adversity as well as prosperity, good as well as evil, and especially if the good outweighs the evil, as it did in our master. I am of opinion that the troubles he was involved in his youth, when he fled from his father, and resided six years together in the Duke of Burgundy's court, was of great service to him ; for there he learned to be complacent to such as he had occasion to use, which was no little improvement. \* \* \*

Some five or six months before his death he began to grow jealous of everybody, especially of those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon held there by his order. At the time the Count de Dunois and his son-in-law returned from conducting the ambassadors, who had been at Amboise to congratulate the marriage betwixt the Dauphin and the young Queen, the King being in the gallery, and seeing them enter with a great train into the castle, called for a captain of the guards, and commanded him to go and search some of the lord's retinue, to see whether they had any arms under their robes, and that he should do it in discourse, and so as no notice might be taken. Behold, then, if he had caused many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again ; for of whom could he be secure, when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son ? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that revenge never befalls them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves ; and what grief do you think it must be to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions ?

He was still attended by his physician, Doctor James Coctier, to whom in five months time he had given 54,000 crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates to him and his friends ; yet this doctor used him so scurvily, one would not have given such unbecoming language to one's servants as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him he durst not forbid him his presence. 'Tis true he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants, because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know some time or other you will remove me from court, as you have done the rest ; but be sure (and he confirmed it with an oath) you shall not live eight days after it."

With which expression he was so terrified, that ever after he did nothing but flatter and present him, which must needs be a great mortification to a prince who had been obeyed all along by so many brave men much above the doctor's quality.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made, some of iron, some of wood, but covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible cages about eight foot wide and seven high; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was the first that hanselled them, being immediately put in one of them, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me, having lain in one of them eight months together, in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a close ring for the feet, which was extreme hard to be opened, and like an iron collar with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy, which engines were called the king's nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who have afterwards been advanced to places of trust and honour, and received great rewards from the king: among the rest a son of the Lord de la Grutase (who was taken in battle), whom the king married very honourably afterwards, made him his chamberlain, and Seneschal of Anjou, and gave him the command of a hundred lances. The Lords de Viennes and Verger, both prisoners of war, had commands given them in his army, were made his or his son's chamberlains, and had great estates given them. Monsieur de Rochefort, the constable's brother, had the same, as also one Roquebertin, a Catalonian and prisoner of war, besides others of several countries too numerous to be mentioned in this place. This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned, which I look upon as a great mercy towards him and part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but is punished some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has been the cause of other people's sufferings and misfortunes. The king, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron, in the form of a grate, and at the four corners of the house four watch-towers of iron, strong, massy, and thick, to be built. The grates were without the wall, on the other side of the ditch, and went to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible. He placed likewise ten bowmen in the ditches to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle till the opening of the gate; ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire into the watch-towers upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such; his great apprehension was, that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, should attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it, partly by affection, partly by force, should deprive him of the regal authority, and take upon themselves the administration of public affairs, upon pretence he was incapable of business, and no longer fit to govern. The gate of du Plessis was never opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight in the morning, at which time the courtiers were let in; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with a main guard in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that was closely besieged. Nor was any person admitted to enter but by the wicket, and those only by the king's order, unless it were the steward of his household, and such officers as were not admitted into the presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) more strictly

confined than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about eight foot square; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small square of the court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers, and from thence to mass, but not through the court. Who can deny but he was a sufferer, as well as his neighbours? considering his being locked up, guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and inclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, his quality was as much greater than a common prisoner's. It may be urged that other princes have been more given to jealousy than he, but it was not in our time, and perhaps their wisdom was not so eminent nor their subjects so good. They, too, might probably be tyrants and bloody-minded, but our king never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first. I have not recorded these things purely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince, but to show, that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people), they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which God inflicted upon him in this world, in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next, as well in those things before mentioned as in the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much dreaded by him before they came upon him; and likewise that those princes, who are his successors, may learn by this example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments than our master had been. I will not accuse him, or say I ever saw a better prince, for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by any body else. \* \* \* \* \*

In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chase was the stag, which he always run down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great way to his dogs, and would not leave his sport let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night was always very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers or huntsmen, for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet, in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any man of his time. He was continually at his sports, lying up and down in the country villages as his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by the war.

## 158.—FAUSTUS.

GOETHE.

[THE 'Faustus' of Goethe has perhaps the widest European reputation of any poem of modern times. There are several translations of it in our own language. Without undervaluing other translations, that of Dr. Anster, of Trinity College, Dublin, (parts of which were originally published in Blackwood's Magazine,) appears to us to combine many of the highest requisites of a good poetical version, with faithfulness and facility. We cannot attempt an analysis of this remarkable drama, which, amidst all its merits, has many passages, and suggests many ideas, which are scarcely within the limits of the pleasurable in poetry; but we subjoin a scene or two, from its commencement, which beautifully depict the feelings of a mind satiated with all worldly knowledge, and aspiring to penetrate mysteries which are wisely put beyond the comprehension of man. The story of 'Faustus,' the daring student who made a compact with the powers of darkness, was treated by other German poets before Goethe: and it is the subject of a very remarkable drama by Marlowe, the early contemporary of Shakspeare. Goethe was born in 1749; died in 1832.]

*Faustus.* River and rivulet are freed from ice,  
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—

Green are the fields with promise—far away  
 To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn  
 Stroughless—but still at intervals will send  
 Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,  
 Mocking a little while the coming bloom—  
 Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,  
 In anger impotent, the earth's green robe;  
 But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—  
 Every where life—every where vegetation—  
 All nature animate with glowing hues—  
 Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit  
 Of the sweet season, there in colours rich  
 As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses!  
 Turn round, and from this height look back upon  
 The town; from its black dungeon gate forth pours,  
 In thousand parties, the gay multitude,  
 All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!  
 All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,  
 And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere  
 A resurrection too—so changed are they,  
 So raised above themselves. From chambers damp  
 Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil  
 Laborious—from the workyard and the shop—  
 From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,  
 And the oppression of confining streets,  
 And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—  
 All are abroad—all happy in the sun.  
 Look, only look, with gaiety how active,  
 Through fields and gardens they disperse themselves!  
 How the wide water, far as we can see,  
 Is joyous with innumerable boats!  
 See, there, one almost sinking with its load  
 Parts from the shore; yonder the hill top paths  
 Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!  
 And hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!  
 Oh! happiness like this is real heaven!  
 The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—  
 Here may I feel that I too am a man!

*Wagner.* Doctor, to be with you is creditable—  
 Instructive too: but never would I loiter  
 Here by myself—I hate these coarse amusements:  
 Fiddlers, and clamorous throats, and kettle drums,  
 Are to my mind things quite intolerable;  
 Men rave, as if possessed by evil spirits,  
 And call their madness joy and harmony!

*(Peasants dancing and singing.)*

The shepherd for the dance was drest  
 In ribands, wreath, and Sunday vest;  
 All were dancing full of glee,  
 Underneath the linden tree!

'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,  
 Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

Soon he runs to join the rest;  
Up to a pretty girl he prest;  
With elbow raised and pointed toe,  
Bent to her with his best bow—  
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise,  
Up she raised her timid eyes!

“’Tis strange that you should use me so,

So, so—heigh-ho—

’Tis rude of you to use me so.”

All into the set advance,  
Right they dance, and left they dance—  
Gowns and ribands how they ring,  
Flying with the flying ring;  
They grow red, and faint, and warm,  
And rested, sinking, arm-in-arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,

Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!

“And do not make so free,” she said,

“I fear that you may never wed;

Men are cruel”—and he prest

The maiden to his beating breast.

Hark! again, the sounds of glee

Swelling from the linden tree.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,

Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

*Old Peasant.* This, doctor, is so kind of you.

A man of rank and learning too;

Who, but yourself, would condescend

Thus with the poor, the poor man’s friend,

To join our sports? In this brown cheer

Accept the pledge we tender here,

A draught of life may it become,

And years, on years, oh! may you reach,

As cheerful as the heads of foam,

As countless, too, a year for each!

*Faustus.* Blest be the draught restorative!

I pledge you—happy may you live!

[*The people collect in a circle round him*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Faustus.* A few steps farther, and we reach yon stone;

Here sit we down and rest after our walk;—

Here have I often sate in thoughtful mood

Alone—and here in agonies of prayer,

And fast, and vigil—rich in hope—in faith

Unwavering—sought with tears and sighs, and hands

Wringing in supplication, to extort

From Him in heaven that He would stay that plague.

These praises come upon my ear like scorn—

Oh, could you read the secrets of this heart,

You then would see how little we deserved,

Father or son, the thanks of these poor people.

My father, a reserved and moody man,



Not without pride, felt by himself and others,  
 Living almost alone, held strange opinions  
 Tinged with the hues of his peculiar mind,  
 And, therefore, even the more indulged and cherished.  
 Thus fanciful, and serious in his fancies,  
 O'er nature and her consecrated circles,  
 That with vain interdict sought to oppose,  
 Oft would he try his wild experiments :  
 In his black cell with crucible and fire  
 (One or two adepts his sole company)  
 He toiled ; and, following many a quaint receipt,  
 Would force rebellious metals to obey,  
 And in indissoluble union link  
 Antagonists irreconcilable.

There, passionate adorer, the Red Lion  
 With the White Lily, in a tepid bath  
 Was strangely wedded—and his silver bride  
 And he from chamber hurried on to chamber,  
 Tortured and tried with many a fiery pang,  
 Suffered together, till in coloured light,  
 Ascending in the glass, shone the Young Queen :  
 This was our medicine—they who took it died,  
 None asked, or thought of asking, who recovered.  
 Thus have we with our diabolic mixture,  
 In these sweet valleys, 'mong these quiet hills,  
 Been guests more fatal than the pestilence.  
 I have myself to thousands given this poison,  
 They withered, and are dead—and I must live,  
 I, who have been their death, must live to hear  
 This lavish praise on the rash murderers.

*Wagner.* How can this be so painful ? Can a man  
 Do more than practise what his own day knows—  
 All that thy father taught must have been heard,  
 By thee, as by a young man learning then—  
 Heard in the docile spirit of belief.  
 When thy time came to teach, thou didst enlarge  
 The field of science ; and thy son, who learns  
 From thee, will for himself discoveries make,  
 Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine  
 Impossible. If this be so, why grieve ?

*Faustus.* Oh, he, indeed, is happy, who still feels,  
 And cherishes within himself, the hope  
 To lift himself above this sea of errors !  
 Of things we know not, each day do we find  
 The want of knowledge—all we know is useless :  
 But 'tis not wise to sadden with such thoughts  
 This hour of beauty and benignity :  
 Look yonder, with delighted heart and eye,  
 On those low cottages that shine so bright  
 (Each with its garden plot of smiling green),  
 Robed in the glory of the setting sun !  
 But he is parting—fading—day is over—

Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.  
 Oh, for a wing to raise me up from earth,  
 Nearer, and yet more near, to the bright orb,  
 That unrestrained I still might follow him !  
 Then should I see, in one unvarying glow  
 Of deathless evening, the reposing world  
 Beneath me—the hills kindling—the sweet vales,  
 Beyond the hills, asleep in the soft beams ;  
 The silver streamlet, at the silent touch  
 Of heavenly light, transfigured into gold,  
 Flowing in brightness inexpressible !  
 Nothing to stop or stay my godlike motion !  
 The rugged hill, with its wild cliffs, in vain  
 Would rise to hide the sun ; in vain would strive  
 To check my glorious course ; the sea already,  
 With its illumined bays, that burn beneath  
 The lord of day, before the astonished eyes  
 Opens its bosom—and he seems at last  
 Just sinking—no—a power unfelt before—  
 An impulse indescrivable succeeds !  
 Onward, entranced, I haste to drink the beams  
 Of the unfading light—before me day—  
 And night left still behind—and overhead  
 Wide heaven—and under me the spreading sea !—  
 A glorious vision, while the setting sun  
 Is lingering ! Oh, to the spirit's flight,  
 How faint and feeble are material wings !  
 Yet such our nature is that when the lark,  
 High over us, unseen, in the blue sky  
 Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves  
 Press up from earth, as 'twere in rivalry ;—  
 And when above the savage hill of pines,  
 The eagle sweeps with outspread wings—and when  
 The crane pursues, high off, his homeward path,  
 Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely !  
*Wagner.* I, too, have had my hours of reverie ;  
 But impulse such as this I never felt.  
 Of wood and fields the eye will soon grow weary ;  
 I'd never envy the wild birds their wings.  
 How different are the pleasures of the mind ;  
 Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf,  
 They make the nights of winter bright and cheerful ;  
 They spread a sense of pleasure through the frame,  
 And when you see some old and treasured parchments,  
 All heaven descends to your delighted senses  
*Faustus.* Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire ;  
 Oh, never learn another ! in my breast,  
 Alas ! two souls have taken their abode,  
 And each is struggling there for mastery !  
 One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,  
 Clings closely, with scarce separable organs ;  
 The other struggles to redeem itself,

And rise from the entanglements of earth—  
 Still feels its true home is not here—still longs  
 And strives—and would with violence regain  
 The fields, its own by birthright—realms of light  
 And joy, where—man in vain would disbelieve  
 The instincts of his nature, that confirm  
 The loved tradition—dwelt our sires of old.  
 If—as 'tis said—spirits be in the air,  
 Moving with lordly wings, 'twixt earth and heaven,  
 And if, oh if ye listen when we call,  
 Come from your golden "incense-breathing" clouds,  
 Bear me away to new and varied life !  
 Oh, were the magic mantle mine, which bore  
 The wearer at his will to distant lands,  
 How little would I prize the envied robes  
 Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings !

*Wagner.* Venture not thus to invoke the well-known host,  
 Who spread, a living stream, through the waste air,  
 Who watch industriously man's thousand motions,  
 For ever active in the work of evil.  
 From all sides pour they on us : from the north,  
 With thrilling hiss, they drive their arrowy tongues ;  
 And speeding from the parching east, they feed  
 On the dry lungs, and drink the breath of life ;  
 And the south sends them forth, at middle day,  
 From wildernesses dry and desolate,  
 To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain ;  
 And from the west they flow, a cloudy deluge,  
 That, like the welcome shower of early spring,  
 First promises refreshment and relief,  
 Then rushing down, with torrents ruinous,  
 Involves in one unsparing desolation  
 Valley, and meadow-field, and beast, and man.  
 Ready for evil, with delight they hear,  
 Obey man's bidding to deceive his soul.  
 Like angel-ministers of Heaven they seem,  
 And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.  
 But let's away—the sky is gray already,  
 The air grows chill—the mist is falling heavy—  
 At evening *home's* the best place for a man !

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 159.—CAIUS MARIUS.

. PLUTARCH.

*From the translation by G. Long, Esq.*

SULLA, encouraging his soldiers, who were thirty-five thousand men well armed, led them to Rome. The soldiers fell on the tribunes whom Marius had sent, and murdered them. Marius also put to death many of the friends of Sulla in Rome, and proclaimed freedom to the slaves if they would join him ; but it is said that only three slaves accepted the offer. He made but a feeble resistance to Sulla on his entering the city, and was soon compelled to fly. On quitting Rome he was separated from his partisans, owing to its being dark, and he fled to Solonium, one of his farms. He sent his son Marius to get provisions from the estates of his

father-in-law Mucius, which was not far off, and himself went to Ostia, where Numerius, one of his friends, had provided a vessel for him, and without waiting for his son he set sail with his step-son Granius. The young man arrived at the estates of Mucius, but he was surprised by the approach of day while he was getting something together and packing it up, and thus did not altogether escape the vigilance of his enemies, for some cavalry came to the spot, suspecting that Marius might be there. The overseer of the farm, seeing them approach, hid Marius in a waggon loaded with beans, and yoking the oxen to it, he met the horsemen on his road to the city with the waggon. Marius was thus conveyed to the house of his wife, where he got what he wanted, and by night made his way to the sea, and, embarking in a vessel bound for Libya, arrived there in safety.

The elder Marius was carried along the coast of Italy by a favourable wind, but as he was afraid of one Geminus, a powerful man in Terracina, and an enemy of his, he ordered the sailors to keep clear of that place. The sailors were willing to do as he wished, but, the wind veering round and blowing from the sea with a great swell, they were afraid that the vessel could not stand the beating of the waves, and, as Marius also was much troubled with sickness, they made for land, and with great difficulty got to the coast near Circeii. As the storm increased and they wanted provisions, they landed from the vessel and wandered about without any definite object, but, as happens in cases of great difficulty, seeking merely to escape from the present evil as worst of all, and putting their hopes on the chances of fortune; for the land was their enemy, and the sea also, and they feared to fall in with men, and feared also not to fall in with men, because they were in want of provisions. After some time they met with a few herdsmen, who had nothing to give them in their need, but they recognised Marius, and advised him to get out of the way as quick as he could, for a number of horsemen had just been seen there riding about in quest of him. Thus surrounded by every difficulty, and his attendants fainting for want of food, he turned from the road, and, plunging into a deep forest, passed the night in great suffering. The next day, compelled by hunger, and wishing to make use of his remaining strength before he was completely exhausted, he went along the shore, encouraging his followers, and entreating them not to abandon the last hope, for which he reserved himself on the faith of an old prediction. For when he was quite a youth, and living in the country, he caught in his garment an eagle's nest as it was falling down, with seven young ones in it; which his parents, wondering at, consulted the soothsayers, who told them that their son would become the most illustrious of men, and that it was the will of fate that he should receive the supreme command and magistracy seven times. Some affirm that this really happened to Marius; but others say that those who were with Marius at this time and in the rest of his flight heard the story from him, and, believing it, recorded an event which is altogether fabulous. For an eagle has not more than two young ones at a time, and they say that Musæus was mistaken when he wrote of the eagle thus:—

Lays three, two hatches, and one tends with care.

But that Marius frequently during his flight, and when he was in the extremest difficulties, said, that he should survive to enjoy a seventh consulship, is universally admitted.

They were now about twenty stadia from Minturnæ, an Italian city, when they saw at a distance a troop of horse riding towards them, and as it chanced two merchant vessels sailing along the coast. Running down to the sea as fast as they could and as their strength would allow, and throwing themselves into the water, they swam to the vessels. Granius, having got into one of the vessels, passed over

to the island of Ænaria, which is off that coast. But Marius who was heavy and unwieldy, was with difficulty held above the water by two slaves, and placed in the other vessel, the horsemen being now close to them and calling from the shore to the sailors either to bring the vessel to land, or to throw Marius overboard, and to set sail wherever they pleased. But as Marius entreated them with tears in his eyes, those who had command of the vessel, after changing their minds as to what they should do as often as was possible in so short a time, at last told the horsemen that they would not surrender Marius. The horsemen rode off in anger, and the sailors, again changing their minds, came to land, and casting anchor at the mouth of the Liris, which spreads out like a lake, they advised Marius to disembark, and take some food on land, and to rest himself from his fatigues till a wind should rise: they added, that it was the usual time for the sea-breeze to decline, and for a fresh breeze to spring up from the marshes. Marius did as they advised, and the sailors carried him out of the vessel and laid him on the grass, little expecting what was to follow. The sailors, immediately embarking again and raising the anchor, sailed off as fast as they could, not thinking it honourable to surrender Marius or safe to protect him. In this situation, deserted by every body, he lay for some time silent on the shore, and at last, recovering himself with difficulty, he walked on with much pain on account of there being no path. After passing through deep swamps and ditches full of water and mud, he came to the hut of an old man who worked in the marshes, and, falling down at his feet, he entreated him to save and help a man who, if he escaped from the present dangers, would reward him beyond all his hopes. The man, who either knew Marius of old, or saw something in the expression of his countenance which indicated superior rank, said that his hut was sufficient to shelter him if that was all he wanted, but, if he was wandering about to avoid his enemies, he could conceal him in a place which was more retired. Upon Marius entreating him to do so, the old man took him to the marsh, and, bidding him lie down in a hole near the river, he covered Marius with reeds and other light things of the kind, which were well adapted to hide him without pressing too heavily.

After a short time a sound and noise from the hut reached the ears of Marius. Geminus of Terracina had sent a number of men in pursuit of him, some of whom had chanced to come there, and were terrifying the old man and rating him for having harboured and concealed an enemy of the Romans. Marius, rising from his hiding-place and stripping off his clothes, threw himself into the thick and muddy water of the marsh; and this was the cause of his not escaping the search of his pursuers, who dragged him out covered with mud, and, leading him naked to Minturnæ, gave him to the magistrates. Now instructions had been already sent to every city, requiring the authorities to search for Marius, and to put him to death when he was taken. However, the magistrates thought it best to deliberate on the matter first, and in the meantime they lodged Marius in the house of a woman named Fannia, who was supposed not to be kindly disposed towards him, on account of an old grudge. Fannia had a husband whose name was Tinnius, and on separating from him she claimed her portion, which was considerable. The husband charged her with adultery, and Marius, who was then in his sixth consulship, presided as judge. But on the trial it appeared that Fannia had been a loose woman, and that her husband, though he knew it, took her to wife, and lived with her a long time; accordingly, Marius, being disgusted with both of them, decreed that the man should return the woman's portion, but he imposed on the woman, as a mark of infamy, a penalty of four copper coins. Fannia, however, did not on this occasion exhibit the feeling of a woman who had been wronged, but when she saw Marius, far from showing any resentment for the past, she did all that she could for him.

under the circumstances, and encouraged him. Marius thanked her, and said that he had good hopes, for a favourable omen had occurred to him, which was something of this sort:—When they were leading him along, and he was near the house of Fannia, the doors being opened, an ass ran out to drink from a spring which was flowing hard by: the ass, looking at Marius in the face with a bold and cheerful air, at first stood opposite him, and then, making a loud braying, sprung past him frisking with joy. From this Marius drew a conclusion, as he said, that the deity indicated that his safety would come through the sea rather than through the land, for the ass did not betake himself to dry food, but turned from him to the water. Having said this to Fannia, he went to rest alone, bidding her close the door of the apartment.

The magistrates and council of Minturnæ, after deliberating, resolved that there ought to be no delay, and that they should put Marius to death. As none of the citizens would undertake to do it, a Gallic or Cimbrian horse-soldier (for the story is told both ways) took a sword and entered the apartment. Now that part of the room in which Marius happened to be lying was not very well lighted, but was in shade, and it is said that the eyes of Marius appeared to the soldier to dart a strong flame, and a loud voice issued from the gloom—"Man, do you dare to kill Caius Marius?" The barbarian immediately took to flight, and, throwing the sword down, rushed through the door, calling out, "I cannot kill Caius Marius." This caused a general consternation, which was succeeded by compassion and change of opinion, and self-reproach for having come to so illegal and ungrateful a resolution, concerning a man who had saved Italy, and whom it would be a disgrace not to assist. "Let him go then," it was said, "where he pleases, as an exile, and suffer in some other place whatever Fate has reserved for him. And let us pray that the gods visit us not with their anger for ejecting Marius from our city in poverty and rags." Moved by such considerations, all in a body entered the room where Marius was, and, getting round him, began to conduct him to the sea. Though every man was eager to furnish something or other, and all were busying themselves, there was a loss of time. The grove of Marica, as it is called, obstructed the passage to the sea, for it was an object of great veneration, and it was a strict rule to carry nothing out of it that had ever been carried in; and now, if they went all round it, there would of necessity be delay: but this difficulty was settled by one of the older men at last calling out, that no road was inaccessible or impassable by which Marius was saved; and he was the first to take some of the things that they were conveying to the ship and to pass through the place.

Everything was soon got ready through these zealous exertions, and a ship was supplied for Marius by one Belæus, who afterwards caused a painting to be made representing these events, and dedicated it in the temple. Marius, embarking, was carried along by the wind, and by chance was taken to the island Ænaria, where he found Granus and the rest of his friends, and set sail with them for Libya. As their water failed, they were compelled to touch at Erycina in Sicily. Now the Roman quaestor, who happened to be about these parts on the look out, was very near taking Marius when he landed; and he killed about sixteen of the men who were sent to get water. Magnus, hastily embarking and crossing the sea to the island of Meninx, there learnt for the first time that his son had escaped with Cethegus, and that they were going to Lampæas (Hiempsal), king of the Numidians, to ask aid of him. This news encouraged him a little, and he was emboldened to move from the island to the neighbourhood of Carthage. At this time the governor of Libya was Sextilius, a Roman, who had neither received injury nor favour from Marius, and it was expected that he would help him, at least, as far as feelings of compassion move a man. But no sooner had Marius landed with a few of his party, than an officer

met him, and standing right in front of him, said, "The Governor Sextilius forbids you, Marius, to set foot on Libya, and he says that, if you do, he will support the decree of the Senate by treating you as an enemy." On hearing this, grief and indignation deprived Marius of utterance, and he was a long time silent, looking fixedly at the officer. Upon the officer asking Marius what he had to say, what reply he had for the governor, he answered with a deep groan, "Tell him you have seen Caius Marius a fugitive, sitting on the ruins of Carthage:" a reply in which he not unaptly compared the fate of that city and his own changed fortunes. In the meantime, Iampses, the king of the Numidians, being unresolved which way to act, treated young Marius and his companions with respect, but still detained them on some new pretext whenever they wished to leave; and it was evident that he had no fair object in view in thus deferring their departure. However, an incident happened of no uncommoa kind, which brought about their deliverance. The younger Marius was handsome, and one of the king's concubines was grieved to see him in a condition unbefitting his station; and this feeling of compassion was a beginning and motive towards love. At first, however, Marius rejected the woman's proposals, but seeing that there were no other means of escape, and that her conduct proceeded from more serious motives than mere passion, he accepted her proffered favours, and with her aid stole away with his friends and made his escape to his father. After embracing one another, they went along the shore, where they saw some scorpions fighting, which Marius considered to be a bad omen. Accordingly they forthwith embarked in a fishing boat, and passed over to the island Cercina, which was no great distance from the mainland; and it happened that they had only just set sail, when some horsemen despatched by the king were seen riding to the spot where they embarked. Marius thus escaped a danger equal to any that ever threatened him.

News reached Rome that Sulla was encountering the generals of Mithridates in Boeotia, while the consuls were quarrelling and taking up arms. A battle was fought, in which Octavius got the victory and ejected Cinna, who was attempting to govern by violent means, and he put in Cinna's place as consul Cornelius Merula, but Cinna collected troops in Italy and made war against Octavius. On hearing this, Marius determined to set sail immediately, which he did with some Moorish cavalry that he took from Africa, and some few Italians who had fled there, but the number of both together did not exceed a thousand. Coming to shore at Telamo in Tyrrhenia, and landing there, Marius proclaimed freedom to the slaves; and as the freemen who were employed in agriculture there, and in pasturing cattle, flocked to the sea, attracted by his fame, Marius persuaded the most vigorous of them to join him, and in a few days he had collected a considerable force and manned forty ships. Knowing that Octavius was an honourable man and wished to direct the administration in the justest way, but that Cinna was disliked by Sulla and opposed to the existing constitution, he determined to join him with his force. Accordingly he sent to Cinna and proffered to obey him as consul in everything. Cinna accepted the proposal, and naming Marius proconsul, sent him fasces and the other insignia of the office. Marius, however, observing that such things were not suited to his fortunes, clad in a mean dress, with his hair uncut from the day that he had been an exile, and now above seventy years of age, advanced with slow steps, wishing to make himself an object of compassion; but there was mingled with his abject mien more than his usual terrific expression of countenance, and through his downcast looks he showed that his passion, so far from being humbled, was infuriated by his reverses of fortune.

As soon as he had embraced Cinna and greeted the soldiers, Marius commenced active operations and gave a great turn to affairs. First of all, by attacking the

corn-vessels with his ships and plundering the merchants, he made himself master of the supplies. He next sailed to the maritime cities, which he took; and, finally, Ostia being treacherously surrendered to him, he made plunder of the property that he found there and put to death many of the people, and by blocking up the river he completely cut off his enemies from all supplies by sea. He now moved on with his army towards Rome and occupied the Janiculus. Octavius damaged his own cause, not so much from want of skill as through his scrupulous observance of the law, to which he unwisely sacrificed the public interests; for, though many persons advised him to invite the slaves to join him by promising their freedom, he refused to make them members of the state from which he was endeavouring to exclude Marius in obedience to the law. On the arrival at Rome of Metellus, the son of Metellus who had commanded in Libya, and had been banished from the city through the intrigues of Marius, the soldiers deserted Octavius and came to Metellus, entreating him to take the command and save the city; they said, if they had an experienced and active commander, they would fight well and get the victory. But Metellus expressed great dissatisfaction at their conduct and bade them go to the consul, upon which they passed over to the enemy. Metellus also in despair left the city. But Octavius was persuaded by Chaldeans and certain diviners and interpreters of the Silylline books to stay in Rome by the assurance that all would turn out well. Octavius, who in all other matters had as solid a judgment as any Roman, and most carefully maintained the consular dignity free from all undue influence according to the usage of his country and the laws, as if they were unchangeable rules, nevertheless showed great weakness in keeping company with impostors and diviners, rather than with men versed in political and military matters. Now Octavius was dragged down from the Rostrá before Marius entered the city, by some persons who were sent forward, and murdered; and it is said that a Chaldean writing was found in his bosom after he was killed. It seemed to be a very inexplicable circumstance that, of two illustrious commanders, Marius owed his success to not disregarding divination, and Octavius thereby lost his life.

Matters being in this state, the Senate met and sent a deputation to Cinna and Marius to invite them into the city and to entreat them to spare the citizens. Cinna, as consul, sitting on his chair of office gave audience to the commissioners and returned a kind answer: Marius stood by the consul's chair without speaking a word, but indicating by the unchanging heaviness of his brow and his gloomy look that he intended to fill Rome with slaughter. After the audience was over, they marched to the city. Cinna entered accompanied by his guards, but Marius, halting at the gates, angrily affected to have some scruples about entering: he said he was an exile and was excluded from his country by a law, and if any body wanted to have him in the city, they must go to the vote again and undo the vote by which he was banished, just as if he were a man who respected the laws and were returning from exile to a free state. Accordingly he summoned the people to the Forum; but before three or four of the tribes had voted, throwing off the mask and setting aside all the talk about being legally recalled, he entered with some guards selected from the slaves who had flocked to him, and were called *Bardizæi*. These fellows killed many persons by his express orders and many on the mere signal of his nod; and at last meeting with Ancharius, a senator who had filled the office of prætor, they struck him down with their daggers in the presence of Marius, when they saw that Marius did not salute him. After this, whenever he did not salute a man or return his salute, this was a signal for them to massacre him forthwith in the streets, in consequence of which even the friends of Marius were filled with consternation and horror when they approached him. The slaughter was now great, and Cinna's appetite was dulled and he was satisfied with blood; but Marius daily went on with



his passion at the highest pitch and thirsting for vengeance, through the whole list of those whom he suspected in any degree. And every road and every city was filled with the pursuers, hunting out those who attempted to escape and conceal themselves; and the ties of hospitality and friendship were proved to be no security in misfortune, for there were very few who did not betray those who sought refuge with them. This rendered the conduct of the slaves of Cornutus the more worthy of praise and admiration, for they concealed their master at home, and hanging up by the neck the dead body of some obscure person, and putting a gold ring on his finger, they showed him to the guards of Marius, and then, wrapping up the body as if it were their master's, they interred it. The device went unsuspected, and Cornutus, being thus secreted by his slaves, made his escape to Gaul.

The orator Marcus Antonius found a faithful friend, but still he did not escape. This man, though poor, and of the lower class, received in his house one of the most illustrious of the Romans, and, wishing to entertain him as well as he could, he sent a slave to one of the neighbouring wine-shops to get some wine. As the slave was more curious than usual in tasting it, and told the man to give him some better wine, the merchant asked what could be the reason that he did not buy the new wine, as usual, and the ordinary wine, but wanted some of good quality and high price. The slave replied in his simplicity, as he was speaking to an old acquaintance, that his master was entertaining Marcus Antonius, who was concealed at his house. The wine-dealer, a faithless and unprincipled wretch, as soon as the slave left him, hurried off to Marius, who was at supper, and, having gained admission, told him that he would betray Marcus Antonius to him. On hearing this, Marius is said to have uttered a loud shout, and to have clapped his hands with delight; and he was near getting up and going to the place himself, but his friends stopped him, and he despatched Annius with some soldiers, with orders to bring him the head of Antonius immediately. On reaching the house, Annius waited at the door, and the soldiers mounting the stairs entered the room, but on seeing Antonius every man began to urge some of his companions and push him forward to do the deed instead of himself. And so powerful were the charm and persuasion of his eloquence, when Antonius began to speak and pray for his life, that not a man of them could venture to lay hands on him or look him in the face, but they all bent their heads down and shed tears. As this caused some delay, Annius went up stairs, where he saw Antonius speaking and the soldiers awed and completely softened by his eloquence; on which he abused them, and, running up to Antonius, cut off his head with his own hand. The friends of Catulus Lutatius, who had been joint consul with Marius and with him had triumphed over the Cimbri, interceded for him with Marius, and begged for his life; but the only answer they got was, "He must die!" and accordingly Catulus shut himself up in a room, and lighting a quantity of charcoal, suffocated himself. Headless trunks, thrown into the street, and trampled under foot, excited no feeling of compassion, but only a universal shudder and alarm. But the people were most provoked by the licence of the Bardiæ, who murdered fathers of families in their houses, defiled their children, and violated their wives; and they went on plundering and committing violence, till Cinna and Sertorius, combining, attacked them when they were asleep in the camp, and transfixed them with spears.

In the meantime, as if the wind was beginning to turn, reports reached Rome from all quarters that Sulla had finished the war with Mithridates, and recovered the provinces, and was sailing against the city with a large force. This intelligence caused a brief cessation and pause to unspeakable calamities, for Marius and his faction were in expectation of the immediate arrival of their enemies. Now being elected consul for the seventh time, on the very Calends of January, which is the

beginning of the year, Marius caused one Sextus Lucinus to be thrown down the Tarpeian rock, which appeared to be a presage of the great misfortunes that were again to befall the partisans of Marius and the State. But Marius was now worn out with labour, and, as it were, drowned with cares, and cowed in his spirit; and the experience of past dangers and toil made him tremble at the thoughts of a new war, and fresh struggles and alarms; and he could not sustain himself when he reflected that now he would have to hazard a contest, not with Octavius or Merula at the head of a tumultuous crowd and seditious rabble, but that Sulla was advancing—Sulla, who had once driven him from Rome, and had now confined Mithridates within the limits of his kingdom of Pontus. With his mind crushed by such reflections, and placing before his eyes his long wanderings and escapes and dangers in his flight by sea and by land, he fell into a state of deep despair, and was troubled with nightly alarms and terrific dreams, in which he thought he heard a voice continually calling out

Dreadful is the lion's lair  
Though he is no longer there.

As he greatly dreaded wakeful nights, he gave himself up to drinking and intoxication at unseasonable hours and to a degree unsuited to his age, in order to procure sleep, as if he could thus elude his cares. At last, when a man arrived with news from the sea, fresh terrors seized him, partly from fear of the future and partly from feeling the burden and the weariness of the present state of affairs; and while he was in this condition a slight disturbance sufficed to bring on a kind of pleurisy, as the philosopher Posidonius relates, who also says that he had an interview and talked with him on the subject of his embassy, while Marius was sick. But one Caius Piso, an historian, says that Marius, while walking about with some friends after supper, fell to talking of the incidents of his life, beginning with his boyhood, and after enumerating his many vicissitudes of fortune, he said that no man of sense ought to trust fortune after such reverses; upon which he took leave of his friends, and keeping his bed for seven successive days, thus died. Some say that his ambitious character was most completely disclosed during his illness by his falling into the extravagant delusion that he was conducting the war against Mithridates, and he would then put his body into all kinds of attitudes and movements, as he used to do in battle, and accompany them with loud shouts and frequent cheers. So strong and unconquerable a desire to be engaged in that war had his ambitious and jealous character instilled into him; and therefore, though he had lived to be seventy years of age, and was the first Roman who had been seven times consul, and had made himself a family, and wealth enough for several kings, he still bewailed his fortune, and complained of dying before he had attained the fulness and completion of his desires.

#### 160.—APOPTHEGMS.—V.

COLERIDGE.—To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely—the rest never—break through the spell of personality; where anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalize the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and ever-ruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more; to leave this species of converse, if converse it deserves to be called, and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a sabbath past expression, deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries and in critical times, who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses—one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom.

with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonising all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse, without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position; gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the parti-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way, so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!—HENRY COLERIDGE.

PARVER THE QUAKER, AND HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—Anthony Parver was a quaker, poorer and less educated than most of his brethren; by trade a shoemaker. Can any one assign a reason why so many shoemakers have become eminent for their genius or their enthusiasm? The employment is still, often solitary, and allows a man to be meditative. Anthony Parver, as he worked with his awl, was over-mastered with an idea that he was called and commanded to translate the Scriptures. His faith attributed the impulse, whose origin he could not trace in his own will or in the concatenation of his human thoughts, to the Divine Spirit. But, if he was an enthusiast, he was an enthusiast of much sanity; for he sought the accomplishment of his end by the necessary means, and did not begin to translate till he had mastered the original tongues. We know not what assistance he received in this great undertaking, which was commenced when he had long outlived the years of physical docility; but if it be true, as stated, that he began with the Hebrew first, (and it was the natural course to occur to his mind,) he must have had some, for there was then no Hebrew and English lexicon or grammar. However, he did acquire a competent knowledge of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. He afterwards learned Greek, and Latin last of all. But still he could not have accomplished his purpose without pecuniary aid; and that aid was liberally afforded by Dr. Fothergill, at whose sole expense Parver's Translation of the Old and New Testaments, with notes critical and explanatory, in two volumes folio, was printed, and appeared in 1766. The cost of the work is stated at not less than 200*l*. A short account of this extraordinary effort of faith and perseverance may be found in Southey's *Omniana*. It is said to be remarkable for a close adherence to the Hebrew idiom. It has not apparently attracted so much notice among biblical scholars as the curiosity, to say no more, of its production would seem to challenge. We never saw it but once, and that was in the library of a *Friend*. We doubt, indeed, whether any new translation, however learned, exact, or truly orthodox, will ever appear to English Christians to be the real Bible. The language of the authorised version is the perfection of English, and it can never be written again, for the language of prose is one of the few things in which the English have really degenerated. Our tongue has lost its holiness.—HARLEY COLERIDGE. *Biographia Borealis, in Life of Dr. John Fothergill*.

VOLTAIRE AND JOHNSON.—I found *tall* Sir Thomas Robinson sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said, that the King of Prussia valued himself upon three things—upon being a hero, a musician, and an author. Johnson, "Pretty well, sir, for one man,

As to his being an author, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you may suppose Voltaire's footboy to do, who had been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the colouring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works." When I was at Fernay I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterised as "a superstitious dog;" but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, "An honest fellow!"—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson.*

## 161.—CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

J. B. SUMNER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

[THE present excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. John Bird Sumner, is the son of the Rev. Robert Sumner, Vicar of Kenilworth and Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, and grandson of Dr. John Sumner, formerly Canon of Windsor, and Provost of King's College, Cambridge. The two sons of the Vicar of Kenilworth have each had the rare distinction of being promoted to the highest offices of the Church by the force of their own merits. The Bishop of Winchester is the younger brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury. John Bird Sumner in 1815 published his first work, entitled 'Apostolical Preaching.' In 1816 appeared his 'Records of Creation.' To this remarkable work was awarded the second prize of £400, under the will of a Scotch gentleman named Burnett. In 1821 Dr. Sumner published the Sermons from which we extract the passage below. All his works are distinguished by their earnest piety, their depth of thought, and elegance of language. When a Fellow of Eton College he addressed a series of Discourses to the scholars, and the effect of his winning and impressive eloquence was a marked improvement in the moral habits of the whole school. The standard of thought and action was raised by the exhortations of a man of high talent thoroughly in earnest. He was created Bishop of Chester in 1828, and translated to the Primacy of all England in 1848.]

My brethren, we are now, upon earth, masters of our own conduct, and accountable to no one here for the tempers which we cherish, or the dispositions we show. We may hate our enemies, and refuse to forgive an injury; we may *pass by on the other side*, while our neighbour is in grievous want; we may spend our substance in selfish gratifications, or lay it up for our children, and refuse meanwhile to bestow any portion of it upon the bodies or the souls of our poorer brethren; and, at the same time, none have a right to call us to account, except by a friendly warning; God leaves us to follow our own bent: no fire comes down from heaven to consume the churlish or the malicious; the sun shines alike on the merciful and on the uncharitable; and the rain fertilises alike those fields which spread their bounty upon God's needy creatures, and those which enrich no one but their covetous owner. We are free to use as we like the gifts of Providence; and this freedom affords the opportunity by which our characters are formed and displayed.

But it will not be always so. There will be a time when we must render an account; when all superiority of strength, or talent, or influence, or place, or fortune, will be levelled; when the strongest, and the cleverest, and the greatest, and the richest, must yield up and return their several gifts to Him who lent them; and with their gifts must return an account of the way in which they have used them. The question will be, have you used your strength to injure, your wit to insult, your power to oppress? Have you, like the rich man in the parable, kept to yourself *your good things*, and taken no care to *lay up for yourself a good foundation against the time to come*? Have you never thought of spreading around you, as far as your opportunities allowed, temporal comfort and religious knowledge? Have you suffered the fatherless and widows to lie unfriended in their affliction, when you might have supported or consoled them? Has the ignorant man as far as

concerned you, continued in his ignorance, and the wicked died in his sin? Then you have shown yourself wanting in that quality which most certainly distinguishes the followers of Jesus: you have borne the name, but you have not possessed the spirit of a Christian: you have not been merciful in your generation; and now you have no claim to mercy, when nothing else can snatch you from the *wrath to come*.

No doubt the scrutiny of the *great day* will extend much further, and relate to other qualities, besides the grace of charity. Those on the right hand, which shall hear the summons, *Come, ye blessed children of my Father*, must be humble, and penitent, and meek, and pure in heart, as well as merciful. But the very prominent place which our Lord has assigned to charity in this awful description of the tribunal, where he will himself appear in his glory as Judge, and *before him shall be gathered all nations*, shows thus much, at least, that this virtue is indispensable; is one by which the Christian must often examine himself, and prove his own soul; inasmuch as, without it, his Saviour will not acknowledge him: he shall not *obtain mercy*. Not that charity, or any other virtue, can redeem us from the punishment of sin, or entitle us to the reward of heaven; *eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ*. It would be a miserable error for a man to suppose that by giving an alms he could atone for a crime, or by excusing his debtor here, clear his own account with God. Forgiveness and pity are necessary parts of that character which Christ will save, but cannot alone save us, or be placed in the stead of Christ. But, as I observed, they are necessary features of that character which Christ will save. Without these it will be in vain for a man to cry unto him in that day, *Lord, Lord, have we not been called by thy name?* He will still answer, you could not have a proper sense of the mercy which I showed, in *bearing your sins in my own body on the tree*, when you showed no mercy towards your own brethren, who had not offended you by ten thousand times as heavily as you have offended against your Almighty Father. Neither could you value your knowledge of my Gospel, when you have employed no pains to give others that knowledge; neither could you love your brethren, as I commanded you to love them, when you refused to do unto them as ye would they should do unto you: therefore, yours is not the character which shall *obtain mercy*, nor the character for which my heavenly kingdom is prepared.

My brethren, if any of you are conscious that you have not forgiven a neighbour when he trespassed against you; if any of you are conscious that you have taken a malicious pleasure in making a brother's offences known, and injuring his credit; if any have pushed your rights to an extreme, and insisted on a severity of justice when you might rather have shown mercy and pity; if any have no feeling for their fellow-creatures' wants, and are contented to enjoy themselves, without bestowing a thought on those who have in this life *evil things*; you plainly perceive that the blessing bestowed on the merciful is not addressed to you: you must expect judgment without mercy, if you have shown no mercy. Pray therefore to the Lord Jesus Christ, that He who first set the most beautiful example of charity, and displayed his almighty power, not by removing mountains or destroying cities, but by going about doing good, reforming the sinner, and curing the diseased, and relieving the distressed, and blessing those who persecuted him, may "pour into your hearts that most excellent gift of charity, without which all other qualities are nothing worth." Whenever you are tempted to resent an injury, reflect with yourselves, has God no account against you? When you are inclined to speak, or to think, *hardly* of your neighbour, who may have fallen into sin, reflect, Am I so without sin that I can venture to *cast the first stone* against another? When you are unwilling to take some trouble, or to spare some little of your substance, to relieve another's wants, remember the sentence of your Lord and Judge, *Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me*.



## TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK.

### 162.—THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

[THE author of the Histories of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' and of the 'Conquest of Peru,' is a living American writer, who has taken the very highest rank as an historian. Mr. Prescott was born in 1796, the son of an eminent lawyer of Salem. He has won his reputation under physical difficulties; for, having lost one of his eyes by an accident while at Harvard College, the sight of the other has at various periods so failed him that he has been either wholly unable to pursue his studies, or has pursued them under no common disadvantages. The defect of his sight was at last compensated by the strength of his will, and he made himself master of a vast mass of information from Spanish sources for his History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' by having the works read to him. Johnson said that Milton could not write history with the eyes of others; but Prescott accomplished this task. Of late years his sight has been partially recovered. The following extract from the 'Conquest of Peru,' describing the treacherous capture of the last Inca by the Spanish invaders, may be fitly introduced by another passage from the same work:—

"It is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province, or a kingdom that had been gained; but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals, the mineral treasures, the vegetable forms, and the varied aspects of nature, man in the different phases of civilisation, filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought and stimulated it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active, that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner, depopulated, as emigrants thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep. It was a world of romance that was thrown open; for, whatever might be the luck of the adventurer, his reports on his return were tinged with a colouring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen, and nourished the chimerical sentiments of an age of chivalry. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to realise the classic legends of antiquity, to stories of Patagonian giants, to flaming pictures of an *El Dorado*, where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers.

"Yet that the adventurers were no impostors, but dupes, too easy dupes, of their own credulous fancies, is shown by the extravagant character of their enterprises: by expeditions in search of the magical Fountain of Health, of the golden Temple of Döboyba, of the golden sepulchres of Yenu—for gold was ever floating before their distempered vision, and the name of *Castilla del Oro*, (Golden Castile,) the most unhealthy and unprofitable region of the Isthmus, held out a bright promise to the unfortunate settler, who too frequently instead of gold found there only his grave.

"In this realm of enchantment all the accessories served to maintain the illusion. The simple natives, with their defenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any legend of chivalry, where the lance of the good knight overturned

hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight errant. Hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass, with its swarms of venomous insects, the cold of mountain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics,—these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more, and not the least remarkable, in the chronicles of knight errantry.

"The character of the warrior took somewhat of the exaggerated colouring shed over his exploits. Proud and vain-glorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny, and an invincible confidence in his own resources, no danger could appal and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm; for his soul revelled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse his energies into action. Yet in the motives of action meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was sullied with cruelty, the cruelty that flowed equally, strange as it may seem, from his avarice and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age—the religion of the Crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached peace upon earth and good-will towards man!

"What a contrast did these children of Southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races, who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the western hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor the more specious pretext of proselytism; but independence—~~independence~~, religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labour. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path, and beckoned them onwards through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social polity. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land, and sent up its branches high towards the heavens, while the communities of the neighbouring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendours of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

"It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonise them. Thus the northern section was assigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result, if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now Protestant America!"

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most remarkable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza* was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under Do Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery, comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance called falconets, he established in the fortress. All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their warcries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and, putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangements of the immense halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Every thing depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition: the God of battles was invoked to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the cross; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "*Exsurge, Domine*" ("Rise, O Lord! and judge thine own cause"). One might have supposed them a company of martyrs, about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers, meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history; yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the cross, and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into the predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardour, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or perhaps disclosure, in some measure, his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from



the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw, with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldiers as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose; and adding, that he had provided every thing for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and, striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, 'The House of the Serpent.' No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahualpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith, though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers, or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps, also, to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality, and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably would not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came "which, in our ears," says one of the conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then

followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading lines of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Every thing was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an enquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with Saint Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter, Felipillo, explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it when I see that he has

sent his subjects so far across the waters ; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then, alas ! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—“my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.”

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment ; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, “Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.”

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, “Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians ? Set on at once ! I absolve you.” Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of “St. Jago and at them !” It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing ; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly ; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza* ! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to

their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grow deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *doria* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who, in the heat of triumph, showed not touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

### 163.—THE RISE OF WOLSEY.

CAYNENDISH.

It chanced at a certain season that the king had an urgent occasion to send an ambassador unto the Emperor Maximilian, who lay at that present in the low country of Flanders, not far from Calais. The Bishop of Winchester and Sir Thomas Lovell, whom the king most highly esteemed, as chief among his counsellors, (the king one day counselling and debating with them upon his embassy,) saw they had a convenient occasion to prefer the king's chaplain, whose excellent wit, eloquence, and learning, they highly commended to the king. The king giving ear unto them, and being a prince of an excellent judgment and modesty, commanded them to bring his chaplain, whom they so much commended, before his grace's presence. At whose repair thither, to prove the wit of his chaplain, the king fell in communication with him in matters of weight and gravity, and, perceiving his wit to be very fine, thought him sufficient to be put in authority and trust with this embassy; and commanded him thereupon to prepare himself to this enterprise and journey, and, for his *dépêche*\* to repair to his grace and his trusty counsellors aforesaid, of whom he should receive his commission and instructions. By means whereof he had then a due occasion to repair from time to time into the king's presence, who perceived him more and more to be a very wise man, and of a good entendment.† And after his *dépêche* he took his leave of the king at Richmond

\* Despatch.

† Understanding.

about noon, and so came to London with speed, about four of the clock, where then the barge of Gravesend was ready to launch forth, both with a prosperous tide and wind. Without any farther abode he entered the barge, and so passed forth. His happy speed was such that he arrived at Gravesend within little more than three hours, where he tarried no longer than his post horses were provided; and travelling so speedily with post horses, that he came to Dover the next morning early, whereas the passengers were ready, under sail displayed, to sail to Calais. Into which passengers, without any farther abode, he entered and sailed forth with them, so that he arrived at Calais within three hours, and having there post horses in readiness, departed incontinent, making such hasty speed, that he was that night with the emperor; who, having understanding of the coming of the king of England's ambassador, would in no wise defer the time, but sent incontinent for him (his affection unto King Henry the Seventh was such that he rejoiced when he had an occasion to show him pleasure). The ambassador, having opportunity, disclosed the sum of his embassy unto the emperor, of whom he required speedy expedition, the which was granted; so that the next day he was clearly despatched, with all the king's requests fully accomplished. At which time he made no farther tarryance, but with post horses rode incontinent that night towards Calais again, conducted thither with such number of horsemen as the emperor had appointed, and was at the opening of the gates there, where the passengers were as ready to return into England as they were before in his advancing; insomuch that he arrived at Dover by ten of the clock before noon; and having post horses in a readiness came to the court at Richmond that night. Where he, taking his rest for that time until the morning, repaired to the king at his first coming out of his grace's bedchamber, toward his closet to hear mass. Whom (when he saw) he checked him for that he was not past on his journey. "Sir," quoth he, "if it may stand with your highness's pleasure, I have already been with the emperor, and despatched your affairs, I trust, to your grace's contentation." And with that delivered unto the king the emperor's letters of credence. The king, being in a great confuse and wonder of his hasty speed with ready furniture of all his proceedings, dismissed all his imagination and wonder in that matter, and demanded of him whether he encountered not his pursuivant, the which he sent unto him (supposing him not to be scanty out of London) with letters concerning a very necessary cause, neglected in his commission and instructions, the which the king coveted much to be sped. "Yes, forsooth, sire," quoth he, "I encountered him yesterday by the way; and having no understanding by your grace's letters of your pleasure therein, have, notwithstanding been so bold, upon mine own discretion (perceiving that matter to be very necessary in that behalf) to despatch the same. And forasmuch as I have exceeded your grace's commission, I must humbly require your gracious remission and pardon." The king, rejoicing inwardly not a little, said again, "We do not only pardon you thereof, but also give you our princely thanks, both for the proceeding therein, and also for your good and speedy exploit," commanding him for that time to take his rest, and to repair again to him after dinner for the farther relation of his embassy. The king then went to mass; and after at convenient time he went to dinner.

It is not to be doubted but that this ambassador hath been since his return with his great friends, the Bishop of Winchester and Sir Thomas Lovell, to whom he hath declared the effect of all his speedy progress; nor yet what joy they conceived thereof. And after his departure from the king in the morning, his highness sent for the bishop and Sir Thomas Lovell, to whom he declared the wonderful expedition of his ambassador, commending therewith his excellent wit, and in especial the invention and advancing of the matter left out of his commission and instructions.

The king's words rejoiced these worthy counsellors not a little, forasmuch as he was of their preferment.

Then, when this ambassador remembered the king's commandment, and saw the time draw fast on of his repair before the king and his council, he prepared him in a readiness, and resorted unto the place assigned by the king, to declare his embassy. Without all doubt he reported the effect of all his affairs and proceedings so exactly, with such gravity and eloquence, that all the council that heard him could do no less but commend him, esteeming his expedition to be almost beyond the capacity of man. The king, of his mere motion and gracious consideration, gave him at that time for his diligent and faithful service, the deanery of Lincoln, which at that time was one of the worthiest spiritual promotions that he gave under the degree of a bishopric. And thus from thenceforward he grew more and more into estimation and authority, and after was promoted by the king to be his almoner. Here may all men note the chances of Fortune that followeth some whom she listeth to promote, and even so to some her favour is contrary, though they should travail never so much, with all the urgent diligence and painful study that they could devise or imagine; whereof for my part, I have tasted of the experience.

Now ye shall understand that all this tale that I have declared of his good expedition in the king's embassy, I received it of his own mouth and report, after his fall, lying at that time in the great park of Richmond, I being then there attending upon him; taking an occasion upon divers communications to tell me this journey, with all the circumstances as I have here before rehearsed.

#### 104.—SUMMER.—II.

[In this volume we have given some of the passages of the Poets' description of Summer. We now add some farther extracts connected with that season, and we commence with Mrs. BARBAULD'S 'Summer Evening's Meditation.' There are some splendid lines in this poem, and Leigh Hunt justly says, that it presents "to the reader's imagination the picture of a fine-minded female wrapt up in thought and devotion."]

"Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south  
Has spent his short-lived rage: more grateful hours  
Move silent on; the skies no more ropel  
The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams  
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye  
To wander o'er their sphere, where hung aloft,  
Dian's bright crescent, "like a silver bow  
New strung in heaven," lifts high its beamy horns,  
Impatient for the night, and seems to push  
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,  
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam  
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood  
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy loins.  
The shadows spread apace; while meekn'd Eve,  
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires  
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,  
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour  
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,  
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
Of unpierced woods, where wrapt in solid shade  
She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,  
And, fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,  
Moves forward, and with radiant finger points

To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,  
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven  
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether  
 One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires  
 And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,  
 Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd  
 O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,  
 And worthy of the master: he whose hand,  
 With hieroglyphics older than the Nile,  
 Inscribed the mystic tablet; hung on high  
 To public gaze; and said, Adore, O man,  
 The finger of thy God! From what pure wells  
 Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,  
 Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps  
 For ever streaming o'er the azure deep  
 To point our path, and light us to our home.  
 How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!  
 And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil  
 Their destined course! Nature's self is hush'd,  
 And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles through  
 The thick-wave foliage, not a sound is heard  
 To break the midnight air; though the raised ear,  
 Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.  
 How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!  
 But are they silent all? or is there not  
 A tongue in every star that talks with man,  
 And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:  
 This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,  
 And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.  
 At this still hour the self-collected soul  
 Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there  
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;  
 An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,  
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun  
 (Fair transitory creature of a day)  
 Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,  
 Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods—  
 Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,  
 Revolving periods past, may oft look back,  
 With recollected tenderness, on all  
 The various busy scenes she left below,  
 Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,  
 As on some fond and soothing tale that soothed  
 Her infant hours—oh, be it lawful now  
 To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,  
 And with mute wonder and delighted awe  
 Approach your burning confines! Seized in thought,  
 On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail  
 From the green borders of the peopled earth  
 And the pale moon, her dutious fair attendant;

From solitary Mars; from the vast orb  
 Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk  
 Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;  
 To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,  
 Where cheerless Saturn, midst his watery moons,  
 Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,  
 Sits like an exiled monarch; fearless thence  
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space,  
 Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,  
 Of elder beams, which ask no leave to shine  
 Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light  
 From the proud regent of our scanty day;  
 Sons of the morning, first born of creation,  
 And only less than Him who marks their track,  
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,  
 Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen  
 Impels me onward through the glowing orbs  
 Of habitable nature far remote,  
 To the dread confines of eternal night,  
 To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,  
 The deserts of creation wide and wild,  
 Where embryo systems and unkindled suns  
 Sleep in the womb of chaos? fancy droops,  
 And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.  
 But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word  
 Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,  
 Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblamed  
 Invoke thy dread perfection?—  
 Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?  
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion  
 Support thy throne? Oh, look with pity down  
 On crring, guilty man! not in thy names  
 Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd  
 That conscious Sinai felt when fear appall'd  
 The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,  
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart  
 Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers  
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,  
 And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,  
 Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;  
 A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,  
 And full, replete with wonders. Let me here,  
 Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,  
 And ripen for the skies. The hour will come  
 When all these splendours, bursting on my sight,  
 Shall stand unvell'd, and to my ravish'd sense  
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

There is a fine simplicity and a great moral truth in these old quaint lines of SURREY:

When Summer took in hand the winter to assail,  
 With force of might, and virtue great, his stormy blasts to quail;



And when he clothed fair the earth about with green,  
 And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to seen :  
 Mine heart gan new revive, and changed blood did stir,  
 Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within the durre.,  
 'Abroad,' quoth my desire, 'assay to set thy foot ;  
 Where thou shalt find the savour sweet ; for sprung is every root.  
 And to thy health if thou wolt sick, in any case,  
 Nothing more good than in the spring the air to feel a space.  
 There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds y-wrought,  
 Well time their voice with warble small, as nature hath them taught.'  
 Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leave,  
 And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receive.

In THOMSON'S 'Castle of Ipdolence' there are descriptive passages which in our view are finer and more luxuriant than any portion of his 'Seasons.'

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :  
 And there a season atween June and May,  
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,  
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;  
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,  
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
 And hurled every where their waters sheen ;  
 That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :  
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
 Yet all these sounds y-blent inclined all to sleep.

What music is there in this brief passage of SHELLEY:—

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,  
 When the north wind congregates in crowds  
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
 From the horizon—and the stainless sky  
 Opens beyond them like eternity.  
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,  
 The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds  
 The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

Two real poets—one who died too early, the other his friend who has happily lived to find a sunshine in his life's winter—have each written sonnets as if in generous rivalry on the grasshopper and the cricket. These charming little poems are singular examples of different modes of viewing the same subject by two men of original minds.

The poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;  
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury—he has never done  
With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEATS.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;  
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong  
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth  
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—  
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

#### 165.—SCENE FROM THE CRITIC.

SHERIDAN.

[It is a painful thing to trace such a career as that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The wit whose comedies were held by the most refined audiences to surpass all that Wycherley, or Vanbrugh, or Congreve had achieved—the orator after one of whose great speeches the first statesman of his age moved that the House should adjourn, because it was under the wand of the magician—was in all his private dealings with his fellow-men little better than an accomplished swindler. Pity he unquestionably must be, for he was the slave of the circumstances that surrounded him, and his false ambition could never aspire to the real dignity which the man of genius may always attain through that independence which is the result of the limitation of his desires. Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. His father was a teacher of elocution ; his mother was a most amiable and accomplished woman, the author of 'Sidney Biddulph' and 'Nourjahad.' When he was two-and-twenty, he married the celebrated singer, Miss Linley, whom he compelled to quit her profession. His first comedy was the 'Rivals,' which, after a partial failure, was highly successful. 'The Duenna,' one of the most charming of English operas, followed. By some stroke of policy he became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, and in 1777 produced 'The School for Scandal,' perhaps the best comedy of wit in our language. 'The Critic' followed in 1779. The character of Sir Fretful Plagiary, in the extract which we give, is held to be a satire upon Richard Cumberland, his dramatic contemporary. In 1780 he was brought into Parliament, and uniformly supported the Whig party. The latter years of his life must have been truly miserable. He had no certain means of support: he lived in a perpetual struggle with pecuniary difficulties; his necessities could not be laughed away by his animal spirits; he

feasted at the tables of the great, and the luxury in which he occasionally participated only made his own home more cheerless. When sickness and distress had enfeebled his powers, he was deserted by his summer friends. He died in 1816.]

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

*Dangle.* Beg him to walk up.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

*Mrs. Dangle.* I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

*Sneer.* Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

*Dangle.* But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

*Sneer.* Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

*Dangle.* Very true, egad—though he is my friend.

*Sneer.* Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though at the same time he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism; yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

*Dangle.* There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

*Sneer.* You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

*Dangle.* Oh, yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

*Sneer.* Well, and you think it execrable, do'n't you?

*Dangle.* Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here [*Aside*]*—finished and most admirable performance—*

*Sir Fretful (without).* Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

*Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.*

*Dangle.* Ah, my dear friend! Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

*Sneer.* You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

*Sir Fret.* You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sir Fret.* Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

*Sneer.* Wonderfully!

*Sir Fret.* But, come now, there must be something that you think might be amended, hey? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dangle.* Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to—

*Sir Fret.* With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious. But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.* Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir Fret.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

*Sir Fret.* You surprise me!—wants incident!

*Sneer.* Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir Fret.* Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dangle.* Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

*Sir Fret.* Rises, I believe, you mean, sir.

*Dangle.* No, I don't upon my word.

*Sir Fret.* Yes, yes, you do upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no; it don't fall off.

*Dangle.* Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

*Mrs. Dangle.* No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

*Sir Fret.* Upon my soul, the women are the best judges, after all!

*Mrs. Dangle.* Or, if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was on the whole a little too long.

*Sir Fret.* Pray madam, do you speak as to the duration of time, or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

*Mrs. Dangle.* Oh, Lud! no: I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

*Sir Fret.* Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

*Mrs. Dangle.* Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

*Sir Fret.* Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

*Mrs. Dangle.* I hope to see it on the stage next.

*Dangle.* Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir Fret.* The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them. No; I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dangle.* You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir Fret.* No! quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Sneer.* Why, that's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day—

*Sir Fret.* What? Where?

*Dangle.* Ay, you mean in the paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

*Sir Fret.* Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

*Dangle.* Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for—

*Sir Fret.* You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.* Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious.

*Sir Fret.* Oh, Lud! no; anxious—not I—not in the least. I——But one may as well hear, you know.

*Dangle.* Sneer, do you recollect? Make out something.

*Sneer.* I will.—[To DANGLE.] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

[Aside.]

*Sir Fret.* Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentlemen say?

*Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

*Sneer.* That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book: where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant.

*Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha!

*Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha!

*Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir Fret.* Ha!

*Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise!

*Sir Fret.* [After great agitation.] Now another person would be vexed at this.

*Sneer.* Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

*Sir Fret.* I know it—I am diverted. Ha! ha! ha! not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha!—very good! very good!

*Sneer.* Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

*Dangle.* A severe rogue! Ha! ha! ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir Fret.* To be sure—for, if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and, if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from one's good-natured friend or other.

## 166.—SWINEHERDS OF THE NEW FOREST.

GILPIN.

[WILLIAM GILPIN was one of those best benefactors of mankind, who, without possessing abilities of the very highest order, employ their talents so as to be useful to others and happy in themselves. He was born in 1724, entered the church, and married young. He became a schoolmaster at Cheam in Surrey, and there realised a handsome competence. The living of Boldre in the New Forest was presented to him; and there he dwelt for the remainder of his long and useful life, a blessing to all the inhabitants of that wild and beautiful district. He died in 1804. At a time when a love of the picturesque was little cultivated, he published several works, illustrating by his descriptions and his pencil the principles of the beautiful in landscape. The following extract is from his 'Forest Scenery,' in which he describes the characteristics of his own locality, and intersperses his artistical sketches with many amusing anecdotes and traditions.]

These woods afford excellent feeding for hogs, which are led in the autumn season into many parts of the forest, but especially among the oaks and beeches of

Boldre Wood, to fatten on mast. It is among the rights of the forest-borderers to feed their hogs in the forest, during the pawnage month, as it is called, which commences about the end of September, and lasts six weeks. For this privilege they pay a trifling acknowledgment at the steward's court at Lyndhurst. The word pawnage was the old term for the money thus collected.

The method of treating hogs at this season of migration, and of reducing a large herd of these unmanageable brutes to perfect obedience and good government, is curious.

The first step the swine-herd takes, is to investigate some close sheltered part of the forest, where there is a conveniency of water, and plenty of oak or beech mast, the former of which he prefers when he can have it in abundance. He fixes next on some spreading tree, round the bole of which he wattles a slight circular fence of the dimensions he wants; and, covering it roughly with boughs and sode, he fills it plentifully with straw or fern.

Having made this preparation, he collects his colony among the farmers, with whom he commonly agrees for a shilling a head, and will get together perhaps a herd of five or six hundred hogs. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives them a plentiful supper of acorns or beech mast, which he had already provided, sounding his horn during the repast. He then turns them into the litter where, after a long journey and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously.

The next morning he lets them look a little around them—shows them the pool or stream where they may occasionally drink—leaves them to pick up the offals of the last night's meal; and, as evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast under the neighbouring trees, which rain acorns upon them for an hour together, at the sound of his horn. He then sends them again to sleep.

The following day he is perhaps at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual. He then leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye, however, on their evening hours. But, as their bellies are full, they seldom wander far from home, retiring commonly very orderly and early to bed.

After this he throws his sty open, and leaves them to cater for themselves; and from henceforward has little more trouble with them, during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather, when mast falls sparingly, he calls them perhaps together by the music of his horn to a gratuitous meal; but in general they need little attention, returning regularly home at night, though they often wander in the day two or three miles from their sty. There are experienced leaders in all herds, which have spent this roving life before, and can instruct their juniors in the method of it. By this management the herd is carried home to their respective owners in such condition, that a little dry meat will soon fatten them.

I would not, however, have it supposed, that all the swine-herds in the forest manage their colonies with this exactness. Bad governments and bad governors will every where exist; but I mention this as an example of sound policy—not as a mere Platonic or Utopian scheme, but such as hath been often realised, and hath as often been found productive of good order, and public utility. The hog is commonly supposed to be an obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable brute; and he may perhaps have a degree of positiveness in his temper. In general, however, if he be properly managed, he is an orderly docile animal. The only difficulty is to make your meanings, when they are fair and friendly, intelligible to him. Effect this, and you may lead him with a straw.

Nor is he without his social feelings, when he is at liberty to indulge them. In these forest migrations, it is commonly observed that, of whatever number the herd consists, they generally separate, in their daily excursions, into such little knots and

societies as have formerly had habits of intimacy together; and in these friendly groups they range the forest; returning home at night, in different parties, some earlier and some later, as they have been more or less fortunate in the pursuits of the day.

It sounds oddly to affirm the life of a hog to be enviable; and yet there is something uncommonly pleasing in the lives of these emigrants—something at least more desirable than is to be found in the life of a hog, *Epicuri de grege*. They seem themselves also to enjoy their mode of life. You see them perfectly happy, going about at their ease, and conversing with each other in short, pithy, interrupted sentences, which are no doubt expressive of their own enjoyments and of their social feelings.

Besides the hogs thus led out in the mast season to fatten, there are others, the property of forest keepers, which spend the whole year in such societies. After the mast season is over, the indigenous forest hog depends chiefly for his livelihood on the roots of fern; and he would find this food very nourishing, if he could have it in abundance. But he is obliged to procure it by so laborious an operation, that his meals are rarely accompanied with satiety. He continues however, by great industry, to obtain a tolerable subsistence through the winter, except in frosty weather, when the ground resists his delving snout; then he must perish if he do not, in some degree, experience his master's care. As spring advances, fresh grasses, and salads of different kinds, add a variety to his bill of fare; and as summer comes on he finds juicy berries, and grateful seeds, on which he lives plentifully, till autumn returns and brings with it the extreme of abundance.

Besides these stationary hogs, there are others in some of the more desolate parts of the forest which are bred wild, and left to themselves without any settled habitation; and as their owners are at no expense, either in feeding or attending them, they are content with the precarious profit of such as they are able to retain.

Charles the First, I have heard, was at the expense of procuring the wild boar and his mate from the forests of Germany, which once certainly inhabited the forests of England. I have heard, too, that they propagated greatly in New Forest. Certain it is, there is found in it at this day a breed of hogs commonly called forest pigs, which are very different from the usual Hampshire breed, and have about them several of the characteristic marks of the wild boar. The forest hog has broad shoulders, a high crest, and thick bristly mane, which he erects on any alarm. His hinder parts are light and thin. His ears are short and erect; and his colour either black or darkly brindled. He is much fiercer than the common breed; and will turn against an ordinary dog. All these are marks of the wild boar, from whom probably in part he derives his pedigree, though his blood may be contaminated with vulgar mixtures. But, though he is much more picturesque than the common hog, he is in much less repute among farmers. The lightness of his hind quarters, and the thinness of his flanks, appear to great disadvantage in the ham and the fitch.

#### 187.—GARDENS.

JESSE.

[MR. HOWARD JESSE, Surveyor of her Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c., is the author of several volumes which have had a deserved popularity, as the faithful observations of an intelligent and reflective mind upon the common appearances of Nature, the more interesting from their familiarity. Mr. Jesse appears to have taken for his model White of Selborne. The volume from which we extract the following passage, entitled 'Scenes and Tales of Country Life,' was published in 1844.]

The love of gardens and of gardening appears to be almost exclusively confined to the English, and is partaken of by the poor as well as by the rich. Nothing can

be prettier than the gardens attached to the thatched cottages in Devonshire. They are frequently to be seen on the side and oftener at the bottom of a hill, down which a narrow road leads to a rude single-arched stone bridge. Here a shallow stream may be seen flowing rapidly, and which now and then *stipples*, to use a Devonshire phrase, over a pavement of either pebbles or rag-stone. A little rill descends by the side of the lane, and close to the hedge of the cottage, which is approached by a broad stepping stone over the rill, and beyond it is a gate made of rough sticks, which leads to the cottage. At a short distance, an excavation has been cut out of the bank, and paved round with rough stones, into which the water finds and then again makes its way, clear and sparkling. This is the cottager's well. His garden is gay with flowers. His bees are placed on each side of a window surrounded with honeysuckles, jessamine, or a flourishing vine, and the rustic porch is covered with these or other creepers. Here, also, the gorgeous hollyhock may be seen in perfection, for it delights in the rich red soil of Devonshire. Giant-stocks, carnations, and china-asters, flourish from the same cause, and make the garden appear as though it belonged to Flora herself.

Nor must the little orchard be forgotten. The apple-trees slope with the hill, and in the spring are covered with a profusion of the most beautiful blossom, and in the autumn are generally weighed down with their load of red fruit. Under them may be seen a crop of potatoes, and in another part of the garden those fine Paington cabbages, one of the best vegetables of the county. In a sheltered nook is the thatched pig-sty, partly concealed by the round yellow-faced sunflower, which serves both as a screen and as an ornament. The mud or cob walls of the cottage add to its picturesque appearance, when partly covered with creepers and surrounded with flowers.

Such is an accurate description of one of the many cottages I have seen in the beautiful and hospitable county of Devon, so celebrated for its illustrious men and the beauty of its women. Those who, like myself, have wandered amongst its delightful lanes, will not think my picture overcharged.

But I must introduce my readers to the inside of a Devonshire cottage. On entering it, he will see the polished dresser glittering with bright pewter plates; the flitch of bacon on the rack, with paper bags stored with dried pot-herbs, for winter use, deposited near it; the bright dog-bars, instead of a grate, with the *cottrel* over them, to hang the pot on, and every thing bespeaking comfort and cleanliness. The cottager's wife will ask him to sit down, in that hearty Devonshire phrase, which has often been addressed to me, and which I always delighted in—"Do y' Sir, pitch yourself," bringing forward a chair at the same time, and wiping it down with her apron. A cup of cider will be offered, or bread and cheese, or whatever the cottage affords.

I have known one of the children stealthily sent to a neighbouring farmer's for a little clotted cream, which has been set before me with a loaf of brown bread, and with the most hearty good-will. They are so delicious a banquet, that Pope might have thought of it when he said—

"Beneath the humble cottage let us haste,  
And there, unenvied, rural dainties taste."

I have dwelt longer than I intended on the cottage scenery of Devonshire, because I think it stands pre-eminent in this country for beauty, and because I regard its peasantry as affording the best examples I have met with of unaffected kindness, civility, industry, and good conduct.

I have, on more than one occasion, expressed my admiration of the agricultural population of England; and I trust that the time is not far distant, when each individual amongst them will have an allotment of land, at a fair rent, for the better



maintenance of themselves and their families, not in common fields, but attached to their houses.

The taste for gardens, however, is not confined to the rural districts. Round the town of Birmingham, for instance, there are some hundreds of small gardens, which are diligently cultivated by the working classes. Each garden has a little covered seat, where the owner has his glass of ale, and smokes his pipe, at the close of the evening; and here the finest auriculas, polyanthus, carnations, &c., are to be met with. They are cultivated with the utmost skill and care, and may vie with any produced in this country. I have also been informed that our Spitalfields weavers have the same fondness for flowers, and are also amongst our best collectors of insects. In some other districts tulips are successfully cultivated, and in others the ranunculus and anemone. One man is celebrated for his fine stocks, another for his pansies, while a third will produce unrivalled gooseberries for size, or wall-flowers of the darkest hue. I am assured that, great and deplorable as the distress now is at Birmingham, a man would sell his clothes, his furniture, indeed, all that he possessed, sooner than part with his beloved garden.

Flowers are cultivated to a considerable extent, and with great success, in the neighbourhood of London, and especially in some parts of Surrey, in which county there are many exhibitions of flowers every year. Here the rich and poor may be seen assembled together, each either admiring or criticising particular blooms, and the poor man appearing perfectly competent to appreciate their peculiar merits. It always affords me pleasure to witness these meetings, and to watch the gleam of satisfaction in the countenance of some cottager, when—

"his garden's gem,  
The heart's-ease,"

has been praised, or his well-cultivated show of potatoes or apples has obtained for him some trifling prize.

Persons of influence, residing in the country, should do their utmost to encourage the cultivation, not only of flowers, but of vegetables and bees, amongst their poorer neighbours. It not only tends to keep them out of ale and beer-houses, those curses of the labouring man in this country, but improves their minds, their habits, and health. An amiable florist has observed, that the love of flowers is one of the earliest impressions which the dawning of reason implants in the human mind, and that happy are the parents of children in whose imaginations this desirable predilection is early evinced. It inculcates a salutary habit of reasoning and thinking on subjects worthy of exercising the thoughts, and is calculated to improve them. It gradually trains the mind to the study and observance of that most instructive volume, the Book of Nature. The passion for flowers is, indeed, one of the most enduring and permanent of all enjoyments. At the coming of each revolving spring, we anxiously return to our loved and favourite pursuit; with joy and delight we perceive that

Ethereal mildness is come,  
and that the glory of reviving nature is returned.

### 168.—SAINT PAUL.

[FROM 'LIVES OF THE APOSTLES,'

CAVE.

THOUGH we have drawn St. Paul at large, in the account we have given of his life, yet may it be of use to represent him in little, in a brief account of his person, parts, and those graces and virtues for which he was more peculiarly eminent and remarkable. For his person, we find it thus described. He was low, and of little

stature, somewhat stooping, his complexion fair, his countenance grave, his head small, his eyes carrying a kind of beauty and sweetness in them, his eyebrows a little hanging over, his nose long, but gracefully bending, his beard thick, and like the hair of his head, mixed with gray hairs. Somewhat of this description may be learnt from Lucian, when in the person of Trypho, one of St. Paul's disciples, he calls him by way of derision, high-nosed bald-pated Galilean, that was caught up through the air unto the "third heaven," where he learnt great and excellent things. That he was very low, himself plainly intimates, when he tells us they were wont to say of him, that "his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible;" in which respect he was styled by Chrysostom, a man three cubits (or a little more than four feet) high, and yet tall enough to reach heaven. He seems to have enjoyed no very firm and athletic constitution, being often subject to distempers. St. Jerome particularly reports, that he was frequently afflicted with the headach, and that this was thought by many to have been "the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him," and that probably he intended some such thing by "the temptation in his flesh," which he elsewhere speaks of: which, however it may in general signify those afflictions that came upon him, yet does it primarily denote those diseases and infirmities that he was obnoxious to.

But, how mean soever the cabinet was, there was a treasure within more precious and valuable, as will appear if we survey the accomplishments of his mind. For, as to his natural abilities and endowments, he seems to have had a clear and solid judgment, quick invention, a prompt and ready memory; all of which were abundantly improved by art, and the advantages of a more liberal education. The schools of Tarsus had sharpened his discursive faculty by logic and the arts of reasoning, instructed him in the institutions of philosophy, and enriched him with the furniture of all kinds of human learning. This gave him great advantage above others, and even raised him to a mighty reputation for parts and learning; inso-much that St. Chrysostom tells us of a dispute between a Christian and a heathen, wherein the Christian endeavoured to prove against the Gentile, that St. Paul was more learned and eloquent than Plato himself. How well he was versed—not only in the law of Moses and the writings of the prophets, but even in classic and foreign writers, he has left us sure ground to conclude, from those excellent sayings which here and there he quotes out of heathen authors. Which, as at once it shows that it is not unlawful to bring the spoils of Egypt in the service of the sanctuary, and to make use of the advantages of foreign studies and human literature to divine and excellent purposes, so does it argue his being greatly conversant in the paths of human learning, which upon every occasion he could so readily command. Indeed, he seemed to have been furnished out on purpose to be the doctor of the Gentiles; to contend with and confute the grave and the wise, the acute and the subtle, the sage and the learned of the heathen world, and to wound them (as Julian's word was) with arrows drawn out of their own quiver; though we do not find that in his disputes with the Gentiles he made much use of learning and philosophy, it being more agreeable to the designs of the Gospel to confound the wisdom and learning of the world by the plain doctrine of the cross.

These were great accomplishments, and yet but a shadow to that divine temper of mind that was in him, which discovered itself through the whole course and method of his life. He was humble to the lowest step of abasement and condescension, none ever thinking better of others, or more meanly of himself. And though, when he had to deal with envious and malicious adversaries, who, by vilifying his person, sought to obstruct his ministry, he knew how to magnify his office, and to let them know that he was "no whit inferior to the very chiefest apostles;" yet of this case he constantly declared to all the world, that he looked upon himself as an

abortive and an untimely birth, as "the least of the apostles, not meet to be called an apostle;" and, as if this were not enough, he makes a word on purpose to express his humility, styling himself *ἐλαχιστότερον*, "less than the least of all saints," yea, "the very chief of sinners." How freely, and that at every turn, does he confess that he was before his conversion a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious both to God and men? Though honoured with peculiar acts of the highest grace and favour, taken up to an immediate converse with God in heaven, yet did not this inspire him with a supercilious loftiness over the rest of his brethren: intrusted he was with great power and authority in the church, but never affected dominion over men's faith, nor any other place than to be a helper of their joy; nor ever made use of his power but to the edification, not destruction of any. How studiously did he decline all honours and commendations that were heaped upon him? When some in the church of Corinth cried him up beyond all measure, and under the patronage of his name began to set up for a party, he severely rebuked them, told them that it was Christ, not he, that was crucified for them; that they had "not been baptised into his name," which he was so far from, that he did not remember that he had baptised above three or four of them; and was heartily glad he had baptised no more, lest a foundation might have been laid for that suspicion; and that this Paul, indeed, whom they so much extolled, was no more than a minister of Christ, whom our Lord had appointed to plant and build up his church.

Great was his temperance and sobriety: so far from going beyond the bounds of regularity, that he abridged himself of the conveniences of lawful and necessary accommodations; frequent were his hungerings and thirstings, not constrained only, but voluntary: it is probably thought that he very rarely drank any wine; and certain is it, that by abstinence and mortification he "kept under and subdued his body," reducing the extravagancy of the sensual appetites to a perfect subjection to the laws of reason. By this means he easily got above the world, and its charms and frowns, and made his mind continually conversant in heaven; his thoughts were fixed there; his desires always ascending thither; what he taught others he practised himself; his "conversation was in heaven," and his "desires were to depart, and to be with Christ;" this world did neither arrest his affections nor disturb his fears; he was not taken with its applause, nor frightened with its threatenings; he "studied not to please men," nor valued the censures and judgments which they passed upon him; he was not greedy of a great estate, or titles of honour, or rich presents from men, not "seeking theirs, but them;" of food and raiment was his bill of fare, and more than this he never cared for; accounting, that the less he was clogged with these things, the lighter he should march to heaven; especially travelling through a world overrun with troubles and persecutions. Upon this account it is probable he kept himself always within a single life, though there want not some of the ancients who expressly reckon him in the number of the married apostles, as Clemens Alexandrinus, Ignatius, and some others. It is true that passage is not to be found in the genuine epistle of Ignatius; but yet it is extant in all those that are owned and published by the church of Rome, though they have not been wanting to banish it out of the world, having expunged St. Paul's name out of some ancient manuscripts, as the learned Bishop Usher has, to their shame, sufficiently discovered to the world. But for the main of the question we can readily grant it; the Scripture seeming most to favour it, that though he asserted his power and liberty to marry as well as the rest, yet that he lived always a single life.

His kindness and charity was truly admirable; he had a compassionate tenderness for the poor, and a quick sense of the wants of others: to what church soever he came, it was one of his first cares to make provision for the poor, and to

stir up the bounty of the rich and wealthy ; nay, himself worked often with his own hands, not only to maintain himself, but to help and relieve them. But infinitely greater was his charity to the souls of men, fearing no dangers, refusing no labours, going through good and evil report, that he might gain men over to the knowledge of the truth, reduce them out of the crooked paths of vice and idolatry, and set them in the right way to eternal life. Nay, so insatiable his thirst after the good of souls, that he affirms, that rather than his countrymen the Jews should miscarry, by not believing and entertaining the gospel, he could be content, nay, wished, that "himself might be accursed from Christ for their sake;" i. e. that he might be anathematised and cut off from the church of Christ, and not only lose the honour of the apostolate, but be reckoned in the number of the abject and execrable persons, such as those are who are separated from the communion of the church. An instance of so large and passionate a charity, that lest it might not find room in men's belief, he ushered it in with this solemn appeal and attestation, that "he said the truth in Christ, and lied not, his conscience bearing him witness in the Holy Ghost." And as he was infinitely solicitous to gain men over to the best religion in the world, so was he not less careful to keep them from being seduced from it, ready to suspect every thing that might "corrupt their minds from the simplicity that is in Christ." "I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy," as he told the church of Corinth : an affection of all others the most active and vigilant, and which is wont to inspire men with the most passionate care and concernment for the good of those for whom we have the highest measures of love and kindness. Nor was his charity to men greater than his zeal for God, endeavouring with all his might to promote the honour of his master. Indeed, zeal seems to have had a deep foundation in the natural forwardness of his temper. How exceedingly zealous was he, while in the Jews' religion, of the traditions of his fathers ; how earnest to vindicate and assert the divinity of the Mosaic dispensation, and to persecute all of a contrary way, even to rage and madness ; and when afterwards turned into a right channel, it ran with as swift a current ; carrying him out, against all opposition, to ruin the kingdom and the powers of darkness, to beat down idolatry, and to plant the world with right apprehensions of God, and the true notions of religion. When, at Athens, he saw them so much overgrown with the grossest superstition and idolatry, giving the honour that was alone due to God to statues and images, his zeal began to ferment and to boil up into paroxysms of indignation ; and he could not but let them know the resentments of his mind, and how much herein they dishonoured God, the great parent and maker of the world.

This zeal must needs put him upon a mighty diligence and industry in the execution of his office, warning, reproving, entreating, persuading, "preaching in season and out of season," by night and by day, by sea and land ; no pains too much to be taken, no dangers too great to be overcome. For five-and-thirty years after his conversion he seldom stayed long in one place ; from Jerusalem, through Arabia, Asia, Greece, round about to Illyricum, to Rome, and even to the utmost bounds of the western world, "fully preaching the gospel of Christ : " running (says St. Jerome) from ocean to ocean, like the sun in the heavens, of which it is said, "his going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the end of it ; " sooner wanting ground to tread on, than a desire to propagate the faith of Christ. Nicephorus compares him to a bird in the air, that in a few years flew round the world : Isidore the Pelusiot to a winged husbandman, that flew from place to place to cultivate the world with the most excellent rules and institutions of life. And while the other apostles did as it were choose this or that particular province, as the main sphere of their ministry, St. Paul overran the whole world to its utmost bounds and corners, planting all places where he came with the divine doctrines of the gospel.

Nor in this course was he tired out with the dangers and difficulties that he met with, the troubles and oppositions that were raised against him. All of which did but reflect the greater lustre upon his patience; whereof, indeed, (as Clement observes,) he became a most eminent pattern and exemplar, during the biggest troubles and persecutions, with a patience triumphant and unconquerable. As will easily appear, if we take but a survey of what trials and sufferings he underwent, some part whereof are briefly summed up by himself. In labours abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons frequent, in deaths often; thrice beaten with rods, once stoned, thrice suffered shipwreck, a night and a day in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness, in painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; and besides these things that were without, that which daily came upon him, the care of the churches. An account, though very great, yet far short of what he endured; and wherein, as Chrysostom observes, he does modestly keep himself within his measures; for, had he taken the liberty fully to enlarge himself, he might have filled hundreds of martyrologies with his sufferings. A thousand times was his life at stake; in every suffering he was a martyr, and what fell but in parcels upon others came all upon him; while they skirmished only with single parties, he had the whole army of sufferings to contend with. All which he generously underwent with a soul as calm and serene as the morning sun; no spite or rage, no fury or storms, could ruffle and discompose his spirit: nay, those sufferings, which would have broken the back of an ordinary patience, did but make him rise up with the greater eagerness and resolution for the doing of his duty.

His patience will yet further appear from the consideration of another, the last of those virtues we shall take notice of in him, his constancy and fidelity in the discharge of his place, and in the profession of religion. Could the powers and policies of men and devils, spite and oppositions, torments and threatenings, have been able to baffle him out of that religion wherein he had engaged himself, he must have sunk under them, and left his station. But his soul was steeled with a courage and resolution that was impenetrable, and which no temptation either from hopes or fears could make any more impression upon, than an arrow can that is shot against a wall of marble. He wanted not solicitation on either hand, both from Jews and Gentiles; and questionless might, in some degree, have made his own terms, would he have been false to his trust and have quitted that way that was then every where spoken against. But, alas! these things weighed little with our apostle, who "counted not his life to be dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus." And therefore, when under the sentence of death in his own apprehensions, could triumphantly say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:" and so indeed he did, kept it inviolably, undauntedly to the last minute of his life. The sum is,—he was a man in whom the divine light did eminently manifest and display itself; he lived piously and devoutly, soberly and temperately, justly and righteously, careful "always to keep a conscience void of offence both towards God and man." This he tells us was his support under suffering, this the foundation of his confidence towards God, and his firm hopes of happiness in another world: "this is our rejoicing, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world."

# HALF-HOURS

## TWENTY-FIFTH WEEK.

### 169.—MY MAIDEN BRIEF.

[THE following paper was first printed in 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine.' It is so true, and there is such a quiet vein of humour running through it, that we cannot but regret that this is almost a solitary specimen of our friend's power as a writer. However, he has won his laurels in his own field; and, what is better, his life has been one in which his professional eminence has been principally valued by him as affording opportunity for advancing the cause of public improvement.]

"A lawyer," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shows a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love, too) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk, returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrear of the fellow's wages, and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed, I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters,—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length, all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years

your junior, who is sitting next to you ; you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you.— Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case ! The rap at the door ; I am a connoisseur in raps,—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me ; I know their tricks but too well ; they have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch ; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer ; and, though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes :—I was not long suffered to doubt : my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — v. —. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider ; and, after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were “with me” would be convenient ; and, finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory ; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which it referred ! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *bethumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's Coffee-house, adjoining Westminster Hall. There was I, before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every man of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly ; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of all my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court—just as the horseman pushes his steed into a gallop, to rid himself of the flies that are buzzing around him. Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. — walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house, when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half open door, to announce that “Jones and Williams was called on.” Down went the poker, and away flew — with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great —, our commander-in-chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been invisible to him ; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, *tacked* about, and sailed away. And thus ended first consultation.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had at least all my materials for myself, and that, from having had so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three.

At length, the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard — open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would have gladly given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length, my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B — was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said, I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a "phantasma or a hideous dream." They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one, I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres's courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders,—and I also read, that "Mr. — followed on the same side."

---

170.—APOPTHEGMS.—VI.

LEVELLING.—"Sir I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman and he Sam Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day, when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus,



sir, showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?"—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson.*

QUACKERY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—In the course of my life I have often pleased or entertained myself with observing the various and fantastical changes of the diseases generally complained of, and of the remedies in common vogue, which were like birds of passage, very much seen or heard of at one season, and disappeared at another, and commonly succeeded by some of a very different kind. When I was very young, nothing was so much feared or talked of as rickets among children, and consumption among young people of both sexes. After these the spleen came in play, and grew a formal disease: then the scurvy, which was the general complaint, and both were thought to appear in many various guises. After these, and for a time, nothing was so much talked of as the ferment of the blood, which passed for the cause of all sorts of ailments, that neither physicians nor patients knew well what to make of. And to all these succeeded vapours, which serve the same turn, and furnish occasion of complaint among persons whose bodies or minds ail something, but they know not what, and among the Chinese would pass for mists of the mind or fumes of the brain, rather than indispositions of any other parts. Yet these employ our physicians, perhaps more than other diseases, who are fain to humour such patients in their fancies of being ill, and to prescribe some remedies for fear of losing their practice to others, that pretend more skill in finding out the cause of diseases or care in advising remedies, which neither they nor their patients find any effect of, besides some gains to one and amusement to the other. This, I suppose, may have contributed much to the mode of going to the waters, either cold or hot, upon so many occasions, or else upon none besides that of entertainment, and which commonly may have no other effect. And it is well if this be the worst of the frequent use of those waters, which, though commonly innocent, yet are sometimes dangerous, if the temper of the person or cause of the indisposition be unhappily mistaken, especially in people of age. As diseases have changed vogue, so have remedies in my time and observation. I remember at one time the taking of tobacco, at another the drinking of warm beer, proved for universal remedies; then swallowing of pebble stones, in imitation of falconers curing hawks. One doctor pretended to help all heats and fevers by drinking as much cold spring water as the patient could bear; at another time swallowing a spoonful of powder of sea-biscuit after meals was infallible for all indigestions, and so preventing diseases. Then coffee and tea began their successive reigns. The infusion or powder of steel have had their turns, and certain drops of several names and compositions; but none that I find have established their authority, either long or generally, by any constant and sensible successes of their reign, but have rather passed like a mode, which every one is apt to follow, and finds the most convenient or graceful while it lasts, and begins to dislike in both those respects when it goes out of fashion.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Miscellanea.*

All of us, who are worth any thing, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes, of our youth.—SHELLEY. *Letters.*

Rage is essentially vulgar, and never vulgarer than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the vilest of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation vindicating its rights, or of a donkey sinking under its load.—HARTLEY COLERIDGE. *Biographia Borealis.*

IMPEDIMENTS TO THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.—Truth and error, as they are essentially opposite in their nature, so the causes to which they are indebted for their perpe-

tuity and triumph are not less so. Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry, is favourable to error; whatever promotes it, to truth. But nothing, it will be acknowledged, has a greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than the spirit and feeling of a party. Let a doctrine, however erroneous, become a party distinction, and it is at once entrenched in interests and attachments which make it extremely difficult for the most powerful artillery of reason to dislodge it. It becomes a point of honour in the leaders of such parties, which is from thence communicated to their followers, to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last; and, as a natural consequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas and remonstrances by which they are assailed. Even the wisest and best of men are seldom aware how much they are susceptible of this sort of influence; and while the offer of a world would be insufficient to engage them to recant a known truth, or to subscribe an acknowledged error, they are often retained in a willing captivity to prejudices and opinions which have no other support, and which, if they could lose sight of party feelings, they would almost instantly abandon.—REV. ROBERT HALL.

FASHION.—While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose. And, after all, what can fashion do for its most obsequious followers? It can ring the changes upon the same things, and it can do no more. Whether our hats be white or black, our caps high or low, whether we wear two watches or one, is of little consequence. There is indeed an appearance of variety; but the folly and vanity that dictates and adopts the change are invariably the same. When the fashions of a particular period appear more reasonable than those of the preceding, it is not because the world is grown more reasonable than it was; but because, in a course of perpetual changes, some of them must sometimes happen to be for the better. Neither do I suppose the preposterous customs that prevail at present a proof of its greater folly. In a few years, perhaps next year, the fine gentleman will shut up his umbrella, and give it to his sister, filling his hand with a crab-tree cydgel instead of it: and when he has done so will he be wiser than now? By no means. The love of change will have betrayed him into a propriety which, in reality, he has no taste for, all his merit on the occasion amounting to no more than this—that, being weary of one plaything, he has taken up another.—COWPER.

GENIUS.—I never knew a poet, except myself, who was punctual in anything, or to be depended on for the due discharge of any duty, except what he thought the owed to the Muses. The moment a man takes it into his foolish head that he has what the world calls Genius, he gives himself a discharge from the servile drudgery of all friendly offices, and becomes good for nothing, except in the pursuit of his favourite employment.—COWPER.

NASEBY FIELD.—The old hamlet of Naseby stands yet on its old hill top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the north-western border of Northamptonshire, some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire, nearly on a line, and nearly mid-way, between that town and Daventry. A peaceable old hamlet, of perhaps five hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, sadler's shop, beer shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off, north and south, into two long streets: the old church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old ball, held up by rods; a "hollow copper ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,"—which has, like Hudibras' breeches, "been at the siege of Bullen." The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England; gentle dulness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel*; "Navesby, quasi *Navel*by, from being," &c.

Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare's Avon, is on the western slope of the high grounds ; Nen and Welland streams leading towards Cromwell's Fen-Country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high ; and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of " Hills," " Rutput Hill," " Mill Hill," " Dust Hill," and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time ; but they are not properly hills at all ; they are broad, blunt, clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last battle ; dashed fiercely against the New-Model army, which he had despised till then ; and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. " Prince Rupert, on the king's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him ;" but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged *down-hill* on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder, he. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the association two days before, "amid shouts from the whole army :—" he had the ordering of the horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the king's infantry a ruin ; prepares to charge again with the rallied cavalry ; but the cavalry too, when it came to the point, "broke all asunder,"—never to re-assemble more. The chase went through Harborough ; where the king had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some "surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before," and gave the Roundheads battle. . . .

The parliamentary army stood ranged on the height still partly called "Mill Hill," as in Rushworth's time, a mile and a half from Naseby ; the king's army on a parallel "Hill," its back to Harborough, with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them ; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor ; which are understood to have once been burial mounds ; some of which have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground, and waits for an opportunity to re-bury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large, which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth of June two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world !—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE RABBLE, AND THE PEOPLE.—In the summer of 1754, Henry Fielding, the great author of 'Tom Jones,' left England, never to return, having been ordered by physicians to Lisbon for recovery of his broken health. He has written a most graphic journal of this voyage, full of striking pictures of our social condition ninety years ago. We select the account of his embarkation at Rotherhithe :—

"To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat,—a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men who, though sufficiently strong for their burden, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welsh, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pulleys. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my coach to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

"This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which

I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. In this condition I ran the gauntlet (so I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of *paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery*. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontrolled licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shows itself in men who are polished and refined in such a manner as human nature requires to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition, of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation."

It is some satisfaction to contrast Fielding, insulted in his misery by the lowest of the rabble, with Scott, under circumstances equally calculated to call forth the sympathy of man for man. The great author of 'Waverley' was lying in hopeless illness at the St James's Hotel, in Jermyn Street, in the summer of 1832. That the affliction of the most popular writer of his age should call forth every sentiment of respect from the high and the refined, was of course to be expected; but it is well to know that the refinement had gone deeper into the native soil than those of Fielding's day might have thought probable. Mr. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' writes, "Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several working-men standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street, and one of them asked him, as if there was but one death-bed in London, 'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where *he* is lying?'"

#### 171.—LUXURY OF THE ROMAN NOBLES.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

[AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS lived in the fourth century, and wrote a history of the emperors, from the accession of Nerva to the death of Valens, A.D. 378. The earlier part of the history is lost. Gibbon, in the 31st chapter of his 'Decline and fall of the Roman Empire,' has translated with some freedom the passage which we now extract. He says, "Ammianus Marcellinus, who prudently chose the capital of the empire as the residence best adapted to the historian of his own times, has mixed with the narrative of public events a lively representation of the scenes with which he was familiarly conversant."]

The greatness of Rome was founded on the rare and almost incredible alliance of virtue and of fortune. The long period of her infancy was employed in a laborious struggle against the tribes of Italy, the neighbours and enemies of the rising city. In the strength and ardour of youth she sustained the storms of war, carried her victorious arms beyond the seas and the mountains, and brought home triumphant laurels from every country of the globe. At length, verging towards old age, and sometimes conquering by the terror only of her name, she sought the blessings of ease and tranquillity. The venerable city which had trampled on the necks of the fiercest nations, and established a system of laws, the perpetual guardians of justice and freedom, was content, like a wise and wealthy parent, to devolve on the Cæsars, her favourite sons, the care of governing her ample patrimony. A secure and profound peace, such as had been once enjoyed in the reign of Numa, succeeded to the tumults of a republic; while Rome was still adored as the queen of the earth; and the subject nations still revered the name of the people and the majesty of the

senate. But this native splendour (continues Ammianus) is degraded and sullied by the conduct of some nobles, who, unmindful of their own dignity and of that of their country, assume an unbounded licence of vice and folly. They contend with each other in the empty vanity of titles and surnames; and curiously select or invent the most lofty and sonorous appellations, Reburus or Fabunius, Pagonius or Tarrasius, which may impress the ears of the vulgar with astonishment and respect. From a vain ambition of perpetuating their memory, they affect to multiply their likeness in statues of bronze and marble; nor are they satisfied unless those statues are covered with plates of gold; an honourable distinction first granted to Acilius the consul, after he had subdued, by his arms and counsels, the power of King Antiochus. The ostentation of displaying, of magnifying, perhaps, the rent-roll of the estates which they possess in all the provinces, from the rising to the setting sun, provokes the just resentment of every man, who recollects, that their poor and invincible ancestors were not distinguished from the meanest of the soldiers, by the delicacy of their food or the splendour of their apparel. But the modern nobles measure their rank and consequence according to the loftiness of their chariots and the weighty magnificence of their dress. Their long robes of silk and purple float in the wind; and as they are agitated, by art or accident, they occasionally discover the under garments, the rich tunics, embroidered with the figures of various animals. Followed by a train of fifty servants, and tearing up the pavement, they move along the streets with the same impetuous speed as if they travelled with post-horses; and the example of the senators is boldly imitated by the matrons and ladies, whose covered carriages are continually driving round the immense space of the city and suburbs. Whenever these persons of high distinction condescend to visit the public baths, they assume, on their entrance, a tone of loud and insolent command, and appropriate to their own use the conveniences which were designed for the Roman people. If, in these places of mixed and general resort, they meet any of the infamous ministers of their pleasures, they express their affection by a tender embrace; while they proudly decline the salutations of their fellow-citizens, who are not permitted to aspire above the honour of kissing their hands or their knees. As soon as they have indulged themselves in the refreshment of the bath, they resume their rings, and the other ensigns of their dignity; select from their private wardrobe of the finest linen, such as might suffice for a dozen persons, the garments the most agreeable to their fancy, and maintain till their departure the same haughty demeanour, which perhaps might have been excused in the great Marcellus, after the conquest of Syracuse. Sometimes, indeed, these heroes undertake more arduous achievements; they visit their estates in Italy, and procure themselves, by the toil of servile hands, the amusements of the chase. If at any time, but more especially on a hot day, they have courage to sail, in their painted galleys, from the Lucrine lake to their elegant villas on the sea-coast of Puteoli and Cayeta, they compare their own expeditions to the marches of Cæsar and Alexander. Yet, should a fly presume to settle on the silken folds of their gilded umbrellas, should a sunbeam penetrate through some unguarded and imperceptible chink, they deplore their intolerable hardships, and lament, in affected language, that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the regions of eternal darkness. In these journeys into the country, the whole body of the household marches with their master. In the same manner as the cavalry and infantry, the heavy and the light-armed troops, the advanced guard and the rear, are marshalled by the skill of their military leaders; so the domestic officers, who bear a rod as an ensign of authority, distribute and arrange the numerous train of slaves and attendants. The baggage and wardrobe move in the front, and are immediately followed by a multitude of cooks and inferior ministers, employed in the service of the

kitchens and of the table. The main body is composed of a promiscuous crowd of slaves, increased by the accidental concourse of idle or dependent plebeians. The rear is closed by the favourite band of eunuchs, distributed from age to youth, according to the order of seniority. Their numbers and their deformity excite the horror of the indignant spectators. In the exercise of domestic jurisdiction, the nobles of Rome express an exquisite sensibility for any personal injury, and a contemptuous indifference for the rest of the human species. When they have called for warm water, if a slave has been tardy in his obedience, he is instantly chastised with three hundred lashes : but, should the same slave commit a wilful murder, the master will mildly observe that he is a worthless fellow ; but that, if he repeats the offence, he shall not escape punishment. Hospitality was formerly the virtue of the Romans ; and every stranger, who could plead either merit or misfortune, was relieved or rewarded by their generosity. At present, if a foreigner, perhaps of no contemptible rank, is introduced to one of the proud and wealthy senators, he is welcome indeed in the first audience, with such warm professions, and such kind inquiries, that he retires enchanted with the affability of his illustrious friend, and full of regret that he had so long delayed his journey to Rome, the native seat of manners as well as of empire. Secure of a favourable reception, he repeats his visit the ensuing day, and is mortified by the discovery, that his person, his name, and his country are already forgotten. If he still has resolution to persevere, he is gradually numbered in the train of dependants, and obtains the permission to pay his assiduous and unprofitable court to a haughty patron, incapable of gratitude or friendship, who scarcely deigns to remark his presence, his departure, or his return. Whenever the rich prepare a solemn and popular entertainment ; whenever they celebrate, with profuse and pernicious luxury, their private banquets ; the choice of the guests is the subject of anxious deliberation. The modest, the sober, and the learned, are seldom preferred ; and the recommendators, who are commonly swayed by interested motives, have the address to insert, in the list of invitations, the obscure names of the most worthless of mankind. But the frequent and familiar companions of the great are those parasites who practise the most useful of all arts, the art of flattery ; who eagerly applaud each word and every action of their immortal patron ; gaze with rapture on his marble columns and variegated pavements ; and strenuously praise the pomp and elegance, which he is taught to consider as a part of his personal merit. At the Roman tables, the birds, the squirrels, or the fish, which appear of an uncommon size, are contemplated with curious attention ; a pair of scales is accurately applied to ascertain their real weight ; and, while the more rational guests are disgusted by the vain and tedious repetition, notaries are summoned to attest, by an authentic record, the truth of such a marvellous event. Another method of introduction into the houses and society of the great is derived from the profession of gaming, or, as it is more politely styled, of play. The confederates are united by a strict and indissoluble bond of friendship, or rather of conspiracy ; a superior degree of skill in the Tesserarian art (which may be interpreted the game of dice and tables) is a sure road to wealth and reputation. A master of that sublime science, who in a supper, or assembly, is placed below a magistrate, displays in his countenance the surprise and indignation which Cato might be supposed to feel, when he was refused the prætorship by the votes of a capricious people. The acquisition of knowledge seldom engages the curiosity of the nobles, who abhor the fatigue and disdain the advantages of study ; and the only books which they peruse are the Satires of Juvenal, and the verbose and fabulous histories of Marius Maximus. The libraries which they have inherited from their fathers are secluded, like dreary sepulchres, from the light of day. But the costly instruments of the theatre, flutes, and enormous lyres, and hydraulic organs,

are constructed for their use ; and the harmony of vocal and instrumental music is incessantly repeated in the palaces of Rome. In those palaces, sound is preferred to sense, and the care of the body to that of the mind. It is allowed, as a salutary maxim, that the light and frivolous suspicion of a contagious malady is of sufficient weight to excuse the visits of the most intimate friends ; and even the servants, who are despatched to make the decent inquiries, are not suffered to return home till they have undergone the ceremony of a previous ablution. Yet this selfish and unmanly delicacy occasionally yields to the more imperious passion of avarice. The prospect of gain will urge a rich and gouty senator as far as Spoleto ; every sentiment of arrogance and dignity is subdued by the hopes of an inheritance, or even of a legacy ; and a wealthy childless citizen is the most powerful of the Romans. The art of obtaining the signature of a favourable testament, and sometimes of hastening the moment of its execution, is perfectly understood ; and it has happened that, in the same house, though in different apartments, a husband and a wife, with the laudable design of over-reaching each other, have summoned their respective lawyers, to declare, at the same time, their mutual but contradictory intentions. The distress which follows, and chastises extravagant luxury, often reduces the great to the use of the most humiliating expedients. When they desire to borrow, they employ the base and supplicating style of the slave in the comedy ; but, when they are called upon to pay, they assume the royal and tragic declamation of the grandsons of Hercules. If the demand is repeated, they readily procure some trusty sycophant, instructed to maintain a charge of poison, or magic, against the insolent creditor, who is seldom released from prison till he has signed a discharge of the whole debt. These vices, which degrade the moral character of the Romans, are mixed with a puerile superstition that disgraces their understanding. They listen with confidence to the predictions of haruspices, who pretend to read, in the entrails of victims, the signs of future greatness and prosperity ; and there are many who do not presume either to bathe, or to dine, or to appear in public, till they have diligently consulted, according to the rules of astrology, the situation of Mercury and the aspect of the Moon. It is singular, enough, that this vain credulity may often be discovered among the profane sceptics, who impiously doubt or deny the existence of a celestial power.

### 172.—THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[The little work, from which the following is an extract, published in 1822, is entitled 'The Confessions of an English Opium-eater.' The singularity of the subject, the extraordinary revelations of the habits of an individual, and the vividness of the writing, at once drew the public attention to the author and his work. From that time Mr. De Quincey has been a large contributor to periodical works, especially to Blackwood's and Tait's Magazines. The unfortunate habit which forms the subject of the following passages has perhaps prevented Mr. De Quincey from producing any great continuous book worthy of his surpassing powers. The editor of 'HALF-HOURS,' who had the happiness many years ago of intimate companionship with Mr. De Quincey, cannot look back without the most unqualified admiration to the prodigious range of his acquirements, the logical depth of his understanding, and the simplicity and benevolence of his character.]

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter ; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish ; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing table. Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or to be paid, must

have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of political economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case: it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations: he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realise what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love: he curses the spells which chain him down from motion: he would lay down his life if he might get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms: in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or a semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; frizzes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Œdipus* or *Priam*—before *Tyre*—before *Memphis*. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented mighty spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time.

1. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as *Midas* turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless



that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency; cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c. were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night, nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived: I could not be said to recollect them; for, if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe. I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, viz. that the dread book of account, which the scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader. “

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king—sultan—regent, &c., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely, and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz. the period of the parliamentary war, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survived those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness, a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, “These

are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Conrad Romanus*; and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *Alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls, on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, &c. &c., expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it came to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher, on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld; and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep.

"The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,  
Was of a mighty city—boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,  
Far sinking into splendour—without end!  
Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,  
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright

In avenues disposed, there towers begirt  
With battlements that on their restless fronts  
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!  
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought  
Upon the dark materials of the storm  
Now pacified: on them, and on the cones,  
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto  
The vapours had receded,—taking there  
Their station under a cerulean sky," &c., &c.

The sublime circumstances—"battlements that on their restless fronts bore stars"—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred. We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell: and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes—and silvery expanses of water;

these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*; and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness, (physically I mean,) that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headach even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens—faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. My agitation was infinite—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

May 18.

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months.\* I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others

\* In an earlier part of his book the Opium-eater thus describes a singular interview with a Malay:—"One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture: but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port, about forty miles distant. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish: though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled, or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being

share in my feelings on this point ; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep ; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time ; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life—the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parrots, by

indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley and the Turkish for opium (*mad-joon*), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*, considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours : for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar ; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses ; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature : but what could be done ? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him surged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it : he took his leave ; and for some days I felt anxious : but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering."

cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for awhile in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me, (I hear every thing when I am sleeping;) and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side, come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest, that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams to the sight of innocent human natures, and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

\* \* \* \* \*

As a final specimen, I cite a dream of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense—a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crises and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. “I, as is usual in dreams, (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement,) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword

had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells; and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

### 173.—HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

SIR W. TEMPLE.

[SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, an eminent statesman, was born in 1628. He was employed during the reign of Charles II. in several important missions, and by his energy and judgment concluded the famous Triple Alliance of 1668, between England, Holland, and Sweden. His politics were too liberal, and his disposition too honest, for those days. He gradually retired into private life; and at his house at Sheen devoted himself to literature and gardening. He died in 1690.]

For the honour of our climate, it has been observed by ancient authors, that the Britons were longer-lived than any other nation to them known. And in modern times there have been more and greater examples of this kind than in any other countries of Europe. The story of old Parr is too late to be forgotten by many now alive, who was brought out of Derbyshire to the court in King Charles the First's time, and lived to a hundred and fifty-three years old; and might have, as was thought, gone further, if the change of country air and diet for that of the town, had not carried him off untimely at that very age. The late Robert Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward the Fourth's time, and who lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from Bristol to London to beg some relief at court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married.

Another he told me was of a beggar at a bookseller's shop, where he was some weeks after the death of Prince Henry; and, observing those that passed by, he was saying to his company, that never such a mourning had been seen in England; this beggar said, "No, never since the death of Prince Arthur." My Lord Leicester, surprised, asked what she meant, and whether she remembered it; she said, "Very well;" and upon his more curious inquiry told him that her name was Rainsford of a good family in Oxfordshire; that when she was about twenty years old, upon the falseness of a lover, she fell distracted; how long she had been so, nor what passed in that time, she knew not; that when she was thought well enough to go abroad, she was fain to beg for her living; that she was some time at this trade before she recovered any memory of what she had been, or where bred; that when this memory returned, she went down into her country, but hardly found the memory of any of her friends she had left there; and so returned to a parish in Southwark, where she had some small allowance among other poor, and had been for many years; and once a week walked into the city, and took what alms were given her. My Lord Leicester told me he sent to inquire at the parish, and found their account agree with the woman's; upon which he ordered her to call at his house once a week, which she did for some time; after which he heard no more of her. This story raised some discourse upon a remark of some in the company, that mad people are apt to live long. They alleged examples of their own knowledge; but

the result was that if it were true, it must proceed from the natural vigour of their tempers, which disposed them to passions so violent, as end in frenzies ; and from the great abstinence and hardships of diet they are forced upon by the methods of their cure, and severity of those who had them in care ; no other drink but water being allowed them, and very little meat.

The last story I shall mention from that noble person, upon this subject, was of a morris-dance in Herefordshire ; whereof he said, he had a pamphlet still in his library, written by a very ingenious gentleman of that county ; and which gave an account how, such a year of King James his reign, there went about the country a set of morris-dancers composed of ten men who danced a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe ; and how these twelve one with another made up twelve hundred years. 'Tis not so much that so many in one small county should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel and to dance.

I have in my life met with two of above a hundred and twelve ; whereof the woman had passed her life in service, and the man in common labour till he grew old and fell upon the parish. But I met with one who had gone a much greater length, which made me more curious in my inquiries. 'Twas an old man who begged usually at a lonely inn upon the road in Staffordshire, who told me he was a hundred and twenty-four years old ; that he had been a soldier in the Cales voyage under the Earl of Essex, of which he gave me a sensible account. That after his return he fell to labour in his own parish, which was about a mile from the place where I met him. That he continued to work till a hundred and twelve, when he broke one of his ribs by a fall from a cart, and being thereby disabled he fell to beg. This agreeing with what the master of the house told me was reported and believed by all his neighbours, I asked him what his usual food was ; he said, milk, bread and cheese, and flesh when it was given him. I asked what he used to drink ; he said, "Oh, sir, we have the best water in our parish that is in all the neighbourhood." Whether he never drank any thing else. He said, yes, if any body gave it him, but not otherwise ; and the host told me, he had got many a pound in his nouse, but never spent one penny. I asked if he had any neighbours as old as he, and he told me but one, who had been his fellow-soldier at Cales, and was three years older ; but he had been most of his time in a good service, and had something to live on now he was old.

I have heard, and very credibly, of many in my life above a hundred years old, brought as witnesses upon trials of titles, and bounds of land ; but have observed most of them to have been of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, or Yorkshire, and none above the rank of common farmers. The oldest I ever knew any persons of quality, or indeed any gentleman, either at home or abroad, was fourscore and twelve. This added to all the former recites or observations, either of long-lived races or persons in any age or country, makes it easy to conclude that health and long life are usually blessings of the poor, not of the rich ; and the fruits of temperance, rather than of luxury and excess. And indeed if a rich man does not in many things behave like a poor, he will certainly be the worse for his riches ; if he does not use exercise, which is but voluntary labour ; if he does not restrain appetite, by choice as the other does by necessity. If he does not practise sometimes, even abstinence and fasting, which is the last extreme of want and poverty ; if his cares and his troubles increase with his riches, or his passions with his pleasures ; he will certainly impair in health, whilst he improves his fortunes, and lose more than he gains by the bargain ; since health is the best of all human possessions, and without which the rest are not relished or not kindly enjoyed.

174.—EVENING.

EVENING has formed the subject of one of Collins' most finished poems:—

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear  
Like thy own modest springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
With brede ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:  
Now teach me, maid composed,  
'To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale.  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;  
As musing slow I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

For, when thy folding star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant hours and elves  
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedg,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,  
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
That from the mountain's side  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light;



While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name.

COLLINS.

Thomas Warton's poems are less known than those of Collins. The following lines from his 'Ode on the Approach of Summer' will show that he possessed one of the characteristics of a real poet; that power of observation which is necessary to produce *particular* images, instead of *vague* descriptions:—

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,  
Has drest the groves in livery green;  
When in each fair and fertile field  
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;  
While evening, veil'd in shadows brown  
Puts her matron mantle on,  
And mists in spreading streams convey  
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;  
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet  
Contemplation hoar to meet,  
As slow he winds in museful mood,  
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;  
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,  
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge  
All playful yet, in years unripe,  
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.  
There, through the dusk but dimly seen,  
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:  
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,  
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.  
The woodman, speeding home, awhile  
Rests him at a shady stile.  
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense  
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;  
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,  
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume  
Nor lurking wild thyme's spicy sweet  
To bathe in dew my roving feet:  
Nor wants there note of Philomel,  
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell:

Nor lowings faint of herds remote,  
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;  
Rustle the breezes lightly borne  
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:  
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,  
Full loud the chaffer swarms rejoice.  
Meantime a thousand dyes invest  
The ruby chambers of the west!  
That all aslant the village tower  
A mild reflected radiance pour,  
While, with the level-streaming rays  
Far seen its arched windows blaze  
And the tall grove's green top is dight  
In russet tints, and gleams of light:  
So that the gay scene by degrees  
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;  
And fancy to my ravish'd sight  
Portrays her kindred visions bright.  
At length the parting light subdues  
My soften'd soul to calmer views,  
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,  
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,  
Till from the path I fondly stray  
In musing lapt, nor heed the way;  
Wandering through the landscape still,  
Till melancholy has her fill;  
And on each moss-wove border damp  
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp

WARTON.

Byron sings the evening of Italian skies:—

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—  
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
Of glory streams along the alpine height  
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,  
Melted to one vast iris of the west,  
Where the day joins the past eternity;  
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhetian hill,  
 As day and night contending were, until  
 Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil  
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,  
 Fill'd with the face of heaven, which from afar  
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse :  
 And now they change : a paler shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
 With a new colour as it gasps away,  
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

BYRON.

Brilliant as these stanzas are, the older poets have a more natural charm, to our tastes—

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
 His day's hot task has ended in the west :  
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late ;  
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;  
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

SHAKESPEARE.

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,  
 Fold your flocks up, for the air  
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
 Already his great course hath run.  
 See the dew-drops, how they kiss  
 Ev'ry little flower that is ;  
 Hanging on their velvet heads,  
 Like a rope of crystal beads.  
 See the heavy clouds low falling,  
 And bright Hesperus down calling  
 The dead Night from under ground ;  
 At whose rising mists unsound,  
 Damps and vapours fly apace,  
 Hov'ring o'er the wanton face  
 Of these pastures, where they come,  
 Striking dead both bud and bloom ;  
 Therefore, from such danger, lock  
 Ev'ry one his loved flock ;

And let your dogs lie loose without,  
 Lest the wolf come as a scout  
 From the mountain, and, ere day,  
 Bear a lamb or kid away  
 Or the crafty thievish fox  
 Break upon your simple flocks.  
 To secure yourselves from these  
 Be not too secure in ease ;  
 Let one eye his watches keep,  
 While the other eye doth sleep ;  
 So you shall good shepherds prove,  
 And for ever hold the love  
 Of our great God. Sweetest slumbers,  
 And soft silence, fall in numbers  
 On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !  
 Thus I end my evening's knell.

FLETCHER.

Look how the flower, which ling'ringly doth fade,  
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,  
 Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,  
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head :  
 Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,  
 Or in their contraries but only seen,  
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,

And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.  
 Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night  
 Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,  
 Think on thy home (my soul), and think aright  
 Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day :  
 Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,  
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

DRUMMOND.

### 175.—THE COMING OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THOMAS BURNET.

[THOMAS BURNET, Master of the Charterhouse, was born in 1635. He was educated at the Free School of North Allerton, and at Cambridge. His great work, 'Telluris Theoria Sacra,' was published in 1680; and in 1684 he translated his original Latin into English, with many additions and alterations. The 'Sacred Theory of the Earth' was no doubt regarded by its author as a contribution to that science which we now call Geology; but at that time the facts upon which the science rests were so imperfectly known, that the book has now no scientific value. But Burnet brought to his task the imagination of a poet; and some of his descriptions have been rarely surpassed in real sublimity. His English style is remarkably flowing and harmonious, and does not, like Milton's English prose writings, wear the appearance of being formed upon Latin models. The extract which we give is from the last chapter of the Third Book of the 'Sacred Theory.' Dr. Burnet died in 1715.]

Certainly there is nothing in the whole course of nature, or of human affairs, so great and so extraordinary as the two last scenes of them, the Coming of our Saviour, and the Burning of the World. If we could draw in our minds the pictures of these in true and lively colours, we should scarce be able to attend any thing else, or ever divert our imagination from these two objects: for what can more affect us than the greatest glory that ever was visible upon earth, and at the same time the greatest terror;—a God descending at the head of an array of angels, and a burning world under his feet? \* \* \* \* \*

As to the face of nature, just before the coming of our Saviour, that may be best collected from the signs of his coming mentioned in the precedent chapter. Those, all meeting together, help to prepare and make ready a theatre fit for an angry God to come down upon. The countenance of the heavens will be dark and gloomy; and a veil drawn over the face of the sun. The earth in a disposition every where to break into open flames. The tops of the mountains smoking; the rivers dry; earthquakes in several places; the sea sunk and retired into its deepest channel, and roaring as against some mighty storm. These things will make the day dead and melancholy; but the night scenes will have more of horror in them, when the blazing stars appear like so many furies with their lighted torches, threatening to set all on fire. For I do not doubt but the comets will bear a part in this tragedy, and have something extraordinary in them at that time, either as to number, or bigness, or nearness to the earth. Besides, the air will be full of flaming meteors, of unusual forms and magnitudes; balls of fire rolling in the sky, and pointed lightnings darted against the earth, mixed with claps of thunder and unusual noises from the clouds. The moon and the stars will be confused and irregular, both in their light and motions; as if the whole frame of the heavens was out of order, and all the laws of nature were broken or expired.

When all things are in this languishing or dying posture, and the inhabitants of the earth under the fears of their last end, the heavens will open on a sudden, and the glory of God will appear. A glory surpassing the sun in its greatest radiancy; which though we cannot describe, we may suppose it will bear some resemblance or proportion with those representations that are made in Scripture of God upon his

throne. This wonder in the heavens, whatsoever its form may be, will presently attract the eyes of all the Christian world. Nothing can more affect than an object so unusual and so illustrious, and that probably brings along with it their last destiny, and will put a period to all human affairs. \* \* \* \* \*

As it is not possible for us to express or conceive the dread and majesty of his appearance, so neither can we, on the other hand, express the passions and consternations of the people that behold it. These things exceed the measures of human affairs, and of human thoughts : we have neither words nor comparisons to make them known by. The greatest pomp and magnificence of the Emperors of the East, in their armies, in their triumphs, in their inaugurations, is but the sport and entertainment of children, if compared with this solemnity. When God condescends to an external glory, with a visible train and equipage ; when, from all the provinces of his vast and boundless empire, he summons his nobles, as I may so say—the several orders of angels and archangels—to attend his person, though we cannot tell the form or manner of his appearance, we know there is nothing in our experience, or in the whole history of this world, that can be a just representation of the least part of it. No armies so numerous as the host of heaven ; and, instead of the wild noises of the rabble, which makes a great part of our worldly state, this blessed company will breathe their hallelujahs into the open air, and repeated acclamations of salvation to God, which sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb. \* \* \* \* \*

Imagine all Nature now standing in a silent expectation to receive its last doom ; the tutelary and destroying angels to have their instructions ; every thing to be ready for the fatal hour ; and then, after a little silence, all the host of heaven to raise their voice, and sing aloud : Let God arise ; let his enemies be scattered ; as smoke is driven away, so drive them away ; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God. And upon this, as upon a signal given, all the sublunary world breaks into flames, and all the treasures of fire are opened in heaven and in earth.

Thus the conflagration begins. If one should now go about to represent the world on fire, with all the confusions that necessarily must be in nature and in mankind upon that occasion, it would seem to most men a romantic scene. Yet we are sure there must be such a scene. The heavens will pass away with a noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat, and all the works of the earth will be burnt up ; and these things cannot come to pass without the greatest disorders imaginable, both in the minds of men and in external nature, and the saddest spectacles that eye can behold. We think it a great matter to see a single person burnt alive ; here are millions shrieking in the flames at once. It is frightful to us to look upon a great city in flames, and to see the distractions and misery of the people ; here is an universal fire through all the cities of the earth, and an universal massacre of their inhabitants. Whatsoever the prophets foretold of the desolations of Judea, Jerusalem, or Babylon, in the highest strains, is more than literally accomplished in this last and general calamity ; and those only that are spectators of it can make its history.

The disorders in nature and the inanimate world will be no less, nor less strange and unaccountable, than those in mankind. Every element, and every region, so far as the bounds of this fire extend, will be in a tumult and a fury, and the whole habitable world running into confusion. A world is sooner destroyed than made ; and nature relapses hastily into that chaos state out of which she came by slow and leisurely motions : as an army advances into the field by just and regular marches ; but, when it is broken and routed, it flies with precipitation, and one cannot describe its posture. Fire is a barbarous enemy ; it gives no mercy ; there is nothing but fury, and rage, and ruin, and destruction wheresoever it prevails, as storm, or

hurricane, though it be but the force of air, makes a large havoc where it comes; but devouring flames, or exhalations set on fire, have still a far greater violence, and carry more terror along with them. Thunder and earthquakes are the sons of fire; and we know nothing in nature more impetuous or more irresistibly destructive than these two. And, accordingly, in this last war of the elements, we may be sure they will bear their parts, and do great execution in the several regions of the world. Earthquakes and subterraneous eruptions will tear the body and bowels of the earth; and thunders and convulsive motions of the air rend the skies. The waters of the sea will boil and struggle with streams of sulphur that run into them; which will make them fume, and smoke, and roar, beyond all storms and tempests; and these noises of the sea will be answered again from the land by falling rocks and mountains. This is a small part of the disorders of that day. \* \* \*

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath got an entire victory over all other bodies, and hath subdued every thing to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluid, like molten glass or running metal; it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacancies and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance every where from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world, how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent is obliterated or banished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory! Show me where they stood; read the inscription; tell me the victor's name? What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous; she glorified herself and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills and mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun; and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stones, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea: this huge mass of stones is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphean Hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints! Halleluia.





